

High Times

February '80

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by Jerry Rubin

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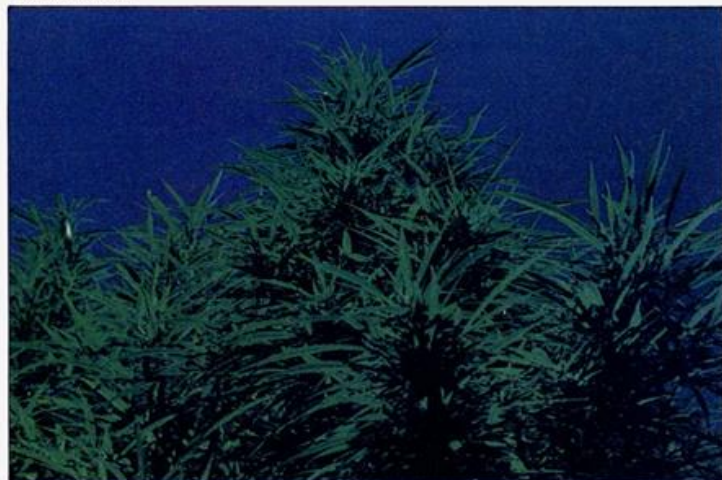
34 INTERVIEW: ABBIE HOFFMAN by Jerry Rubin

When Abbie Hoffman got busted for cocaine and then skipped bail, Jerry Rubin predicted he'd be caught immediately. Six years later, we sent Jerry underground to talk to Abbie about how he's evaded the government, why he distrusts Tom Hayden, what the '60s were all about and why he never wants to be Abbie Hoffman again.



50 PARADISE REGAINED by "R."

In this island-to-island tour, "R." proves that our forefathers sure knew what they were doing when they made Hawaii the 50th state.



56 MAUI WOWIE by Warren Dearden

Maui's growers have to endure ripoffs, busts, difficult terrain and the overpowering aroma of the world's greatest dope. Warren Dearden travels up a mountain with some growers to harvest gold in this excerpt from "Maui Wowie," a work in progress.

61 CENTERFOLD: ALOHA FROM HAWAII

Grass as pretty as this makes you never want to leave.



64 MEN IN BLACK by Larry Sloman

Who are they, what do they want and why do they show up every time someone sees a UFO? The author of *On the Road* with Bob Dylan and *Reefer Madness* investigates what might be a cosmic Watergate.



70 TALKING TO THE ANIMALS by Donald Finkel

When people start trying to communicate with animals curious things happen: The animals try to get it on with their teachers, chimps and dolphins come up with surprisingly complex expressions, and the people lose interest in the experiments. Guggenheim award-winning poet Donald Finkel suggests that researchers might be afraid to discover just how smart animals are. Finkel is clearly a man with a porpoise.





75 PUSSY ENVY by Glenn O'Brien

Forget penis envy. Forget the Oedipus complex. Pussy envy could blow the lid off sex. Glenn O'Brien reveals the forbidden truth about why some men prefer centerfold pix to the real thing and why you never see nude men in skin magazines.



80 THE WORLD'S MOST POTENT LIQUORS by John Rezek

Playboy editor John Rezek's ambition is to become food and wine editor of Guns and Ammo magazine. But once you read the piece you'll see he's already loaded. Now what about you?



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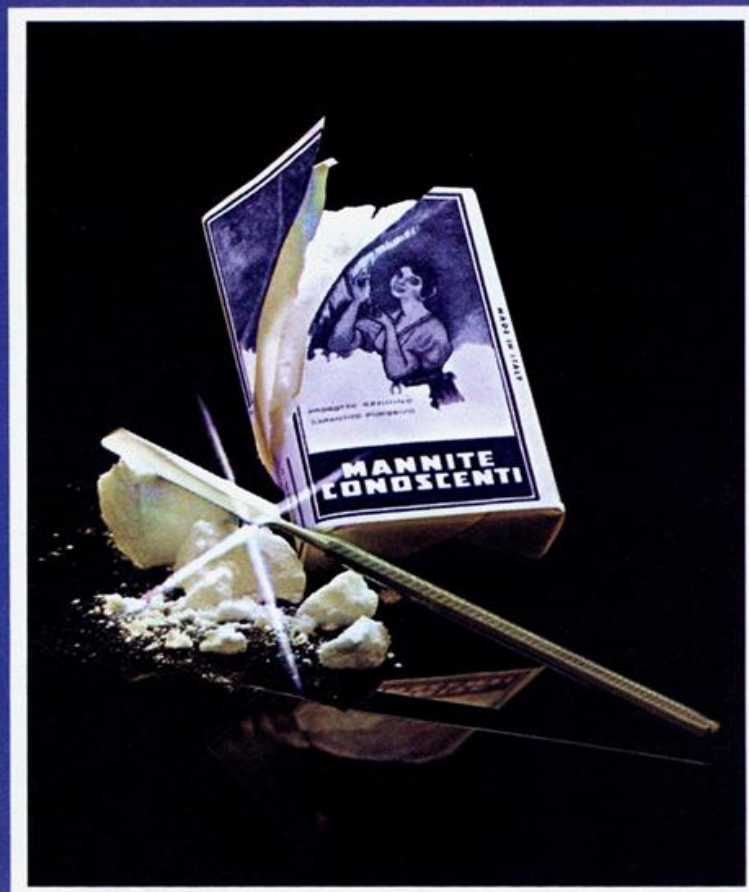
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Letters

THE BABY/DOOBIE DEBATE

While reading "Stay High and Multiply" [High Times, "Adviser," August '79] I had to laugh at Dr. and Mrs. Angolin's assertion that "grass smoking seriously impairs women's fertility, disrupts their normal menstrual cycles and causes them to have defective periods." I have smoked marijuana for seven years, two to six joints a day. My menstrual flow has always been regular, and I am the mother of two normal, healthy children. Marijuana helped to alleviate prenatal and postnatal blues and morning sickness, and it increased my appetite, allowing me to eat the foods necessary for the health of my unborn babies.

We plan to have more children in the future and fully intend to enjoy the reliefs that smoking grass offers.

—Lonnie H., address withheld

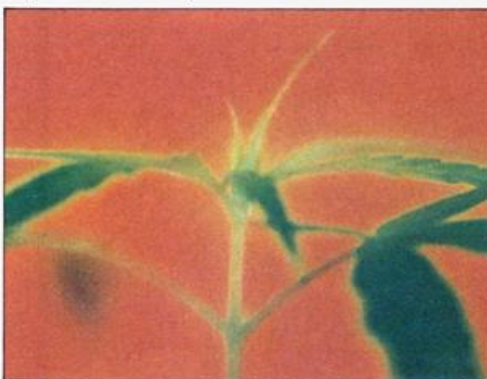
After reading the August "Adviser," I felt I must write and set the record straight about pregnant women smoking marijuana. I know for a fact that the following things will happen to the children of women who smoke while pregnant: The babies will be born unable to speak;

scream and cry after birth; be bald or have very little hair; be very short.

—Jack Beasley, Jr., address withheld

CAMERA COMRADE

Congratulations on a super fifth-anniversary issue [High Times, September '79]. I have every one of your 49 centerfolds on my walls, and you folks can be credited



with starting the whole genre of dope photography. Here's a shot I'm proud of—my two-month-old Colombian plant "Lucky," which was grown on German soil.

—R.I.P. PED, Red Deer, Alberta

MORE FAN MAIL

Someone as a practical joke must have sent this garbage of a subscription to my son! This is just to let you know it goes into the trash, and even that is too good for it.

—Mrs. L.H., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wise up, lady. Your son probably ordered the sub himself—he's probably stoned out of his peppers right now so he can ignore your ranting around the house. You're probably a rotten cook, too.—Ed.

FRIEND FROM ABROAD

I am pleased to write to thank you for a lovely magazine; we manage to obtain it from time to time and it always makes pleasant reading. Your articles on the dope scenes in other lands interest me tremendously.

The grass and hash of Papua New Guinea are not known. Last year I had the opportunity to visit India, Nepal, Pakistan and Afghanistan. I of course tried all that was available; some were good, but none compared to what PNG can offer.

The dope here comes in many varieties,

Speakeasy

The High Times "Speakeasy" is a new section created as a vehicle for readers who wish to discuss an issue at greater length and depth than our "Letters" format normally allows. Please direct comments (anonymously, if you wish) to the High Times Speakeasy, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

FAULTY THMQ

What's with your Trans-High Market Quotations? The dope market seems to be in constant flux lately, but the column hasn't really shown these changes. Is it really true that people aren't paying more than \$35 for an ounce of commercial Colombian these days? I think it's more like \$45 in many places. And how can you give a price for peyote under the classification "Contiguous USA" when the market for buttons in Arizona is completely different from that in New Hampshire?

Even when the column does show changes in prices or types of dope available, it's done in a very dry manner, with no background info about the cause for the change. I'm sure that natural disasters, huge busts and other calamities affect the cost and abundance of certain types of intoxicants. It would fill in the

picture if some of the colorful details of the market fluctuations were included.

The Market Quotations were a great novelty when they first appeared five years ago, but the complexities of the dope scene now require something more. How about it, High Times?

—Philip K., Hackensack, N.J.

For some time now we've been receiving requests to expand the THMQ, and you'll be glad to know that the section is now in the process of being completely revamped in an effort to provide a Wall Street Journal-type financial analysis of the dope economy—the third largest business enterprise in the United States.

The expanded financial section will provide not only specific prices and descriptions of available commodities, but will provide an overall analysis of the market. Trends, setbacks, new items, gluts, shortages and all manner of dope occurrences will be explained in terms of all relevant factors, be they economic, political, technological or just plain luck.

A professional economist was needed for this task, and we've obtained the services of a real crackerjack. The man is eminently qualified to talk about the workings of the dope market and the

background and characteristics of the materials for sale, having years of "hands-on" experience with dope distribution. For obvious reasons, his identity must remain a secret.

To construct an optimum Trans-High Market Quotations section, our economist needs a massive amount of information to analyze. This input can only come from our readers. That's why we're requesting interested and informed readers to send us detailed accounts of their local dope market. Include very specific information about the area, type, quality, abundance, date available and price of any dope referred to. Anonymous reports are acceptable.

Reader reports will also enable us to break up the country into different regions with distinct dope economies. For example, no longer will we give a range of prices that reflects the cost of Mexican pot across the whole country. The cost and availability of Mex weed in Texas and in Idaho will be listed in different sections.

Please remember that only a constant influx of good information from dope users and dealers around both the country and the world can make the THMQ section as complete and realistic as we all would like it to be. We know you'll come through.

all of which are sold within a tight circle. Hilands Gold, Goroko Long Long, Rai Rai, Capital Shit, etc.—I could go on and on. PNG beats all the other places with regard to cleanliness, not getting ripped off and all the hangups that come with smoking dope. The sinsemilla plants are three times as potent as Buddha sticks, and one joint leaves you stupefied for 16 hours. Prices range around \$60 for a big bag, usually between 100 and 150 grams; \$700 per pound.

I wish you continued success with *High Times* and hope some readers will drop by my part of the world for a party.

—J. Lee, Konedobu, Papua New Guinea

WHITE MAN'S BLUES

I have been a longtime fan of *High Times*, but I was appalled to read your somewhat vitriolic article about the Ku Klux Klan in the "Planet" section [*High Times*, "Ku Klux Klan Faces Militant Marchers," August '79]. Who are you trying to score points with? Surely, you will find that you have earned the admiration of your peers, the radical black faction.

Perhaps you could trade places with myself and others who are concerned with the future of the Caucasian race. I don't condone what the Klan does, but they sure hit the nail on the head when they say that "whitey" should stick up for his rights—the rights of a people busy trying to better themselves so they can afford to pay taxes that go down the drain to support families on welfare, people with no initiative whatsoever. These people call the white man evil, the same white man who pads their idyllic existence. They hide under the guise of organizations such as the United League, which your article mentions is violently opposed to the Klan. What is so noble and dignified about a group of people who spit on others and shout "Death to them!"? Isn't that racism?

Your Northern and predominantly liberal Semitic writers hold certain beliefs about what racism is in this country, and they write only what appeals to their mentality. It just absolutely chills my shit that the values of the majority of the readers of your fine magazine have been overlooked.

—L.D.M., New Orleans, La.

Hey, don't tell us who the majority of our readers are. Most of our readers know that the personal freedoms this magazine stands for begin with a basic respect for humanity—all humanity. Sure, there are problems with welfare, and there are legitimate issues of "reverse discrimination" that need to be addressed. But the way you lump people into categories reeks of the narrow-minded bigoted pap you were probably spoon-fed since childhood. The verdict isn't in yet on the United League—our "Planet" item recorded its existence as a sign of the increasingly militant nature of civil-rights activists, in part a re-

action to the tactics of groups such as the Klan, whose history and message of "bigotry, fear and intolerance" were correctly identified.—Ed.

BUMPER CROP

Greetings from central Texas! As more and more growers are turning out better



and better strains, everyone around seems to be enjoying higher times—everyone!

—D.W.R., address withheld

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

In reference to the item entitled "Feds and Power Companies Rip Off Indian Resources" [*High Times*, "The Planet," October '79], having lived near the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation all of my life, I have always been aware of the substandard housing and services afforded the American Indian by the Department of the Interior, so stories such as this do not surprise me. However, your article was datelined Custer, Wyoming. I believe it should have been Custer, South Dakota, scene of the 1973 courthouse riot and burning that resulted in the arrest of American Indian Movement leader Russell Means and is the reason Dennis Banks is still in California, where Governor Brown refuses to extradite him back to this ultraconservative state I call home.

—Jim Cotton, Vermillion, S. Dak.

CORRECTION

The pipe featured in the January '79 "Flash" section under the heading "Neutron Bong" was incorrectly called "The Quick Draw bong." Quickdraw Accessories Inc. has nothing to do with that pipe. The trademark "Quickdraw" is the sole property of Quickdraw Accessories Inc.

Due to a production error, a sentence in our December '79 "Opinion" column appeared incorrectly. The sentence should read: "Ironically, the Mexican drug war has drawn applause instead of opprobrium." □

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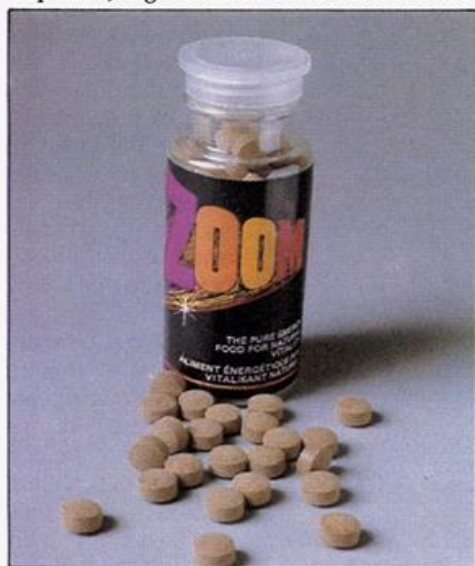


ZOOM: SAME OLD DRUG IN A NEW BOTTLE

Q: What do they put in Zoom that gets you so nicely stoned? Also, I've heard that it depletes certain vitamins. Should I be taking supplements along with Zoom?

—Macrobiotic Ellen, Palo Alto, Ca.

A: The reason you get so nicely wired on Zoom is probably that you haven't got a coffee habit. Zoom is a slick, commercially packaged pill form of guarana, the powdered and compressed seeds of a South American liana vine, Paullinia cupana. Jungle Indians have done it in hot



Zoom: the South American equivalent to Maxwell House.

water since time out of mind as a bouncy pick-me-up. The only psychoactive ingredient in guarana is plain caffeine, though it may also contain some inert alkaloids that enhance the passage of caffeine into the brain, making for a smoother high.

When health-food stores began merchandising Zoom last year, a lot of non-coffee-drinking organic types reported that they really got off pleasantly behind it, while coffee drinkers wondered what all the fuss was about. A lot of ignorant twits in the mass media jumped on Zoom as a kind of "legal speed," and a rumor started that people doing it might start showing vitamin-depletion syndromes like '60s speed freaks. Caffeine, however, doesn't abolish the appetite like amphetamines, so you don't have to worry about vitamin supplements at all.

You should be aware, though, that if you do guarana regularly, you'll quickly get just as habituated to it as any coffee drinker to coffee: It won't get you high anymore, but you'll miss it if you don't do it. In which case

you may as well switch to coffee drinking. It's harmless, it tastes great, and fiddling with cups and saucers and napkins and such is lots more fun than just dropping a big brown pill.

IT'S NOT THE COLD, IT'S THE HUMIDITY

Q: How about setting me straight once and for all: Does keeping coke in a freezer have any damaging effects? I've heard it can "melt" it and that a mildly cool place is better.

—Steve G., Fort Collins, Colo.

A: While the low temperatures in your freezer won't adversely affect your snow, the high humidity there increases the risk of the coke becoming waterlogged. A refrigerator provides a cool enough environment for preserving all types of dope, with much less water vapor than a freezer. However, the ultimate form of stashing is to keep the dope in a bottle with a desiccant (water absorber), seal the container in a Zip-loc and then freeze the whole package.

NEW "NIXON" HIGH SOUGHT BY MILLIONS

Q: In your fifth-anniversary issue (High Times, September '79) Kinky Friedman said his favorite high of the last five years was taking "a big old Nixon." What's this Nixon stuff and where can we score any?

—C.S. and P.W., Tucson, Ariz.

A: We got all excited about that too, remembering the old rumors that the "blood of a wig" (a schizophrenic, that is) zonks out normal people who shoot it. In fact, we had people reconnoitering the ex-president's New York digs, with an eye toward sending in a squad of black-market paramedics some night, before word got back to us from the Friedman entourage that "a big old Nixon" is nothing more nor less than the high of a good dump. A movement of the bowels, that is. For a good old Nixon, then, we prescribe plenty of roughage in a sensible, balanced diet. Or, if you want to induce one artificially, a couple teaspoons of a good bulk laxative like Metamucil will put your head right in the Oval Office.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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RIDING THE HIGH WAVES

by Justin Henderson

During the "1965" sequence of *Big Wednesday*, John Milius's pseudo-epic on California surfing life, there's a scene that takes place in Tijuana, the town that borders southern California in the far northwest corner of Mexico. Tijuana is one of the two or three sleaziest towns in the Western Hemisphere, and it has long been a tradition among teenage male surfers to pause there, Baja-bound, for all-American rites of passage: beer-and-tequila-drunk blindness, barroom brawling, fireworks and whores. So here is our trio of mindless cinematic surf-heroes and their faithful females looking for cheap thrills, cruising a TJ street packed with peddlers of parakeets,

firecrackers, donkey-cart rides, velvet-covered ceramic sad-eyed bulls, Chiclets, leather underwear, whips and women. Suddenly, out of a doorway leans a large, bearded, sombreroed Mexican. Leering like Diablo himself, he makes his deadly offer to the boys: "Mareewaaaaanaah?" They smirk and he fades back into his dark doorway, never to be seen again. This evil Mex was portrayed by none other than Macho John Milius, the director, and with that timeless, Hispano-inflected line he introduced dope into his "interpretation" of that most curious of American subcultures, the southern California surf scene.

Big Wednesday lacked plot, character development and a few other minor dramatic necessities, but in historical accuracy it wasn't too far off. As a teenage surfer-witness, I can testify that I started smoking fine Mexican import (\$100 per kilo!) in '66 and dropped my first blue liquid Owsley in '67, at the ripe old age of 16. My friends, mostly hard-core surfers at that time, began growing their hair out, painting bizarre designs all over their surfboards and, most astonishing of all, giving away waves. In the macho milieu of

surfing, this was a definite breakthrough. And in the years since, unacknowledged for the most part, smoke, acid, coke and some other, unfortunately less pleasant drugs have had a powerful effect on the world of surfing.

There are a number of reasons for this happy joining of subcultures. Surfers have always traveled, hunting the world for waves, and it was only natural that along the way they'd begin to turn onto hash, cocaine, opium, incredible strains of grass and a whole array of exotic stimulants and psychedelics that helped make those enticing foreign waves even more enticing. In '68 my friend BJ, 17 years old, surfed the west coast of Morocco. Great waves. When he returned to California his newly painted board was 20 pounds heavier. Turning over that large a hunk of hash made him the richest 17-year-old in West L.A.

More importantly, surfing is both a physical, sensual sport and a mystical, spiritual experience. While this two-bit dichotomy has been used to analyze everything from the existence of God to the Frisbee, a look at surfing in such terms might

help explain its connection with getting high.

First, the physical: Surfers, quite simply, are obsessed. Out there at dawn, for hours every day, braving rocks, coral, sharks, cold water, cold wind, other surfers, deadly currents, storms and, most of all, the terrible beauty of the waves themselves—waves that offer the incredible rush of a successful ride or the brain-debasing paranoia of a wipeout that can bounce you off your own board, or the bottom 20 feet below; waves that can drown you. Surfing requires a radical, at times courageous dedication. It requires devotion, concentration, a willingness to take chances, and a dose of mad-

ness. Getting high, when you're that high to begin with, comes naturally. Thus, reefer, before and after surfing, is a perfect complement and doesn't ravage the body the way booze does. It brings out the beauty of the waves, the magic in the dance of riding them. It is a favorite prewave friend of many surfers, particularly in Hawaii, where Kona gold and Maui wowie are "local product."

In a sport as dedicated to pleasure and excitement as surfing, cocaine is also a natural. Most surfers I know love their flake—although from personal experience I think it should be saved for postwave partying. A few years back, paddling out into ten-foot-high, hollow, crushing waves at Rincon (Santa Barbara) one freezing December afternoon after honking several lines of good coke, my heart started fluttering like a captured bird. I had to flee to the beach, winded and shaky, and huddle in the car with the rest of the gram to get my confidence back. It was harrowing. Believe me, the waves are rush enough at times.

The mystic: This sport, like no other, puts you in touch with the rhythms of the



Art Brewer / Focus on Sports

sea, the mother of dreams, the source of life. The sea has long been understood by people from every part of the globe as a fount of psychic energy. While this has taken on some rather infantile forms (the simplistic side of surfology in which, a la *Big Wednesday*, all problems are solved by a single, brute response: "Let's go ride some waves"), many surfers do have a good intuitive sense and appreciation of life's deeper mysteries.

Not surprisingly, surfers took to LSD like they did to the sea, because their time in the sea had tuned their psyches to the pulses that acid and the other psychedelics turned on. Thus they grew beards and got wiggy at Malibu Beach in '68; thus I gobbled acid that first night in '67, and after sitting all night watching sea, sky and coast highway I crawled down a dusty mountain at dawn with board under arm and went surfing as the sun rose through the tombstone skies of Los Angeles. I rode like a master, coordinates fine-tuned to the pulsing tide. Dipping my hands, I felt the water pulling my arms, and the cold sucking force of the sea drew me in. Then I fell off my board and swam to the bottom. Aquaman. I swirled among sea plants, searching for Atlantis. Only when I tried to breathe a mouthful of seawater did I remember that I couldn't stay down there. I came back happy from whatever cosmic journey or schizophrenic outtake I'd been on all night, feeling quite refreshed and maybe even a bit enlightened.

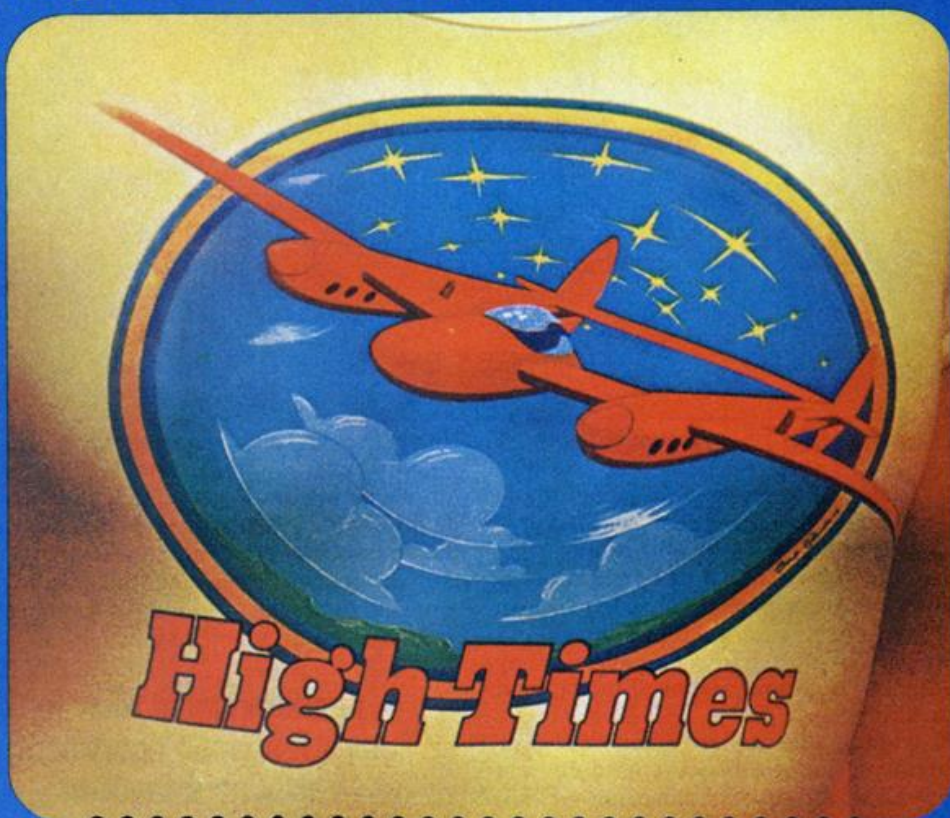
Twelve years later I found myself high on acid paddling out into the sea off Cape Cod. First time East and Mother Atlantic offered up perfect waves, off-shore wind blowing, lovely women on the beach. The wave crest was held up by the wind until it broke concave, forming a hollow, a tube: Inside a green roaring tunnel looking out at the sunlight, high on LSD—there's nothing in my world to compare with that rush. Sex, spirit, sound and light throbbing through your body as it dances in a tunnel of singing water.

I don't mean to suggest that all surfers take drugs, by any means. Put down your fists and relax, boys. There's still plenty of mean macho mental midgits cruising the combers from South Africa (where they frolic on apartheid beaches) to Malibu, California, where, in '65 pre-dope days, a guy fractured my skull with a well-timed whip of his board because I, 14-year-old surf punk, had stolen a spot on his wave. As if one could own the sea.

Attitudes like that have for too long dominated surfing. Dope in various incarnations has helped to change the macho-jock mood for the better, and will continue to. I surely hope so. The "surf scene" can use it. ■

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TWO MEN, ONE WOMAN



Palma Kolansky

by Scott Cohen

Although it is the sex fantasy of many to be with two members of the opposite sex, I myself prefer two of "us" to one of "them." My first two-man-one-woman sex experience was in an L-shaped room—the perfect shape for a three-way experience; it started, as they usually do, at a party, where I introduced Nick to Joy.

If women are to be either curvy or straight up and down, Joy was definitely curvy. Nick said she had more curves than Whitey Ford, and he wanted to fuck her very much. Joy wanted to fuck me. I had already fucked Joy, which had proved to be better as an idea than as an actual experience. So Nick and Joy made a compromise: Joy would fuck Nick if she could also fuck me. I accompanied Nick to Joy's L-shaped apartment, partly as a favor to Nick, partly because it beat jerking off.

Joy's apartment was completely dark except for a light that hung over the bed. It was like a scene in an Italian movie. Joy wore a black nightgown that was held together by a single thread. The actual *ménage à trois* began when Nick kissed Joy on the neck and the thread came undone. We flipped a coin and I went first. I

felt no pressure to be a great lover. I came just as Joy was getting into it, then got up and Nick just took over. For Joy it was one continuous orgasmic ride. For me it was a lot easier than being alone with two women, which meant working twice as hard. I enjoyed Joy twice as much the second time and worked only half as hard.


I accompanied Nick to Joy's L-shaped apartment, partly as a favor to Nick, partly because it beat jerking off.

Nick really knew how to "read" a woman. When we were staying at the Tip Toe Inn on Route 80, watching "Starsky and Hutch" on the color TV, we heard through the paper-thin wall the unmistakable noise of a bed creaking, accompanied by frantic rubbing and the moans of an older woman. Nick said it could mean only one thing: It was her way of inviting us over. Sure enough, the door to her room was unlocked. The room was pitch black but we had no trouble finding the bed, where she, whoever she was, was jerking

off. Nick spent the night there so in the morning he could see what she looked like, and I went back to our room, not wanting to spoil a good thing.

In another motel room, at another time, in another city, Nick and I met another woman. She operated the switchboard at the motel. She said she was a fan of my work and wanted to meet me. When she arrived Nick and I were sitting on separate twin beds. Determined to have the satisfaction of having fucked her favorite author, although not knowing which of us he was, she fucked us both. In case she happens to be reading this, I was the one in the bed closest to the john.

Eventually Nick got married and settled down in Seattle. Once I stayed with him and his wife for a few weeks. Nick and I worked all day and stayed out all night chasing girls, like two beers chasing a Scotch. Nick had to go away for a while and before leaving he looked at his wife and me and winked. When he got back he said he was disappointed that nothing had happened. That's when Nick's wife decided to take him up on it. Nick never left home again, afraid that we'd fuck without him. At last we all could do something together, where before she was always left out. ☐

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High Society



Field, McDermott, Loud and Hoffman in *The Long Island Four*.

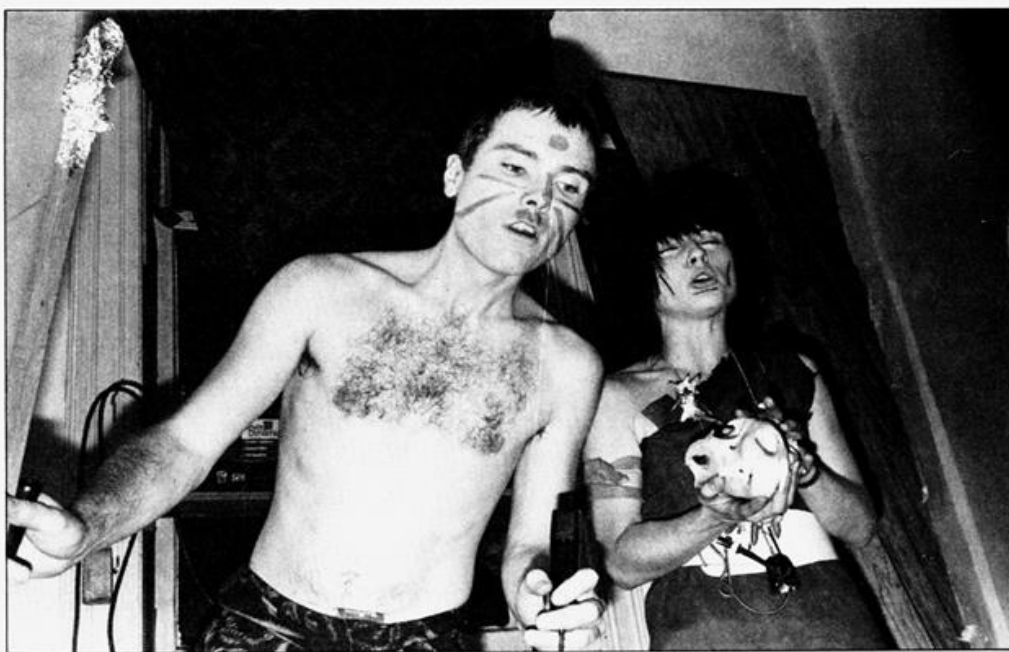
One of the highlights of a recent Minneapolis new-wave festival was **Devo's** appearance in a new alter ego (or maybe alter id) form called Dove. They closed out their set with a combo cover of both Bob Dylan's "You've Gotta Serve Somebody" (the words) and the Contortions' "Contort Yourself" (the music) that they called "Serve Yourself." The Contortions themselves were the dark-horse smash of the no-wave Woodstock. Masterminded by saxophonist James White, the band startled all comers with its special brand of voodoo funk disco. Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, the latest new-wave new-wave film, *The Long Island Four*, opened to rave reviews. Mr. James White and his manager, Ms. Anya Phillips, are featured in the film, which stars David Walter McDermott (brilliant host of New York's "New Wave Vaudeville" stage show) and two of Mr. White's Contortions: Bradley Field and Kristian Hoffman, plus head "Mump" Lance Loud. The film, directed by Anders Grafstrom, tells the true story of four Nazi spies, handpicked by Hitler, who landed in a U-boat on Long Island during World War II for the purpose of sabotaging the American economy. They were captured in Manhattan four days later after a wild spending spree. This is the story of that spree.

High Times writer **Glenn O'Brien** is also the host of a popular show on New York City cable television, "Glenn O'Brien's TV Party." O'Brien describes the wacky variety show as "the television show that's a cocktail party, but which could be a political party." The master of ceremonies believes that today the world is governed by entertainment, and that "socialism begins with going out every night." The format of the show, therefore, is extremely eclectic, borrowing from inspirations as diverse as Hugh Hefner's "Playboy After Dark," "The Jackie Gleason Show" and the *Communist Manifesto*. Recently "TV Party" held a special "primitive night" designed to expand on Marshall McLuhan's narrow concept of "the global village." During the show guest shaman **Tim Wright** (in real life the bassist of DNA, formerly with Pere Ubu) made one of the partyers disappear, and the show band the Dragon People, under the direction of **Walter Steding**, performed a song that actually made it rain in Manhattan. ☐

George Clinton, founding father of funk and referee-commander in chief of **Parliament** and **Funkadelic**, also known as Dr. Funkenstein and Uncle Jam, said a funky fare-thee-well and announced his retirement from the stage at a recent week-long engagement reopening the legendary Apollo Theater in Harlem. The 37-year-old Clinton is hardly burned out or over the hill. His recent performances have been more intensely smoking and triumphantly funky than ever before—but the P-Funk operation is getting so big that George has had to kick himself upstairs to run the show. P-Funk will continue touring and recording at an even more intensive pace, while producing new artists and P-Funk spin-offs for Clinton's new Uncle Jam label, which has taken over the old Motown studios in Detroit. There's also a P-Funk film in the works, and George promises to jump up on a stage now and then when the mood strikes him. And that shouldn't take too long.



George says, "Funk thee well."



Glenn O'Brien and Deborah Harry make rain.

Felipe Orrego

Bobby Grossman

THE 1980 High Times CALENDAR

A romantic sojourn with the wild, and pleasurable substances that make the universe such an unforgettable hangout... hot desert sands enshrine bricks of moist Nepalese hash... crystals of pure cocaine sparkle on a discotheque's polished glass floor... a bouquet of smuggled Californian buds springs defiantly from a flower box... these are the substances of dreams and allurements, the dazzling images in the *High Times Calendar for 1980*.

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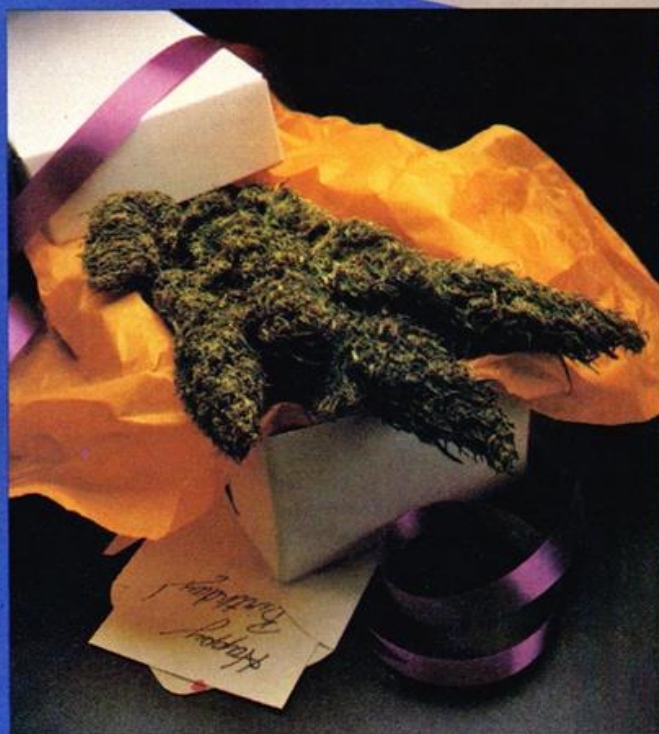
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Highwitness News

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No. 54



N.C. Pot Movers Buy Their Way out of Prison

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—Five local men, convicted in lower courts of moving 14 tons of grass, were allowed by appeals court judge Burley Mitchell to walk out of five-year jail sentences by paying \$570,000 in cash and property to local school and police funds. The extremely unorthodox cash settlement was approved by state attorney general Rufus Edmisten, who says he wasn't sure that the case against the men could survive an appeals challenge to various search-and-seizure improprieties committed by cops during the bust.

"Where it's doubtful you could get a con-

viction that would stand on appeal," declared Edmisten, "this is entirely appropriate." He added that the defense lawyers in the case weren't sure if the Fifth Amendment challenges would hold up either, and so the cash accommodation was agreeable to both sides. The school system of Hyde County, where the men were busted, will get \$520,000, and the rest will be split between the county sheriff and the state cops.

Judge Mitchell left the bench shortly after the peculiar settlement to become secretary of the North Carolina State Department of Crime Control and Public Safety.

\$30M Skag Ring Busted in L.A.

LOS ANGELES—A U.S.-Mexican heroin ring estimated to have banked over \$30 million between 1975 and 1979 has been rooted out, cops claim, with the dawn-raids busts of eight people here and in San Diego. Fourteen more people charged in the record-breaking investigation remained at large after the busts and are presumed to be in Mexico.

Drug Enforcement Administration agents joined up with state and local cops to bring about the busts, said to be "the largest income-tax evasion case on record, and the biggest documented financial investigation in connection with drug trafficking." The dealers moved the smack north across the

border stashed in false compartments in cars, says the indictment, and sold most of it in California, though some went to Pittsburgh and Seattle. The cash was collected in cardboard boxes, and deposits of up to \$400,000 a shot were made in banks around San Diego. The money was to have been withdrawn to be smuggled down to Mexican banks.

Though all the defendants are charged with failing to report cash transactions exceeding \$5,000, no American bankers are charged along with them. Thanks to an arrangement between U.S. Customs and the Mexican government, Tijuana bank records were opened and a Mexican banker indicted.

U.S. Patriot, 18, Framed in Turkey

ISTANBUL—An 18-year-old U.S. high-school exchange student, who had originally been reluctant to come to Turkey after seeing *Midnight Express*, is in jail here facing a possible ten-year stretch for supposedly trying to smuggle hash. Local cops say Loretta Jean Dooley was caught trying to mail a box of hash to her sister in Coronado, California.

Loretta's sister, however, does not live in Coronado, but in Tracy; and the charges indicate that the sister's married name, as written on the package in evidence, is weirdly misspelled, as though a foreigner had written it: "Evans" rather than "McEvans." The girl's sister says Loretta was undoubtedly set up by Turkish cops because she'd complained in American print that she found the Turkish government "too sympathetic to Communism."



Loretta Dooley may spend ten years in a Turkish hellhole—for hating Reds and because the Turks are still pissed off about their portrayal in *Midnight Express*.

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Intravenous MDA Implicated in Hepatitis Deaths

NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA—Within the space of two weeks last summer nine people came down with viral hepatitis type B here, and when six of them died, it made for the heaviest hepatitis B mortality rate recorded in the last 18 years. All nine had been doing MDA and cocaine through hypodermics, raising suspicion that infected needles may have spread the disease among the victims; but the extraordinarily high death rate has prompted the theory that MDA itself may have exerted a "potentiating factor" that accounted for the unusual severity of the disease among the victims.

As is usual in cases of hepatitis B, the patients presented themselves at local hospitals exhibiting malaise, nausea, diarrhea and muscle pains. Ordinarily they would've responded to shots of the hepatitis B-immune serum globulin, the most effective vaccine against the disease, which normally has a death rate of only 1 percent. Five of the New Bern victims, though, quickly passed into the "fluminant" phase of the disease, lapsing into coma and dying of massive liver necrosis within 12 days, despite the use of total life-support systems. Another died after 25 days. All were previously healthy people between the ages of 18 and 27, which makes the 67 percent death rate among them particularly extraordinary.

Fearing a full-scale epidemic, the federal government's Atlanta Center for Disease Control (CDC) sent a team of epidemiologists to New Bern, where they persuaded 300 local

dopers to come in for hep tests. None were found to have hepatitis, although most were acquainted with people from at least one of the two small groups of friends who were stricken. Though these two groups had only sporadic social contact, it appears that, since hep B is transmitted exclusively by blood-to-blood contact, the hep epidemic was spread among them by infected needles.

Hepatitis B is "usually a relatively mild disease," says CDC epidemiologist Dr. Mitchell Carl; the New Bern influenza may have been "a particularly virulent strain of the virus, although this seems unlikely since the mortality rate from hepatitis B has been quite constant worldwide." Suspicion has therefore grown that the MDA (methylenedioxymphetamine) that all nine victims are presumed to have been shooting may have aggravated the effects of the disease. At the CDC toxicology lab in Phoenix, lab monkeys are currently being exposed to "suspect toxins" from the New Bern victims, along with cultured hep B viruses and laboratory MDA. Though no variety of amphetamine has ever before been shown to have harmful effects on the liver before now, the federal docs feel that MDA may have contributed to the massive necrosis of liver cells that killed the New Bern victims.

The rise of bootleg pharmaceuticals like MDA in North Carolina dope circles, as well as in nonurban areas all along the East Coast,

is viewed by many as the inadvertent effect of the reefer drought that has struck these areas. As the Colombian grass trade consolidates along the East Coast, pushing out local independent dealers and concentrating on the very profitable big-city markets, folks in towns like New Bern (population 18,000) are increasingly stuck with bathtub hallucinogens. There are two or three relatively cheap ways to make MDA in home labs, and, depending on the care or proficiency of the local chemists, brands can appear either as a pure white cokelike crystal or as a powdery off-yellow substance contaminated with lab residues. Most commonly it's swallowed in capsules, though it can be snorted or shot. The high is essentially a speed high, but milder in its effects of wakefulness, compulsive behavior and loss of appetite; the dope is generally billed as an aphrodisiac, though people who get strung out behind it have no more sex drive than the usual run of speed freaks.

The North Carolina state medical examiner's office has closed out the New Bern case, terming it a freak strain of hep B that was undoubtedly communicated by people swapping infected needles. "Any time you start sharing needles, you run the risk of spreading hepatitis," says Dr. Carl of the CDC. The feds are still doing research to determine if MDA, or any of its bathtub-lab contaminants, may have had a role in the epidemic.

Man Asks Customs to Find His Smack!



Heroin mule to airport attendant: "I'll have my dope or I'll have your job!"

LONDON, ENGLAND—Heathrow Airport Customs snared a wholesale shipment of Golden Triangle smack worth \$16 million when three young New York women turned up quantities of heroin on their persons during inspection on a stopover from Bangkok. A fourth woman was suspected by a Customs officer of somehow ditching her own stash of shit at the last minute, when he found in her luggage a still-warm, size 36-C bra, though the girl herself was "flat as a board," so he said; she squeaked through on the next flight out.

The two major male dope shippers on the same flight, though, weren't so lucky. Cops obtained the name of one of them from one of the mules, but the man had already gone

through the line before they could start looking for him. Incredibly, however, he shortly thereafter complained heatedly to Heathrow attendants that one of his suitcases had been misplaced and ordered them to find it. This they promptly did; Customs found a huge consignment of smack inside it and busted him and his seat partner.

The men, both Americans, are being flown to the States to testify against an unnamed "Mr. Big," prime mover of the whole shipment, who got through the same stopover unmolested. The three women will serve out their time in British jails. "Their lives are not worth anything back in the States," noted their solicitor in Kingsbridge High Court.



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Miami Cops Beg Citizens to Finger Coke Mafiosi

MIAMI—The city police department, in desperation, is now asking local householders to tip them off to suspected Colombian dope-smuggling gangs who may move into their neighborhoods. The P.D. narcs are clearly hoping for a Miami repeat of last year's temporary "cleanup" in Jackson Heights, New York, when irritated residents tipped off the NYPD to various Colombian coke operations after a wave of gang murders.

Whether well-to-do suburban Miamians can safely do police investigative work is doubtful, though. While New York City lends itself to isolated murders, Miami hit sites tend to be fairly public; last year when rivals dusted coke godfather German Jimenez Panesso in the Dadeland shopping center, two bystanders were caught in the submachine-gun spray, and there have been similar incidents all around southern Florida.

Nevertheless, the Miami P.D. has publicly broadcast a "profile" of a typical Colombian contraband operation and has urged folks to call in any time they observe the signs of one. Smugglers generally rent "really nice houses in middle- to upperclass neighborhoods," says homicide detective William Bellairdine. "They are mostly three- and four-bedroom, with a pool and a two-car garage. The garage is important." There will generally be two or three expensive late-model cars around, along with numerous four-wheel-drive vans and campers: Land Rovers, Jeeps and particularly Chevrolet Cheyennes. (The vans are commonly shipped back to Colombia.)

Very little daylight activity occurs around these places, the drapes are drawn and often the windows are sealed up with aluminum foil. The men usually move in first: well-dressed Latinos wearing stack heels and flashy jewelry, between 22 and 38 years old, speaking no English and claiming to be Puerto Rican. Women will show up later, most often pregnant, so their children will be born American citizens—a good tactic against future deportation proceedings. Infants and even school-age children are kept indoors all day, forbidden to mingle with neighborhood kids. Neighbors who come around to visit most often find the doorbell unanswered.

Oddly, the police are not heavily pressuring area realtors to tip them off to foreigners who rent several high-priced houses at one visit,



We can no longer avert our eyes when the sinister syndicates of snort raise their ugly snouts, say Florida crime fighters.

paying six months or so in advance with cash; the realtors greatly enjoy this arrangement, since the lessees commonly vacate after just a few months. Nor are the airlines being urged to turn in people who fly from Colombia to Mexico to Germany to Miami, the latest route preferred by coke mules; "They go all the way there," says a cop, "because they know Customs is not looking for six kilos of cocaine coming in from Frankfurt."

Coke-ring personnel don't buy much furniture. They generally just stock their houses with wholesale quantities of electronic gear like toasters, portable TVs, toys, pong games and so on; these they smuggle back into Colombia for black-market distribution.

Usually when a gang vacates a house they do it at night, in a matter of minutes. A fleet of rent-a-trucks and U-hauls will converge on the place, all the junk will be toted out into them, and the two or three families involved will split for parts unknown. This is a gunfire-prone time, according to dope-ring sources, to tip off the police to the suspicious folks next door.

Miami Coke-War Chronicle

The snuffing of Miami coke jefe ("chief," or "heavy") German Jimenez Panesso was the climax of a Colombian coke feud that accounted for 23 substantiated homicides in southern Florida in the first six months of 1979—not counting various murders elsewhere, unsolved disappearances and injuries to bystanders. This is only five dope snuffs fewer than were recorded in the entire year of 1978 in Miami.

According to Dade County homicide detective Robert Willis, the 1979 bloodletting was primarily a grudge feud between two Colombian families in the local coke trade. The first murder, in mid '78, was of a young woman mule, according to Willis: "They had a falling out over wages. We believe she threatened to expose them. So they just paid her the cheapest way."

Easter Sunday 1979, another woman was dusted while guarding a stash house. A considerable quantity of coke was pinched, and the violence escalated. Later that month, one Jaime Suescun leaned out the driver's window of his speeding black Audi on a North Dade turnpike and pumped .45 submachine bullets into a Pontiac, but the Pontiac's occupants wasted him.

Two months later Suescun's employer, German Jimenez, was drinking Chivas-Regal in the Dadeland Mall when two Latinos submachined him and a bodyguard—"They looked like Swiss cheese," reports the Dade coroner—and injured two bystanders. In the parking lot cops found a "war wagon," a bulletproof caterer's van full of ordnance, with only 108 miles on the odometer.



Critical mass: An estimated 225,000 anti-nuke demonstrators filled New York City's Battery Park City landfill recently to hear Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt and company (Musicians United for Safe Energy) plus activists Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden sound off against the threat of nuclear power. Looks like overpopulation has been bumped ahead as the cause for the '90s.

Customs Slowdown Fails Brit Dope Moves

LONDON—British Customs officers recently conducted a job action in which, by rigorously searching every single incoming passenger and freight shipment exactly according to the book, they tried to demonstrate how understaffed they are. As a result, passenger lines were delayed for more than two hours at Heathrow in London and over six hours at Dover on the English Channel; also as a result, Customs made some extraordinary dope seizures.

In one case, Heathrow Customs turned up 25 pounds of pot sewn inside a bunch of banana skins and busted a Nigerian woman for it. In another they turned up 15 pounds of pure smack. After that one, Civil Service job-action tactician Geoff Eteson remarked, rather nervously, "We have not caused the chaos that was at first feared, but we have proved our point. We need staff to do our job properly." Management figures at Customs, however, quickly responded that the skag seizure was actually the result of a tip-off through something they called the "international Customs network"—the first official admission anywhere that such an intelligence apparatus exists.

The Conservative administration of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was apparently not amused: The Customs job action got nowhere. The two Iranians caught with the smack, however, will be in jail for at least another generation.



"Cocaine for Horses"— an Easy Score for Irish Heads

by Alison Lamont

CORK, IRELAND—"A good horse story" is all that's needed to obtain cocaine over the counter at drugstores in southern Ireland, according to one horse owner/coke connois-

seur here.

When the owner's stallion developed chronic eye trouble while his vet was on vacation, the man was able to persuade his pharmacist to sell him a brand of eye drops that contain cocaine. Later he visited other pharmacies in the countryside outside Dublin and charmed various chemists into dispensing more of the miracle product, which is marketed by Chemethicals of Ballina, Ireland.

A ten-milliliter bottle cost the horse owner £2 and contained 4 percent cocaine in water, plus a preservative. "If they didn't have the commercial stuff, they'd dip into a big jar," he said. "I once bought a quarter-liter for £3, and there's lots of old stuff around. All you need is a good horse story"—not too much to ask in the land of the Blarney stone.

However, the Veterinary Department of the Irish Ministry of Agriculture in Dublin said the eye drops are definitely restricted to vets' prescriptions, and the agency heatedly denied recent reports in the British press that Ireland had become an easy source for drugs.

The eye-drop cocaine is taken both intravenously and nasally; by the latter method a ten-milliliter bottle can get four people most satisfactorily high and proves a handy dispenser for public places.

IRA Terrorists Botch Dope Haul

DUBLIN—Four men believed to be Irish Republican Army (IRA) gunrunners have been busted in connection with 850 pounds of pot seized in a harbor here. The biggest grass shipment ever nailed in Ireland, it was found aboard an Ecuadorian banana boat bound for Great Britain. Cops believe the IRA suspects had planned to move the smoke into Europe and use the money to buy weapons for the outlaw terrorist organization.

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24 U.S. GIs Busted in German Smack Raid

OPPENHEIM, WEST GERMANY—Local cops, working with the U.S. Army's Criminal Intelligence Division, have so far busted 24 American soldiers at nearby Anderson barracks in Dexham as part of a nationwide heroin crackdown. A Turkish couple and three West German women are charged with being the dealers to the base.

The GIs, from the Eighth Infantry Division and the 32nd Army Air Defense Command, have not been officially charged in military court yet. German federal cops are currently conducting a massive antismack offensive, now that Germany has achieved the highest rate of addiction in all Europe. In the first nine months of 1979, 328 people in Germany died of smack overdoses, as compared to only 29 in all of 1970. European dopers consider it a temporary phenomenon, though, since the whole continent has been flooded with top-grade white Iranian shit ever since the shah's friends were kicked out of Iran last year. But, as the Iranians don't seem to have the proper contacts to cut the junk with before it gets to the street, nobody expects the supply to hold out for long.

Iranian Opium Scheme Jails Texas Family

SAN ANTONIO—A wealthy Iranian's successful ruse to slip out of Teheran during last year's revolution has so far put five people here in jail on charges involving eight pounds of raw opium. It seems the Iranian, a Jewish merchant in his 80s, told an American friend in Teheran, in late 1978, that he was convinced he'd never get out of the country alive with his money, so he'd converted it into eight pounds of O. The Yank friend, a Pan Am pilot, flew it in the cockpit of his Boeing 707 back to New York and moved it through Kennedy airport in a briefcase to his home in Northampton, Massachusetts.

In Massachusetts, the pilot was visited by a 28-year-old San Antonio man who was engaged to the Iranian's daughter. When the young man learned about the O, he called his uncle, a Bexar County dentist, who said he could find some Texas buyers. So the pilot (who himself had spent nine weeks in a Colombian jail a while back) consigned the dope to the fiancé, who flew it to Texas. There, about a month later, the fiancé's younger brother was driving his dentist uncle around Bexar County when he was directed to stop the car at the gates of the family estate and hand an eight-pound box to a local geologist and a couple of pals, who turned out to be narcs.

The pilot copped down to an eight-year sentence by testifying against the dentist; the brothers and their sister copped to four-year terms the same way. As for the Iranian, says the pilot, "When I went back to Iran in early 1979, he had already fled the country."

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NATIONAL WEED

WCTU: Thou Shalt Not Snort



The splendid ladies of the WCTU used to conduct on-site investigations of places where alcohol was bought and sold in volume. Someone should gently but firmly discourage them from trying the same thing on the distribution of other illicit substances in Jackson Heights or Coconut Grove.

The venerable Women's Christian Temperance Union, after 105 years of horsewhipping alcoholics and their suppliers, has resolved to strive against cocaine as well. According to WCTU president Edith Stanley, the casual abuse of snort has been picked up lately by "young, urban professionals" who throw "fashionable parties" where they "serve it in their hors d'oeuvres." Such wickedness, warns Stanley, could "destroy the dearest of our institutions—the home and family." The WCTU failed to divulge any recipes for snort d'oeuvres.

• In an effort to alleviate the West Coast gas drought, superhighway signs have begun brightly reminding drivers to use car pools and observe the 55-mph limit. A lot of commuters on the Santa Monica Freeway have gone through the roof, though, over a new sign that counsels, "Next Time Try the Train." There is no train service between Santa Monica and L.A.! "We're talking about energy conservation," a highway official has dimly explained, "in a broader context."

• Evidently they all look alike to former agriculture secretary Earl L. Butz. Invited to address an Iowa plowing match, where top-echelon Chinese observers were in attendance, Butz went on at length about poor endangered Taiwan, "sold down the river" by treacherous Yankee backstabbers. No one mentioned, until the blushing was over, that he'd been preaching to a delegation of People's Republic agriculturalists. "I was unaware," Earl later explained, "which place they were from."

Butz is currently a dean (emeritus) at Purdue University in Indiana. The top Red among his listeners, Chen Pixian, compassionately termed the whole incident "a pity." • Confidential to the samaritan who dropped 63 pounds of weed into the American Rescue Workers donation box in Clifton, New Jer-

sey: They gave every twig to the narc squad for nothing!

• "We're against punk rock that leads people out into the street, causing trouble, defecating, urinating and fornicating," declared county liquor-board chairperson Robert Miller of College Park, Maryland. The booze board put a stop to all punk-rock concerts at the U. of Maryland's campus this year, threatening to pull every liquor license within staggering distance of the school if students didn't keep a lid on the trouble—urinating, defecating and fornicating. Punk rock, as defined by Miller—"acid rock or rock 'n' roll music that is played at a high decibel level"—is verboten now, along with any bands that "use offensive names." In the latter category, Miller cited two punk groups as examples: the Sex Change Band and Original Fetish.

• Two years ago Scharya Piggee of Great Falls, Montana, was divorced from Elijah Green. Green failed to pay his share of the lawyer fees, though, so the divorce was never finalized. Scharya therefore became a bigamist when she soon after married Sheldon Thompson, but when she divorced him last fall, she officially ditched Green as well. Ms. Piggee-Green-Thompson is back to her maiden name for the time being.

• When an unnamed civil servant in Washington, D.C., last year received an "unsatisfactory" job-performance rating, she blew up and dined on the whole U.S. Department of Labor. She gave the D.C. cops a list of petty dope dealers in her division alone, so they sent in an undercover narc known only as "Number 244." After less than a month on the job, 244 turned in five alleged dealers who occasionally moved lids around during lunch hour. Just like workers everywhere, it seems, Labor Department dopers subsidize their recreation by selling a couple lids for every lid they smoke.

"Greatest Pot Danger Is Getting Arrested"

American Psychiatric Association Comes Out for Decrim

CHICAGO—The American Psychiatric Association (APA), emphasizing that grass doesn't make people crazy while jail certainly does, has affirmed its support for nationwide marijuana decriminalization. "For the majority of users," notes the APA, "the main danger is being convicted of a crime." Neither grass nor people who do it "can be said to constitute a danger to the public safety," the APA board of directors pointed out in their decrim recommendation, and states that have adopted decrim statutes since 1976 have not shown "any harmful effects or even any increase in marijuana use."

"There appears to be no convincing evidence of serious physical or psychological damage caused by moderate or intermittent use in healthy adults," the APA board of directors cautiously noted. "Nonetheless, there have been more than 400,000 arrests annually for the last four years, at an estimated administrative cost of \$600 million a year and an immeasurable cost in damage to the lives of many young people and their families." The peculiar zeal evidenced by law-enforcement agents in oppressing the users of a weed that common experience has shown to be relatively harmless has had effects that, notes the APA, imposes a "destructive effect on efforts to present the dangers of drugs

honestly to the public."

In calling for "the cessation of disproportionate penalties for marijuana possession and use," the APA joins the growing ranks of other national groups of professionals. To date, the American Bar Association, the American Public Health Association, the National Education Association, the National Council of Churches, the National Association for Mental Health and the American Medical Association have all come out for marijuana decrim.

• "Thank You For Pot Smoking" T-shirts were a hot item at the paraphernalia tables around Volunteer Park in Seattle, Washington, for the Northwest's first big, no-hassle smoke-in. About 2,000 people, most of them smoking with abandon, enjoyed the all-day rock music and the continual passing of pungent reefer, with not a cop in view. "I don't rush into any other park when I hear there's marijuana there," explained Assistant Police Chief Vernon Thompson amiably.

Actually, Thompson had worked out a no-hassle arrangement beforehand with the smoke-in's prolegalization sponsors, who included local dairyman Paul Kimmelman, the Atlanta-based Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition (CAMP) and Ed Rosenthal, coauthor of the *Marijuana Grower's*

Guide, who represented the American Harvest Committee.

While speech making was held to a minimum, the charismatic Rosenthal held the attention of even the most spaced-out celebrants with his incisive analysis of the pot laws. Though ostensibly imposed to "protect" kids, the laws introduce tens of thousands of them every year to jails and cops, which can permanently embitter a kid against the whole criminal-justice system. Rosenthal went on to say that by selectively enforcing the grass laws against people they want to "get," and by setting up a permanent system of spies and snitches among America's 50-million-plus tokers, the narco cops are effectively creating a 1984-style police state. And by pitting millions of smokers against non-smokers, the laws polarize society in a highly destructive fashion.

The American Harvest Committee, explained Rosenthal, is a loosely linked aggregation of persons working for grass-law reform, for rights for women and gays, and against racism and the antiabortion movement. The committee was instrumental in setting up the no-hassle pact with the Seattle Police Department, mainly by guaranteeing that Volunteer Park would be clean and tidy after the event.

ABOLISH POT PROHIBITION!



Don't you think it's high time to do something about today's stone-age pot laws? Something more than merely writing letters to your congressperson? Ever consider that there may be more effective methods to get the point across?

Certain tried-and-true tactics that evolved during the '60s might have a more immediate effect on the minds of legislators high in government circles.

Tactics such as large-scale marijuana marches, smoke-ins and other forms of non-violent civil disobedience may hasten the total abolition of pot prohibition by a good five years. We'll never know if we don't try. After all, marijuana remains the most over-researched drug on today's market—let's stop talking about pot and do something about it!

Freedom is the issue here, freedom from government interference in the private lives of 50 million pot smokers in this country today. Exercising our Constitutional rights to peacefully assemble and to protest repressive pot laws may be the decisive factor in abolition of these laws altogether.

Join our ongoing CAMPAign to demonstrate public outrage at the harmful side effects of pot prohibition to society and to protest these laws in the streets, on the beaches and by CAMPing out at the White House every Independence Day until victory is ours.

CAMP welcomes participation by all pro-pot organizations in a program aimed at making available to the public their individual ideas and diverse approaches to the marijuanalogical phenomenon that has so thoroughly permeated all levels of contemporary society.

Join the Action Faction of today's marijuana movement and come CAMPing with us as we work nationally to achieve our long-range goal—total abolition of marijuana prohibition.

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HIGH CRIMES

Office-Seeking Sheriff Accused of Setting Up 23 in Panhandle

BLOUNTSTOWN, FLORIDA—Undercover narcs from nearby Marianna infiltrated this little town in the depression-wracked Florida panhandle for a month last spring. The rope-a-dope operation, which netted a total of 23 people for petty dope busts, was conducted by Calhoun County sheriff Buddy Smith, who was running for reelection. Blountstown sources claim a local kid who'd been busted for grass earlier was instructed to introduce all his friends to undercover narcs from Marianna, who vigorously began trying to buy dope from everyone in town.

However, most grass in the panhandle is plain wild ditchweed, hand-harvested and passed around for nothing, which made it awkward to set up buys. "At one home," a Blountstown source reports, "they asked the fellow if they could buy a jay. He said he didn't have any for sale but would smoke one with them. So he rolled one and went to the bathroom, and one narc put \$25 on the table and split with the joint. When he was busted a few weeks later, he was charged with sale."

All 23 defendants were nabbed on the same night, held in jail and arraigned the next day before county judge "Big Jim" Godwin, who decided that two juvenile bustees in the sheriff's preelection dope sweep would be tried as adults. The prime evidence exhibited were several dozen tall, ropy, low-test ditch plants found growing in vacant lots outside town. Since all the defendants are impoverished, they have retained public defender Virgil Mayo, who observes, "The whole thing reeks of entrapment."

• A semi out of Colorado was busted near Avoca, Iowa, with 10,420 pounds of Mex in it, evidently the only big fall on the Aspen-Milwaukee run last season. The big truck was being weighed at an agricultural inspection station when an Iowa state cop got suspicious, peeked inside and saw a stack of pressed bales wrapped in plastic. The solo driver was busted.

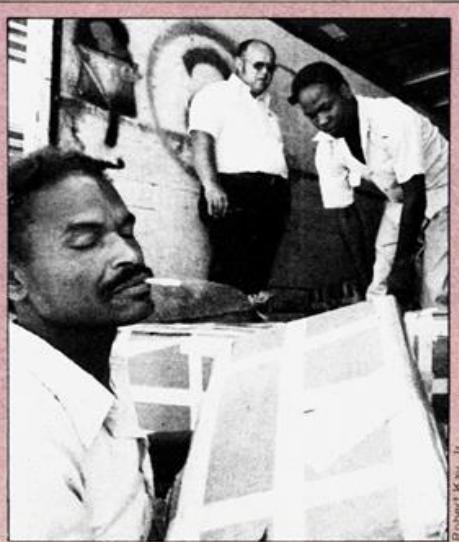


Cullman, Alabama, jail trustees spent a day harvesting a half acre of highly resinous local 20-foot-tall plants.

• Two Hollywood, Florida, men were charged with dope trafficking, assault on an officer and reckless driving after they piled up their blue GMC van evading pursuit from a Palm Beach county patrol car. Inside the van, cops say, were 1,320 pounds of Colombian and 150 pounds of boot 'ludes.

• A nearly unloaded four-engine DC-9 cargo plane, mint World War II army surplus, was popped with nine tons of ganja still aboard on a local strip by Greenville, Tennessee, cops. Eight miles away on the same night, an army-surplus tank truck was found, plateless and hot-wired, abandoned with 2,400 gallons of aviation fuel. Greenville cops deduced that the big plane, having off-loaded most of its original cargo already, was waiting for refueling when the truck broke down. A large amount of foreign currency—mainly from British Caribbean territories—was found in the plane, and two men walking about a mile from it were busted on suspicion of dope moving.

• Somebody in Hartford, Kentucky, called the Ohio County sheriff to report a marijuana patch growing in a bean field two miles north. Deputies say they subsequently found a half-acre of five-foot plants there, and the implicated bean farmer was busted. The editor of the Owensboro Messenger Inquirer, in reporting the event, reminded all readers that "The law presumes the accused to be innocent of a crime."



Tote that bale! Pine Island, Florida, cops bust their butts hauling two tons of evidence fume—to the furnace.

• When a Yakima, Washington, bus-stop manager told local cops that a certain storage locker in his place hadn't been opened for six months, they looked inside it and found 14,800 Thai sticks. When they traced the owner, it turned out he'd died six months before.

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Colombian Narcs Claim Coke Bust of 800 Ki's



Hold your breath! Here's the 800 ki's and stray ordnance the Colomb narcs hit. Whether the dope stayed in the evidence bin is another question....

BOGOTÁ—The National Police special narcotics unit, F-2, claims to have dealt a fatal blow to the "international cocaine mafias" when they seized 800 kilos of pure refined cocaine ready to be shipped to the United States. The unprecedented poundage of pure was allegedly nabbed in a series of raids executed by 250 men who descended upon private homes in all parts of Bogotá.

The narcs also claim to have found six laboratories where the alkaloid was processed, 25 vehicles and an assortment of weapons, airplane charts and other paraphernalia of a well-orchestrated smuggling operation. Nineteen Colombian citizens were arrested, but the authorities acknowledge that it will be hard to catch the heads of the organization. Although the busts were hailed in the Bogotá

press as yet another victory for President Turbay's dope campaigns, Vea, the maverick Bogotá weekly, commented that the amount seized "could be considered insignificant if we take into account the gigantic network that is capable of creating real crime empires by which governments and authorities are manipulated."

• **Northern New Jersey** evidently enjoys a direct coke connection to Colombia, to go by the latest Union City bust of four pounds of pure and a pound of lightly cut snort. It began when two Latinos were popped as they were walking together on the street, while other cops raided their apartments. The four pounds of pure were found gaily gift-wrapped on one man's kitchen table, and the pound of cut toot in the other man's pad, along with various cutting scales, cut powder and firearms. Hudson County assistant prosecutor James Hill attributes the relatively low price of coke in north Jersey to the direct Colombian connection and estimates, "I doubt this bust will cause a drought, but it will cause apprehension among dealers."

• A plush Coral Gables, Florida, home, to which local cops were called on an anonymous tip that someone was being dragged in to it amid bursts of gunfire, turned up eight pounds of coke and nine Colombians, including a 14-year-old girl. Two of the men present were busted on outstanding New York City warrants for weapons offenses and jailbreaking. The coke had been stashed in the garage ceiling, along with several submachine guns.

• A Howard Johnson's motel maid in Hollywood, Florida, called the cops after she shook a ki of snort out of a pillowcase she was fluffing. When the law got there, they found a woman and man—from Alaska and Georgia, respectively—packing up the coke and 10,000 boot 'ludes.

HIT PARADE

Six more weeks of goddamn winter! And you want to know why? Well, it seems old Mr. Groundhog was being monitored by a gang of pointy-headed university neuroscientists who were studying the biology of hibernation. They had poor old Mr. Groundhog all cocooned in EEG wires, deep-cerebellum cannulas and a rectal thermometer. And guess what! Why, they found that all through his six-month nod, Mr. Groundhog was literally awash in his own endorphins. Smacked out, man! Skag city, no shit. So when he came out of it on Groundhog Day and slogged out to check the daylight, just starting to sniffle and sweat a little, why, the goddamn DEA clapped the cuffs on him, forepaws and hindpaws. Mr. Groundhog got a year of hard time, but with luck he'll be up for work-release out of a detox halfway house by mid April. Till then, wear your rubbers and don't go outside stoned on grass: It lowers your body temperature.

- 40,000 lbs of Colombian on shrimper *Terry Ann* at Rose Dhu Island, Georgia; DEA busted 6.
- 40,000 lbs of reefer aboard 85-foot shrimper *Ellisa Lee* at Fisherman's Wharf in Biloxi, Mississippi; 1 popped by Customs.
- 23,020 lbs of Santa Marta gold in a house in Harris County, Texas; DEA and local cops busted 5.
- 20,000 lbs of dorado on 60-foot Panama shrimper off New Smyrna Beach, Florida; 3 crew busted by Marine Patrol.

- 2,300 lbs of Colombian in farmhouse near Spring, Texas; 5 busted by DEA and Texas and Missouri narcs.
- 2,000 lbs of pot aboard 57-foot *Norsman* cabin cruiser disabled off Bimini, nabbed by USCG cutter *Cape Shoalwater*; 2 men, 1 woman from Ft. Lauderdale busted.
- 1,300 lbs of Colombian, deserted on grass strip on Brighton Indian Reservation, Florida; Seminole deputy found it, but no takers.
- 1,179 lbs of Mexican commercial tops in a house in Berino, New Mexico; cops busted 4.

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In fact, I'm so sure you'll agree it's the easiest, fastest and most convenient way yet to separate seeds and stems from the leaf, I'll GUARANTEE it. You'll have plenty of time to look it over and try it out, and after three weeks from receiving your kit, if you don't agree that what I said is true, return the kit for a full refund—less ninety-five cents postage and handling. Fair enough?

You'll also save the price of the kit simply by using it. Now, here's how to order. Fill in coupon below and enclose check or money order for \$6.95 for each kit. No stamps please. Just as soon as I receive it, I'll immediately process your order, and mail it in a plain brown wrapper.

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THE HIGH & MIGHTY

Coroner: Presley Too Habituated to Downs for an OD

Elvis Presley's bloodstream showed up ten different drugs, all downs, according to coroner Jerry Francisco, but since "they were not even having the desired therapeutic effect," says Dr. Francisco, he didn't OD from them. Bereaved Elvis devotees have lately become so convinced that he croaked from dope that his prescribing physician, Dr. George Nichopolous, asked for and got police protection. And when word got out last year that the King's postmortem turned up positive for codeine, ethinamate, methaqualone and various barbiturates, the Tennessee Board of Medical Examiners called for a full probe of Dr. Francisco, Dr. Nichopolous



Don't you step on his black suede beauties.

and the Memphis pharmacy that dispensed the dope to the swivel-hipped rock immortal.

Indeed, from the records, Elvis's pharmaceutical diet was varied and colorful. On one single day in 1977, Dr. Nichopolous scripted 100 Quaaludes, followed by 24 Dilaudids and 12 hits of Amytal for the singer. Two days later he got 100 hits of Biphedamine (black beauties), 100 more ludes, 200 Dexedrine, 100 Carbrital and 100 Placidyl. Another two days later he got 24 Percodans and 24 more Dilaudids. The Board of Medical Examiners says it believes "said drugs were either not prescribed for a legitimate reason, or were prescribed in excessive amounts, or were not prescribed in good faith to relieve an illness or infirmity."

However, according to people around him, Elvis had been strung out on pills of all sorts since his "Blue Suede Shoes" days. A devout Fundamentalist, Presley would have no truck with whiskey but had no prejudice at all against pharmaceutical intoxicants. When Dr. Nichopolous began treating him in 1966, the King had already developed a considerable pill tolerance. It was Nichopolous's

policy, intimates say, to try to step down the rock immortal by dumping the dope out of his capsules and replacing it with placebos. Presley got hip to this ruse on several occasions, it is said, and flew in his private jet to Las Vegas to have a doc there script him out some real dope.

Even if this is true, the fact remains that Nichopolous himself or a nurse would commonly pick up the dope for Elvis from the Memphis pharmacy, to keep the King beyond suspicion; and it appears that no record was kept of how much dope was "destroyed" en route to his bloodstream or what in fact was actually done with it. And it's also known that Presley kept a special "drug trailer" on the grounds of his Graceland mansion, complete with a rent-a-nurse to dispense the stuff. If Presley had no religious qualms about doing pharmaceutical drugs, insiders have suggested, he may have had no reservations about selling or giving them to friends, either.

For the record, coroner Francisco's diagnosis of the cause of Elvis's demise at 42—cardiac arrhythmia precipitated by chronic high blood pressure—appears to be the most satisfactory conclusion.

• Washington, D.C., city cops proved that they have snitches in extremely exclusive circles, when one of them tipped them to top Democratic Party tactician Alan Baron, 36. When they raided Baron's house, they allegedly found about half a gram of coke in a brown vial in his pocket and a Chapstick tube with another half gram on the person of a friend. The cops also turned up scales, vials and funnels in a closet, and both men were busted for possession with intent to distribute.

In 1972 Baron was executive secretary for the Democratic National Campaign Committee and has coordinated campaigns for George McGovern and Morris Udall. Since 1976 he's published the monthly Baron Report, which liberals and conservatives alike regard as required reading for keeping abreast of new trends. (The publication is no relation to Barron's Financial Weekly of Wall Street.) Baron's close friend and sometimes attorney Keith Stroup, late of NORML, points out that a half-gram coke bust doesn't usually call for distributing charges: "In an ordinary circumstance it would be treated as a minor infraction," says Stroup. "They are playing off Alan's celebrity status."

• Inspector David Moores of the Gresham, Oregon, P.D. has been popped for the loss of two 50-pound grass bales and two 19-pound bricks from the local cop shop. The theft occurred immediately after the man charged with trying to move the dope through Gresham pleaded guilty. Moores is charged with pinching the dope, plus threatening an undicted coconspirator who ultimately dined on him to the Multnomah grand jury. "There is no evidence," insists police chief Kent Reesor, "that any other employee of the Gresham Police Department is involved in the incident."

STONE AGE

collector's Issues

Stone Age back issues are now collector's items (since that publication has been suspended). The three outrageous issues are full of information about the art and science of getting high, facts about dope politics and dope culture. Growing your own . . . Rasta lore . . . DEA tactics . . . tips on smuggling . . . psychedelic rock . . . Quaalude cults . . . dope and health . . . dope cookbook . . . peyote gods . . . all this and more is part of the bounty of *Stone Age*. And each issue is bursting with the most fabulous full-color dope pictorials you've seen anywhere.

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Stone Age Number 2—Marijuana Wine; Smuggling Step-by-Step by Albert Goldman; Hydroponic Growing Guide; Cooking with Dope; Quaalude Chic; Dope Films; the Rasta Way.

Stone Age Number 3—How to Bogart a Joint by A.J. Weberman; Lamb's Bread—the Holy High; Acid Rock Revisited; Calling Dr. Dope; Baba Ram Dass Interview; Rasta Fables; The Great Cocaine Heist; Dope in Six Languages.



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Trans-High Market Quotations

Middle-echelon dealers are assessing the effects of this fall's drought; a lot were put out of business when the Caribbean crunch combined with the Colombian dope war to dry up Florida like a prune. As a result, some hot inland Colombian markets have developed—bottom-dollar prices of \$350 to \$425 a pound are being reported in places like Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin and Ohio. The sinsemilla crop was so huge this year that prices have begun to drop. Ounces are down to \$150 (from over \$200 two years ago), and pounds can be scored for as little as \$1,000 out west. Cocaine quality continues its clamber downstairs. The acid renaissance continues strong—one West Coast dealer estimated that his organization distributed over a million hits during the last week of September.

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
Domestic sinsemilla	mediocre at best	oz	55-75
Colombian pot	mostly 'merish	lb	500-700
		lb	75-225
Kenyan shake	better than nothing	oz	80-120
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	900-1200
Pseudo sticks	useless	one	175-240
		oz	8-13
New Zealand homegrown	excellent	oz	100-120
Domestic hash	truly shit	lb	75
		lb	600-750
		lb	50-100
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz	300-500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	250-400
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	3000-4500
LSD	tiles, blots	one	20-45
		100	420-620
		100	50-75
Mandrax	rare but there	one	300-500
		100	2-3.50
		100	100-200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	less and less	oz	65-80
Gold and red Colombian	mostly red	lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and west coast	oz	70-85
Jamaican pot	in the cities	lb	600-900
Mexican tops	yo-yo market	oz	200-300
		lb	2000-3000
California sinsemilla	for an arm and a leg	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	decent, considering	lb	800-1200
Hash	lots of Leb	oz	100-250
		lb	90-135
LSD	4-way and strawberry blots	one	1200-1500
MDA	all PCP	one	4-10
		100	200-450
		one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	season heating up	oz	5-10
Commercial domestic	megatons	lb	50-80
Colombian hash	still trying	oz	2-4
Hash oil	z-z-z-z-z	lb	50-80
		lb	10-30
Mushrooms	coming to U.S. soon	oz	100-250
		lb	150-200
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	oz	1500-2000
		lb	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz	120-150
Colombian grass	on blue moons only	lb	1250-1300
Kashmir twist	small but good	one	120
Thai sticks	great	one	1000
Homegrown	good year	oz	6
		lb	25
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	oz	free to 50
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	100-350
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	lb	90-120
Paki black hash	black slabs	oz	900-1200
Hash oil	in milligram units too	lb	180-225
LSD	embargoed by cops	one	90-100
Cocaine	drought	100	950-1000
Opium	vintage year	gm	120
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	1450-1500
		oz	25-30
		oz	480-540
		one	4.50-7.50
		100	300
		gm	135-180
		oz	270
		oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
		one	1-1.50

JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce	oz	120
Philippine pot	plentiful but shitty	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	90-120
Thai sticks	taste-test first	lb	900-1200
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	ea	300-600
Philippine hash	not bad for firsts	oz	40-60
LSD	much blotter, some dots	gr	25
		oz	300-350
		ea	4-12

MEXICO

Torreón	scarce as the violet	oz	10-15
Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	lb	50-100
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	2-5
Acapulco gold	Aztec treasure	lb	50-90
Guerrero gold	paralyzing	oz	2-5
Pueblo gold	on the comeback trail	lb	30-60
Emerald hash	solid mostly to L.A.	oz	10-20
Cocaine	sucker's buy	lb	50-100
Opium	searching for a market	oz	6-10
		lb	25-60
		oz	5-8
		lb	30-75
		oz	20-50
		lb	300-500
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
		lb	50-100
		oz	400-600

NEW ZEALAND

Buddha sticks	chewed looking but great	one	12-15
Homegrown "heads"	ace pot	oz	50-65
Afghani hash	impotent	gm	20
Hash oil	good stuff	oz	120-175
Psychedelic cactus	local varieties	cap	15-20
LSD	less than impressive	oz	80
		oz	30-50
		one	4-6

NORWAY

Moroccan hash	like white bread	gm	5-10
Lebanese hash	pungent and potent	kilo	3000-5000
Chitral hash	smoke of Vikings	gm	10-17
Cocaine	badly cut	kilo	3000-6000
		gm	15-20
		kilo	5000-8000
		gm	100-150
		oz	3000-5000

PERU

Brown buds	swamp weed	oz	4-5
Gold buds	highland treat	lb	55-75
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot	oz	10
Coca leaves	grass from the coast	lb	70-80
Coca paste	more fun than gum	lb	35
Cocaine	head salve	kilo	2-3
Quaaludes	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	1.50-2
	local boots, real losers	kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	erratic	oz	40-75
Mexican sinsemilla	quality-control problems	lb	450-650
Quality Jamaican	rising tide	oz	50-65
Jamaican sinsemilla	taking country by storm	lb	500-600
Commercial Colombian	more than enough	oz	40-60
		lb	475-550
		oz	75-125
		lb	800-1250
		oz	30-45
		lb	350-450

Connoisseur Colombian	astonishingly hard to find	oz	50-70
Seedless Colombian	back to the drawing board	lb	500-700
Colombian shake	infested with seeds	oz	40-55
Colombian seeds	take your chances	lb	450-550
Pseudo Thai sticks	go home	oz	20
Thai sticks	caveat emptor	one	200-275
Loose Thai	fluffy, trippy	oz	75-125
California red hair	kickass fume	lb	750-1250
California sinsemilla	record harvest	oz	15-20
California indicus seedlings	six- to eight-week-old babies	one	150-175
Hawaiian	top dollar	oz	150-200
Moroccan hash	a good last resort	lb	1000-1800
Lebanese hash	hello old friend	oz	175-200
Black Afghani hash	costly but boss	lb	1600-2200
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	175-225
Paki hash	suitcase stashes	lb	1200-2000
Indian hash	from the old masters	oz	75
Hash oils	strong in drought months	gm	185-270
Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	1500-2500
Peyote	strong supply	lb	75-100
LSD	101 varieties	one	675-900
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	oz	85-120
Quaaludes	endangered species	one	1000-1400
MDA	truly wondrous if real	gm	150-200
Crystal meth	here and there	gm	1500-1800
PCP	the pits	gm	3-5
Opium	dreamy	gm	250-350
		gm	35-60

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	strong supply	oz	50-60
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce as seal	lb	450-525
Domestic weed	good AM smoke	oz	60-75
Mexican weed	an oddity	lb	525-750
Hawaiian Puna buds	demand exceeds supply	oz	25-40
Hawaiian shake	worth the money	lb	100-200
Lebanese hash	standard issue	oz	30-50
Hash oil	sleazy too often	gm	350-450
Cocaine	like snowflakes in hell	oz	200-275
Quaaludes	many bogus	one	2000-2300
White cross	mainland boots	one	35-50
		100	275-490
		oz	10-20
		gm	130-175
		gm	35-65
		oz	100-150
		one	2000-3000
		one	6-15
		one	.50
		100	20-35

Hawaii

Puna buds	potent stuff	oz	125-200
Kona gold	forever amber	lb	1200-2000
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	100-140
Maui wowie	Rolls-Royce of marijuanas	lb	1000-1500
Oahu shake	pounds like pillows	oz	100-130
Leaf sticks	fluffy, clean	lb	100-150
Mountain seeds	like Ping-Pong balls	oz	1000-1800
LSD	dots and blots for cheap	one	20-40
Mushrooms	taste for every nose	oz	350-500
Cocaine	crosses, black beauts	one	5-10
Amphetamines		one	.25
		one	2-4
		one	free
		gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2000
		one	2

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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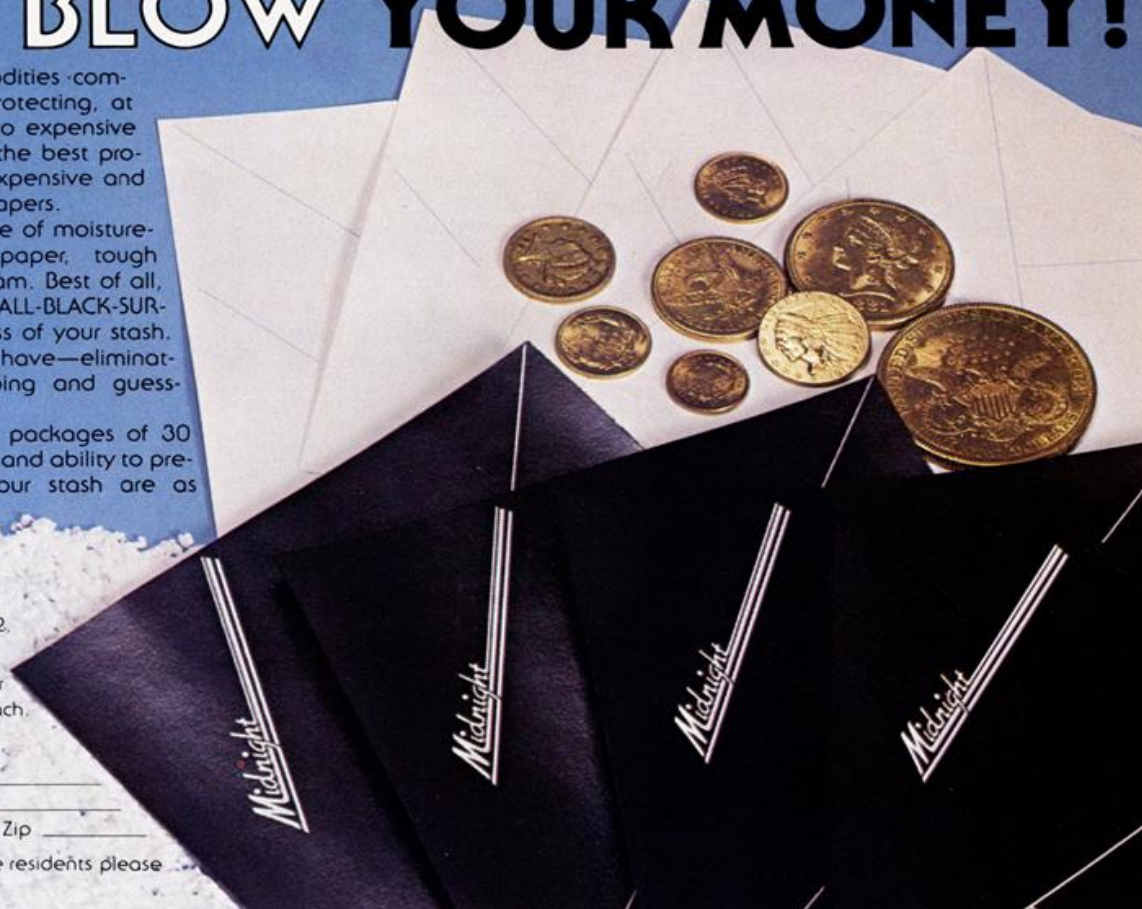
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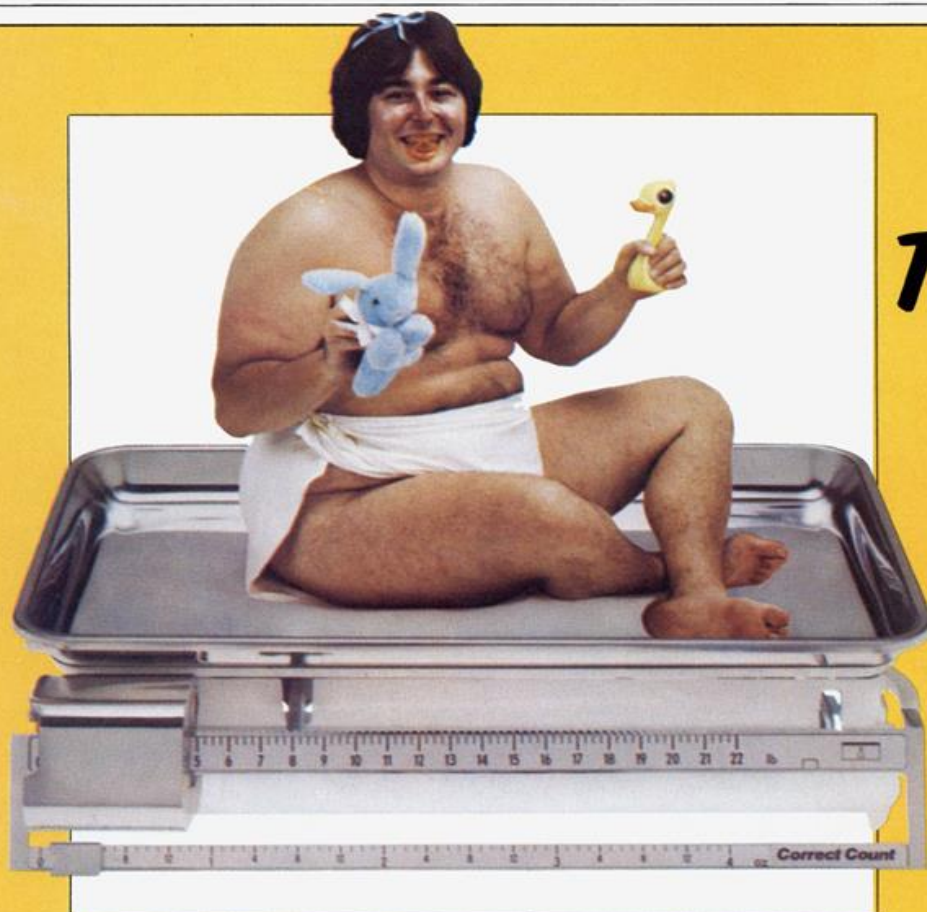
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Positively Abbi

by Jerry Rubin

Stoned is the best way to appreciate Abbie Hoffman.

Once one of the most visible and persistent symbols of the '60s, the mythmaking co-founder of the Yippies (along with Jerry Rubin) has been a fugitive for the last six years, ever since his 1973 arrest in New York for conspiracy to sell cocaine.

Since then, the 43-year-old madcap political prankster has lived underground as another person, changing his features with plastic surgery and shedding identities as frequently as a snake does its skin. Unable as Abbie Hoffman to continue his marriage to his wife, Anita, he left her and his then two-year-old son, America, in February 1974, went underground and married someone else (Abbie doesn't believe in divorce). But vacating a persona is not so easy. At least twice during his travels Abbie has freaked out, including one time in Las Vegas where he ran through a casino yelling out his real name. Remarkably, he was never caught. But the overlapping personalities have left their mark. His sentences don't always proceed in logical order, the words are hieroglyphs of a bigger picture, precision alternates with metaphor, and there is uncertainty as to whom the personal pronoun I refers to. A puzzle for even the most astute psychology student.

Abbie, the son of a "legitimate" drug salesman from Worcester, Massachusetts, started out by studying humanistic psychology with Abraham Maslow at Brandeis University. But he was "born" in 1960, he says, when his massive and naive faith in the American myth ("truth, justice and the American

Gabrielle Schang

the last underground interview with
e Hoffman... (maybe)



way") was shaken by the intruding reality of war, racism and generational revolt that characterized the '60s. After working in the civil-rights movement in the South in the early part of the decade, Abbie returned to New York and opened up Liberty House to sell poor people's products from Mississippi, then abruptly changed his lifestyle by becoming a digger (a political prehippie) on New York's Lower East Side. This was the start of a new American myth, and a new role for Abbie as a new American mythmaker.

Aided by television and its quick dissemination of image, the United States during the '60s underwent a violent metamorphosis of styles and values more rapidly than was ever possible before. It was Abbie Hoffman's genius to learn how to use the media, how to manipulate it to carry messages against the Vietnam War, for marijuana, for community consciousness. "The Sixties," as writer Marvin Garson once said,

"I have a lot to do in life and don't want to go down at the hands of a shaky policeman or run down by drunken reality."

"were staged." Life and politics were transformed into theater for the television cameras. And Abbie Hoffman was one of its prime directors.

Hoffman wrote messianically of new lifestyles and values in his books *Revolution for the Hell of It*, *Woodstock Nation* and *Steal This Book*, the latter a kind of kamikaze attack on corporate consumer society inspired by a digger pamphlet he authored earlier in his career called *Fuck the System*, by Free. But the culmination of these works, an autobiographical recapitulation of Abbie's life in the '60s, will be published in April by Fred Jordan Books, distributed by Grosset and Dunlap. Called *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture* (the movie rights have been bought by Universal), it recounts the incredible rites of passage of the individual and the nation during that tumultuous decade.

Ordinarily, the issuance of a new book is not enough to make *High Times* jump to do an interview. In fact, another interview was originally scheduled for this issue—until we received a phone call from the protean mythmaker himself. The message was clear: He was planning to come up soon, and this might be his last interview on the run.

For such a special occasion, we chose Jerry Rubin, Abbie's former partner in crime, to see if he could get Abbie, on a friend-to-friend basis, to open up as never before. Jerry as much as Abbie was responsible for the media absurdist politics of the

Yippies, and his best-selling book *Do It!* was perhaps the most widely read example of the guerrilla theater of the time. In fact, so intertwined were the activities of the dynamic duo that to the majority of the American public they often seemed to merge into a single entity known as Abbie and Jerry. The two of them have maintained a close friendship during Abbie's underground sojourn. Naturally we were curious about what kind of chemistry might transpire between them after long estrangement from public collaboration.

Another unknown was Abbie's feelings about a third figure of the '60s, Tom Hayden, who along with Jerry, Abbie and four others became enshrined as a member of the Chicago 7. The 1969 trial was an attempt by the government to derail the counterculture by incarcerating its leaders on trumped-up conspiracy charges growing out of the demonstrations during the 1968 Democratic convention. It will go down in history as an example of the way political fights can be waged in the courts. Since that time, Hayden, whose Port Huron Statement led to the founding of SDS in 1962, has left radical politics, married movie actress Jane Fonda, and waged a nearly successful campaign for the Democratic senatorial nomination in his adopted state of California.

Getting Jerry reservations to go underground was not easy, but we did manage to send him there. While doing a college lecture he met Abbie at a hotel in Mississippi. This is what he reports: "Abbie is a tough interviewee. He likes to tell stories instead of giving direct answers. Later, when I confronted Abbie with this, he replied, 'Telling stories is an old Jewish form of defense.' I had wanted to slip past the defense, get at the man behind the myth."

Rubin: You've been a fugitive for six years now, ever since the State of New York charged you with conspiracy to sell cocaine. What are you facing?

Hoffman: Fifteen or 25 to life imprisonment, probably in some cage in Attica.

Rubin: Would you get extra time since you've escaped them so long?

Hoffman: Well, you get five for jumping bail; interstate flight—that's extra. If I get caught it's very, very bad, very hazardous. I could get killed. It's the fame factor. If you've been seen on television it's magnified into super power and magic by viewers, and the police translate this into violence. They see you as ten feet tall. If they burst in here right now I'd have to immediately be calm and reassure them: "I know you're doing your job, guys. I'm doing mine. Don't worry, nothing is going to happen, just get out the handcuffs." I've played this scene so often in the past, you know. The danger is they misunderstand exactly who you are and can misuse their guns. I want to live as long as Abraham. I have a lot to do in life and don't want to go down at the hands of a shaky policeman or run down by drunken reality.



Abbie underground (and under shirt) meets Jerry for

Rubin: But you occasionally seem so reckless to others. Not to me; I think you're basically deliberate.

Hoffman: Well, I enjoy the sensation of being swept along by my own reckless abandonment. That's my motto for the '80s. By definition of living an outlaw's life I must live every moment on the edge and to its fullest. But the planning is behind the scenes, in my mind's internal dialogue—where I'm constantly testing and rejecting—and in the years of discipline and determination required to be here now in this very spot, being hunted while all around me is chaos and faulty communication.

Rubin: I see you as an outlaw. Is that your childlike romance coming out?

Hoffman: Fugitive is the government's word. Its derivative is Norman. Outlaw is Anglo-Saxon. Robin Hood was an outlaw. The people called him that, not the sheriff of Nottingham. This is extremely important. We in America, probably more so than any other place in time on earth, have such a problem being precise about our language. But language shapes our environment just as much as the opposite. You become what the media label you. It takes great power for anyone to resist media. It is the burning micro frying the brain. I see that all much more clearly now that I've lived in rural settings for so long. But to answer your question on childish romanticism, Herbert Marcuse, who was one of my great teachers, once told me we have all our creative thoughts by the time we're 18. Therefore, if we're interested in creating a new planet, it's kind of stupid to scorn childishness. My kid america is already a wise old man, but you have to find and meet him on his terms. The same with animals and plants. City people don't have the patience for that.

Rubin: I still don't understand why you are not caught. You're so public. You appear in magazines, you contact people.

Hoffman: To use a Yippie four-letter dirty word, it took a lot of work. It took a lot



Gabrielle Schang

secret taping session.

of work, it took a lot of discipline and maybe some luck. A lot of brains. I've learned to survive in a number of different kinds of jungles. I was lucky in that sense and in that I have the kind of friends that money can't buy, which unfortunately doesn't hold true for most of the other 300,000 fugitives, who are always on my mind.

Rubin: Maybe I'm going out of my role as an interviewer, but I think that you have an ability to get people to really love you. And that's the source of this support. Also you are a source of power to people. By being powerful yourself you're able to liberate people to their own potential. I think that's why you do have so many people who support you.

Hoffman: This is hard for me to take. I think I'm much more human than when you knew me back then. I'm humble because I cracked up on the run. The wife and I had to lick the gum off food stamps to survive and I had to separate from my kids and everybody I love. I had to deal with immense sadness, which I'm not exactly sure I ever had to deal with before. I had no choice but to do it or perish; to learn to love and survive or die. You probably experienced this when your parents died in your early 20s.

Rubin: But I was too young to mourn.

Hoffman: Too young to mourn? I don't know about that. I see some of those boat people's kids. "Boat kids." They look like they're mourning right off. Grief is grief. Loss is loss. Probably it's more drastic for the young, and that's why you've repressed the feeling.

Rubin: In the mid '70s you really made a personality transformation, living as a nonperson. You had to learn to live without the crutch of "Abbie Hoffman" actually. You have become a whole new person.

Hoffman: That's right. I'm at a party in Paris, this fashionable party, and I'm nobody. That's me. I'm a nobody. No fame, no money, no background. Part of the wallpaper. Right. And I'm trying to engage this

pretty young woman in conversation. I usually avoid the '60s and things like this. But now I've got to have views. It's a verbal party. And the talk goes to this: "So, you're from America?" The U.S. and the '60s and what did you think of that? And I give a view of what I think of that. And this is a nobody talking to a woman. She says, "What do you think of the Chicago conspiracy trial?" And we talk a little bit about that and she says, "What do you think of Abbie Hoffman?" And I'm about ready to give a view and she says, "Excuse me, there's somebody I recognize," and she walks right out of the conversation because I'm a nobody. I'm not rich. I'm not famous. Incredible.

And what delighted me, what made me feel so good inside, was that I didn't take that too personally. I didn't feel threatened. I didn't have to announce myself. I didn't feel that my ego was being threatened. I just sat there and I said, "Holy shit. Ain't people fucking interesting." I'd have to be the blindest schmuck ever to graduate Brandeis not to recognize that as "growth."

Rubin: I know people are more interested in me when they find out my name.

Hoffman: Yes. My past identity gave me access. My ceasing to be a nobody had to do with my community organizing during the last two years, when I became another person and assumed my underground identity. I was learning all these skills and living in a rural environment and I didn't even really have a last name. It's a small town. I was learning country things: carpentry, horse riding, about weather and wildlife, about listening to others, how to say excuse me and thank you. But something was missing: my reason for existence. Then along come the bureaucrats who want to destroy the valley and put in a nuclear power plant. Someone says to me, "Your little peaceful scene that you built here, your home, is going to be destroyed." So I go and I study the plans of the engineers and bureaucrats and I say they're right. And I'm the only one in the valley that can beat them. I've won this battle a hundred times. I have no choice but to fight on every level. It's my home. I built it with these hands.

I care about democracy and the valley people isolated from power. What I learned in the '60s was how to penetrate the power structure from the street as a nobody. I call that a revolution. When lots of people do it it's a revolution. The '60s were not the second American revolution, but a civil war, brother against father, family against neighbor. In our valley everyone supports our committee. We are not to be confused with the antinuke marches. We are out to change America, and we, the '80s, are the true second American revolution. Believe you me, when you see *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture* by the biggest movie company in Hollywood, you are going to see the people of every small town in America, my neighbors and my friends.

The people that are involved are farmers and hunters and small business owners and people like that, as well as your pot-smoking backpackers. In order not to get caught I had to be very cautious, very deliberate. I changed my accent. I had to learn the way everybody talks, their manners, the relationships of all these people. We won the battle, by the way, and have gone on to try to capture political control of our country, our state and our nation.

Rubin: How did Three Mile Island affect you?

Hoffman: Well, what happened was it became fashionable to join the antinuke movement. Everyone got involved too quickly because a crisis had occurred and so people started noticing our work more. So Abbie had to withdraw from media land and rethink his whole thing. How many chances could I now take? How much should Abbie talk about the nukes? I've decided to broaden the discussion to the environment as a

**"We are out
to change America,
and we, the '80s,
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second American
revolution."**

whole, to realize the war in Vietnam—all imperialism—is a war of ecology.

Rubin: But you didn't retreat. I saw you at the MUSE office one day.

Hoffman: I also wanted to help MUSE. I mean, the idea of musicians being involved in a cultural/political movement on that level—Jackson Browne, Graham Nash, Bonnie Raitt, John Hall and those terrific souls—is great. As are the feelings I have about David Fenton, Sam Lovejoy, Obie Benz, Harvey Wasserman, Holly Near. Hey, I wrote the goddamn book *Woodstock Nation*. This was a ten-year dream. I was at two of the concerts and the rally. For me this was a dream come true.

Rubin: Don't you have any doubts?

Hoffman: Yes, of course. I want to hear the Russians' point of view. I have great mistrust of Tom Hayden, "the candidate." I mistrust young whippersnappers, wet behind the ears, who don't listen to people like Dave Dellinger, Dan Ellsberg, and who want to put one worker on the board of the big corporations. That's Uncle Tomism. I mistrust an audience that would go to see Bruce Springsteen (who I loved and who was the hero of the event) but wouldn't care if it was anti nukes or pro Nazis or pro banana babies. I question a movement dominated by spoiled rich kids who play at revolution and did not have to try and change America when it literally meant shedding your blood and going to prison for your beliefs—not being given Madison Square Garden and getting your cock

sucked by the media moguls—back in the early '60s.

This, the '80s, is the real thing, and these young kids better be for real or America and the planet are lost. I agree with Ralph Nader: We don't need ten-year phaseout programs and compromises with the aerospace industry of California. We need to tear down the plants now! Nader is more honest than Tom and Jane at this point in time. He's making progress; he's the one I want to meet, not the Flying Fondas.

Rubin: Getting back to your alleged crime.

Hoffman: My what?

Rubin: Your coke bust.

Hoffman: I'm innocent. Completely innocent. *Crime* is one of the most complicated words to define. One person's crime is another person's means of survival. The prosecutor asked for \$500,000 bail in my case as he adjusted his tie for the newspaper boys. He said, and I quote, "This is a crime more heinous than murder." That was six years ago. Now the prosecutor, that same guy, is a partner in a dope case with one of my lawyers; he goes into court and claims coke is harmless. He gets clients off. He's a good lawyer. So who's on first?

Rubin: Are you willing to go on trial?

Hoffman: Yes, I am. I'm willing to take a lie-detector test. The problem is the structure of the court system. You and I spent a lifetime in courts. We know it's got not very much to do with truth. Remember the time in our Chicago trial when the prosecutor read a few lines from my "handbook of revolution" [*Revolution for the Hell of It*]? Well, our attorney offered to let each juror have the entire book to read. No go. Remember how the former attorney general, Ramsey Clark, was kept off the witness stand? Remember the jury with a median age 20 years older than ours, remember the collusion, now on the public record, between the judge and the FBI? Before I went on trial the courts would have to convince me they, like I, are no longer living in the past. I'm in search of truth. The question I raise is, is our system of law in search of truth?

Rubin: How do you feel about coke?

Hoffman: Cocaine? Well, it's certainly not a narcotic as defined by every test other than legal. It's a beneficial stimulant if used correctly. Just ask the Peruvian Indians and all the executives. I've met coke dealers whose clients include many of our finest New York judges. The New York Post isn't quick to call those people "junkies" and demand the streets be swept clean. Cocaine, like any stimulant, has to be properly used, of course, or it can be dangerous. It can screw up the lining in the nose, and if overdone.... Malcolm X had the best definition I've heard yet. He said it made you feel like Superman of the moment. I should include, as I say in the book, that making coke illegal was a political decision made by racist bigots many of whom were themselves either alcoholics or morphine addicts. I don't do it much because I can't afford it. Last night I saw the



Abbie bares his soles to curious onlookers inside the federal building at the start of the Chicago 7 conspiracy trial.

"The prosecutor asked for \$500,000 bail in my case. Now that same guy is my lawyer's partner and goes into court and claims coke is harmless."

original version of *Modern Times*. Did you know there's a coke scene in that movie? In other versions I had seen it had been censored. I hate censorship. Like Cole Porter's publishers being forced to change "I get no kicks from cocaine" to "champagne." There are coke dealers that say I've done more for coke than anyone since Freud. There are smart lawyers that say I'm the one with courage enough to fight this through the courts to make coke legal.

Rubin: So why not surface?

Hoffman: Well, I really don't want to go down in history for that battle. I just don't want to misuse my energy working as a guinea pig for the court system. I know all battles are important, but right now I'm concerned about saving this beautiful land called America. They would have to make me an offer I really couldn't refuse.

Rubin: But what if you get caught?

Hoffman: Oh, a disaster. Aside from the accidental shooting I mentioned above, I'd ruin a good movie ending. No one likes to "get caught." How did you feel when your mother opened the bathroom door while you were masturbating? God, I'd probably pass out, my whole world would be shattered. Many of Abbie's friends find it difficult to believe, but I am only "acting" the

role of Abbie. I am someone else. Let's call it my B identity.

Rubin: I think that's what is so fascinating about your six-year odyssey. The '70s were a time of changing identity—your ending of the book indicates that—and I want to compliment you on such a creative writing achievement. The ending implied you have metamorphosed into another person. You really did the '70s trip of self-awareness.

Hoffman: Yes, that's right. There were a series of changes and great confusion and agony, the crack-ups on the run I describe. I hope to do literary justice to the intensity of the experience. But R.D. Laing teaches that "breakdown" can also be "breakthrough." Each crack-up taught me important lessons about pacing one's energy, about humility, about being a better person. But I am a different person. Really different. I have an identity I refuse to give up no matter what happens, because I love who I am. It's not a metamorphosis in any Kafkaesque sense because Abbie was and is my hero, just as he is and will be for millions of others.

Rubin: Aren't you getting a little bigheaded here?

Hoffman: Well, I know the movie story. I understand movies, I learned about our country by watching movies. That's the significance of *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture*. I'm an American hero. Hey, it's better than most jobs around. I'm lucky and I don't want to die, that's why I, me, this body, could never come back as Abbie. I just don't want to live last year's movie any more than Jean Stapleton wants to go on living as Edith Bunker, Archie's wife. I mean, would you want to go around being confused with a frizzy-headed doll wearing a flag shirt when you're 80 years old?

The first thing I would do if I had to surface would be to legally change my name. That would be the quickest way to make a long story short. If they just quietly dropped the hunt and the charges, I'd make no fanfare, just keep right on doing what I'm doing.

Rubin: I've seen some of your other life. How much can you talk about?

Hoffman: Well, much of that will be in the next book, and the movie. I'm an environment activist, have been for over two years. I live in a beautiful valley. I dedicate the book, of course, to my wife and the valley people who taught me truth, justice and the American way. I've been on radio, TV, spoken in barrooms, passed out leaflets, done office shit work, raised money. I work as hard as I did on the Chicago trials.

Rubin: I find it impossible you're not discovered.

Hoffman: Maybe I have been. My neighbors are very shrewd people. My model is the Clint Eastwood movie, *The Outlaw Josie Wales*. He's a fugitive renegade from the Civil War who's chased by a posse but eventually arrives and settles in a valley. His neighbors protect him when the posse shows up. There's no gun battle. They just point a different way: "He went thataway."

For all I know that's happened already. There was a rumor, but right now I'm a valuable member, well respected and loved by many in my community. And the love is mutual. Angel, my wife, led me through the valley of the shadow of death up the mountain of hope and down into the heartland valley of life. She's my last wife, my running mate. We're very close and very in love.

Rubin: And Anita—I was moved to tears by the great love you show for Anita in the book and what a great pain separation from her and America, your newborn son, must have been. For a year I shared your grief.

Hoffman: Thank you. That's why no matter what happens to us down the road, we'll always be close friends. And as to Anita, she and I are lovers, but, well, like, I talk about all the fucking in the movement in the '60s. Let's just say now, I don't mix that sort of pleasure with business.

Rubin: Speaking of business, are you insulted if I call you a good businessman?

Hoffman: Not anymore. Fidel Castro and my father, Johnnie Hoffman, taught me that not only is there no contradiction between being a good businessman, a good man,

"Fidel Castro and my father taught me there is no contradiction between being a good businessman, a good man, and a good revolutionary. One must be all three."

and a good revolutionary. one must be all three, unless, of course, one is a woman.

Rubin: Abbie, let me tell you that when I go on the college trail these days I'm asked a lot of questions from a tiny minority. And there is the question that the reporters have: "Are you a relic of the '60s?" How would you answer that question?

Hoffman: I'm not sure I'd waste my time. Actually, I don't feel compelled to say I'm not a relic. Relics are very valuable anyway. I don't feel a need to explain myself. It's just a dumb question because why would a reporter be interviewing a has-been anyway?

I just want to show people what I can do because what I can do, they can do. I did it twice, and I'm just an average kid.

Rubin: How interested do you think people are in the '60s these days?

Hoffman: The '60s are an emotional attitude, which I'm sure is what we both understand it to be. An emotional stance. They are absolutely fascinating. Nostalgia for the decade is just starting. You can see it in Hollywood. This fall they are going to present a three- or four-hour reenactment of the Chicago conspiracy trial. Jeremy Kagan is the director, a perfect choice. There's the movie they're going to make from my book,

there are several other '60s-type books, and I think that all of this is becoming of great interest to people because they're going to want to know about it. It's time. My kids want to know. My wife is curious what SDS means and she is my contemporary.

There were many '60s for many people. I learned that living underground, because you walk down the same streets on the Lower East Side or in Mississippi, or Berkeley or Chicago, and it's a you, the B personality, that did not experience the '60s as the A personality did. Everyone is such an egomaniac under capitalism. Think how we use the expression "Everybody's doing it" when we mean our circle of friends or Walter Cronkite's circle of friends. All that's going to change in the "We" decade.

Rubin: In the early '70s you couldn't get someone interested in the '60s for anything.

Hoffman: Well, the '60s for me never died on one level. And I said that on the tenth anniversary of the Chicago conspiracy trial case. Because we fought against an imperialist war and we won. We have to make this absolutely clear. That's what *Apocalypse Now* and all of those revisionist movies fail to make clear. The empire collapsed, and good riddance to bad rubbish. There were two sides. There were the villains and there were heroes, as we saw it. And we, the antiwar forces in America and the Vietnamese, were some of the heroes and those bastards in the White House and the Pentagon were the villains and we won. The proof is that American troops are not fighting in Nicaragua, in Latin America, in Africa, in Iran. Until the troops go out again in force that way, I'll say the '60s still live. That's why my book is a true story: It's history. If some of the heroes don't write the history, the villains will. McNamara will get a peace prize. The villains' view of history will be the '50s going on '70s. It won't be '60s going on '80s. Do you see what I mean? To the villains the '60s will be only a momentary interruption in the building of the American Empire. We have a revolutionary duty to never let that happen, to follow through.

Rubin: You want to be a major interpreter of the '60s?

Hoffman: My book is to set the record straight. I wanted to start with what happened to me in 1960 and before. Not the '60s: 1968 to 1972. I wanted to show the transition of the building of a revolutionary and how my own consciousness was developing and how these events were happening to me. Here we were coming out of the '40s and '50s, you and I, with our great love for America. Great belief in all the myths. Total gullibility. Not even knowing the Rosenbergs had been executed. And then you see and experience what happens and you're just shocked constantly. It happened with HUAC [the House Un-American Activities Committee] and the execution of Caryl Chessman and it just kept going and you just didn't believe it. I didn't believe Kennedy was assassinated;

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I didn't believe we were put on trial in Chicago. I didn't believe we were being dragged before HUAC. I didn't believe we were being beaten up and not given a chance to protest. I didn't believe any of this stuff, because I believed in the American dream of democracy, and all that time those sons of bitches Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, John Wayne, LBJ, they were spitting on the flag, not us. And now I can read government documents released under the Freedom of Information Act and now I believe it. We got Watergated before it was fashionable. You know what I mean. We didn't have Woodward and Bernstein and these other investigative journalists

**"I'm quite happy
to say I'm
a revolutionary,
much better than
to say you're
born again."**

around. We were called paranoids by the press.

Rubin: But people said it's okay to Watergate us because we were calling for a revolution.

Hoffman: Calling for a revolution? Well, I grew up in Boston where *revolution* was not a dirty word. I wrote a long paper in college about the battles of Lexington and Concord. I can do an hour stand-up comedy routine about the battles. I know the whole history of the minutemen. I compared my youth to Samuel Adams's several times. I know they ran the first underground newspaper, the Massachusetts Spy. I know all that kind of history, and then to leave Boston and hear the word *revolution* was bad was weird for me. So that's why in the end of my book, when I write that when all today's "isms" are tomorrow's ancient history, there will still be reactionaries, there will still be revolutionaries. When ABC-TV during the '60s interviewed me on the Concord Bridge, the DAR and the Legion forced the Lexington City Council to try and sue ABC for illegal trespassing. As things now stand there's a town ordinance that you need a permit to film on the Concord Bridge. Ridiculous, because at this moment hundreds of people are doing it without a permit and no one seems to be screaming. Go tell me about the law!

Which side are you on? Because I think the word *revolution* implies growth. It implies change. It isn't as determined as evolution. It doesn't imply that Darwinian determinism. So I'm quite happy to say I'm a revolutionary, much better than to say you're born again. Well, I'm born...

Rubin: Now everybody knows you're very angry these days about Tom Hayden.

Hoffman: Disappointed.

Rubin: Why are you disappointed?

Hoffman: That's all in the book. But let's say it's political differences: Because I see what he's doing as subversive and dangerous to the movement. He has a conflict of interest. He is "the candidate" and he is the "spokesman" for the antinuke movement right now. Now that's a movement that's growing and has to develop its own philosophy from the bottom up, and over here is "the candidate" wanting desperately to be elected at any price. Those two things come into conflict just as much as does being chairman of the board of General Motors and trying to be senator. You've got to resign one thing, you can't have the other. It's a conflict of interest. When he talks about strategy it has to be in line with the needs of the aerospace industry in California. He has to separate the issue of nuclear weapons from nuclear energy plants. Because that connection is unrealistic to his right-wing component. He has to embrace Proposition 13. And try to align that with a whole welfare program that has to go on revitalizing the inner cities. That's something that can't be done without lying. What he's doing is sending out pollsters. He and Jane send out publicists, press agents, to spoon-feed the people. I'm not going to say feed the people what they want. They're going to feed the people what the people think or are told they want in order to get elected. And that's a long way removed from philosophy and statesmanship; it's a long way removed from truth. I fail to see any "new" politics here.

These are complex problems that have to be worked out by the people. Tom Hayden is not now and never was "of the people, by the people, and for the people." He was and is an elitist. He likes shuttle diplomacy, dealing with the top level of society in terms of changing things. He doesn't come from the bottom up and I don't think he gives a fuck about the sun. I could say a lot of good things about Tom if you feel it's necessary. He was a good organizer in Newark; the Port Huron Statement—but Tom turns too many people into objects to get what he wants. He betrays friendship. He places political ambition over personal friendship. Which I don't consider a new form of politics. And I'm not the only one. I'm not alone when I speak to you about Hayden. When I'm talking about Hayden I'm breaking a ten-year silence where I wasn't going to say anything bad about any of the people in Chicago.

Rubin: What's the story? What happened?

Hoffman: He told my wife Anita that I'm a common criminal. What does that mean? Of 450,000 people who were busted for dope, what does that mean? That they're all going to stay in jail. I knew he never liked the counterculture. I'm common. What does common mean? Common? What a jerk!

Rubin: Well, when did he call you a common criminal?

Hoffman: To Anita. She went to him for a job and he told her nobody in this town will hire you when your husband is a common criminal.

Rubin: On the telephone or in person or what?

Hoffman: Face to face he said it to her. She went to see him. He's insulated. It's hard for the wife of an old friend, a former cell-mate, it's hard for a woman now working as a waitress in a Pizza Hut to reach "the candidate." If you asked him about this rejection, about why he didn't—of all the people in the Chicago trial—show up for the Bring Abbie Home Rally, he'd lie, say he forgot or no comment. That's how he handled the Jane Fonda-Joan Baez big debate on Vietnam, the boat people thing which was never really handled. He never signed the letter criticizing Vietnam. He said he lost the letter and wasn't dodging the issue. Liar. Politician. "The candidate." Fuck him. He'll be president, I'll be in the mountains fighting him. And then we'll have a real revolution going on. Just like in Latin America. Che Guevara's fighting his classmates. I'm not running for president. I'm just running....

Rubin: So you wouldn't support Hayden for senator?

Hoffman: No. I wanted Shirley MacLaine last time and Tom blew it. Tom thought it was a good idea so the next morning he decided to run, and now he's his own candidate. I'm following his tour very carefully—every single speech. The latest good idea between Jane and Tom is that the first rule is to maintain a sense of humor.

Rubin: Where did they say this?

Hoffman: In Washington. In each stop they take back something from the past. It's incredible to watch the tour. They keep taking things back from the past.

Rubin: What do you mean?

Hoffman: They'll take back the Vietnamese when their kid's name changes from Troy to Troy. But here they are, back on the road again. Hayden and Fonda. The Honda. Honda baby. And what are we taking back? Jane is now taking back everything in Washington. Take a look at this article I've been saving, written by some ass-kissing groupie from the Washington Post. She's asked about Jane once saying that Huey Newton, the Black Panther leader, "is the only man that I've ever met that I could trust as a leader in this country." There are a few kidders in the back room waiting to see how she'll handle that one. The famous double take, the eyes roll. Take it back. "All I have to say about that is that I was naive and utterly wrong." Fonda sits down to a burst of applause. And each stop is like that. "Did you say?" "No. I'll take that back."

I want to go on record as saying that Huey Newton was a hero of the '60s and that in all my dealings with him he was a gentleman and a scholar. Of course I didn't go see him as a Hollywood starlet on the make. I went to see him about getting Tim Leary,

an escaped convict, into Algeria.... But I'm giving away too much of the book.

Tom really lied to me once. I didn't even tell this story in the book.

Rubin: Can you tell *High Times*?

Hoffman: Oh, the big climax in the trial when we've got to go for the judge's robes and all that. And we've got to disrupt him. We're not martyrs and we don't want to go to jail. Right. You remember that moment when Tom says Dave [Dellinger] should. You know, he's a pacifist and pacifists want to go to jail. Tom's always had that ability, which is very useful in politics, to make objects out of people. I pulled him aside in the ACLU in the toilet room after

**"Tom Hayden,
'the candidate.'
Fuck him. He'll be
president, I'll be in
the mountains
fighting him."**

Dave was arrested, and Tom had indicated that we do nothing in the courtroom because he had some plans afoot. And I said, "Tom, what are you going to do? You say you have this little group of people. Aren't you promising something?" And Tom said, "We're going to firebomb the Chicago Tribune at the end of the trial." So I said, "Can't you do it tonight?" And he says, "Yes." Well, nothing happened. You and I put on the world, he put on us. He put on me. He put on his friends. Well, we just put on the world. If we said 500 million people were coming to Chicago, that's considered a lie.

Rubin: At that moment in that bathroom was Tom Hayden planning that act? Was he maintaining a revolutionary pose to hook you in? Was it a total pose?

Hoffman: Well, total pose. But I'm not out to do him harm. This has not got to do with Tom, by the way. This is all constructive criticism. This is not revenge. This is not a war. I don't want to destroy Hayden. This has to do with constructive criticism, which is what I believe in, and truth.

I'm out to torpedo the image that he's projecting: "the candidate." I'm out to do "the candidate" in and try and help him become a statesman.

Rubin: So you're saying that Hayden was playing a role in the '60s as a revolutionary, and now he's playing the role of the candidate. And manipulating people. Why do you think Jane Fonda's giving Tom such cover, and what do you think of Jane?

Hoffman: I separate the two of them as individuals although they are moving together as, I guess....

Rubin: They're a collective....

Hoffman: You can still separate the two people. You must. You have to treat individuals as individuals on this level when we're



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talking, and I'm going to talk about the difference between them because it has to do with where you're coming from and where you're going with images. Jane Fonda. Hollywood. *Barbarella*. Movie actress. Moving toward brain. Thinking. Getting more sophisticated. And all that. That's a positive move. We have Tom Hayden. Coalition activist organizer in the streets. Revolutionary. On trial. Destroy the system by any means necessary, moving toward a corporate position where he's willing to settle for one worker on the board of General Electric, put on a suit and tie, not legalize marijuana, and next you'll see him praying in church a lot. He'll not talk about the rights of the Palestinians for a long, long time because he's heard the Hollywood street gossip that he's anti-Semitic.

You know, some people say that I didn't do Jerry Rubin justice.

Rubin: Me?

Hoffman: Yes. In the book: *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture*.

Rubin: Who said that?

Hoffman: The book's editor.

Rubin: I thought it was okay. It wasn't a book about our relationship. It was a book about your adventures through the '60s, and I thought the things you said about me were with few exceptions pretty appropriate. Perhaps there were some unnecessary things.

Hoffman: Unnecessary. Uh-huh. Unnecessary. I was trying to get me and Rennie [Davis] together there. Wait. Unnecessary. Yes. There are some unnecessary things, but I heard you said to the editor, "Did he talk about how we fought?" And he said, "No, there's no fighting in there." You wanted me to be a little more...

Rubin: No, no, no, no. I say in my speeches that there was ego competition between us. It's just human. I mean, it's no judgment or anything. And maybe my insecurity was the source of my competition. If I had been a more secure person, there would have been no need for me to compete with anybody. Right?

Hoffman: I wasn't competing. I wasn't competing with you.

Rubin: Well, you're very competitive. You're incredibly competitive.

Hoffman: Maybe with Muhammad Ali. He said he was the greatest and I knew I was. Maybe we'll have to reduce this to sports.

Rubin: All right.

Hoffman: We have to see. We're in a game and we're competitive and you're the quarterback on this side and I'm the quarterback on this side and now the game is over and we'll go out and have a beer together and make jokes about all the spectators. That's the kind of competition that I can understand.

Rubin: Yeah, but the level...

Hoffman: I never practice the kind of competition that demands that I have to reduce you as a human in order for me to grow. I totally reject that sick shit. I'm not General Patton! Let's talk about a difference that I didn't

put in the book that really fascinated me. What are different kinds of courage? Now, Jerry, you described yourself as a coward. **Rubin:** Did I?

Hoffman: In *Growing (Up) at 37*? Yes. You're Jerry Rubin, this public guerrilla to be feared, and inside is a little boy who's afraid and... Right?

Rubin: Oh, yeah. Right.

Hoffman: Right. You are describing this difference between the internal and the external. I studied psychology for all that kind of stuff with Abe Maslow. I played football and other rough sports. So in a certain sense, when things were sort of rough in the streets we rioted in together, I was sort of used to it. I didn't think you were, and you kept doing it over and over and I kept saying in my head, "Why is he doing this? This is so hard. He's working so hard to overcome this fear. This is incredibly courageous."

Rubin: Yeah, I see that now.

Hoffman: It's like what I wrote in the front of my book: just what you're supposed to do with fugitives. You're not supposed to point. We recognize you before you recognize us. We've got very good vision and the way you say hello is just smile and nod. You understood a little better than I actually. You taught me that because Bill Ayres and Bernadine Dohrn told me to thank you for not approaching them one day.

Rubin: Oh, I remember that, yes, yes...

Hoffman: You know, someone said that once you reach 30 the friends you make are the friends for the rest of your life. What do you think about that?

Rubin: You mean the friends you have at 30?

Hoffman: The friends that you make, say, in your early 30s. The first 15 years are incubation. The next 15 years are for study. Basically, power is fought between the people who are 30 to 60. And this is the whole dynamic of history. And once you're over 60, the grandparents, you can align with the people who are really younger. But the basic penchant of history is fought between 30 and 60. And we saw that back in the '60s and the non-Yippies didn't. Have you ever studied demographics or looked at demographics as the reason for the '60s?

Rubin: Sure.

Hoffman: The baby boom and all that. We were the masses. We're still the most, and by now we're over 30.

Rubin: And so we're not pushing...

Hoffman: But we still are "the" culture. We still do determine it. If you look at the magazines, if you look at the fashions. If you look at what you call the '70s. What are the issues? How do couples relate, and myths, and childbearing, and men to women. Who's on top and who's on the bottom. You think 17-year-olds give a shit? Or grandparents? We were, as you remember, glorious about being action freaks. It was the apocalypse. It was war. We acted on impulse. We had to. There were some

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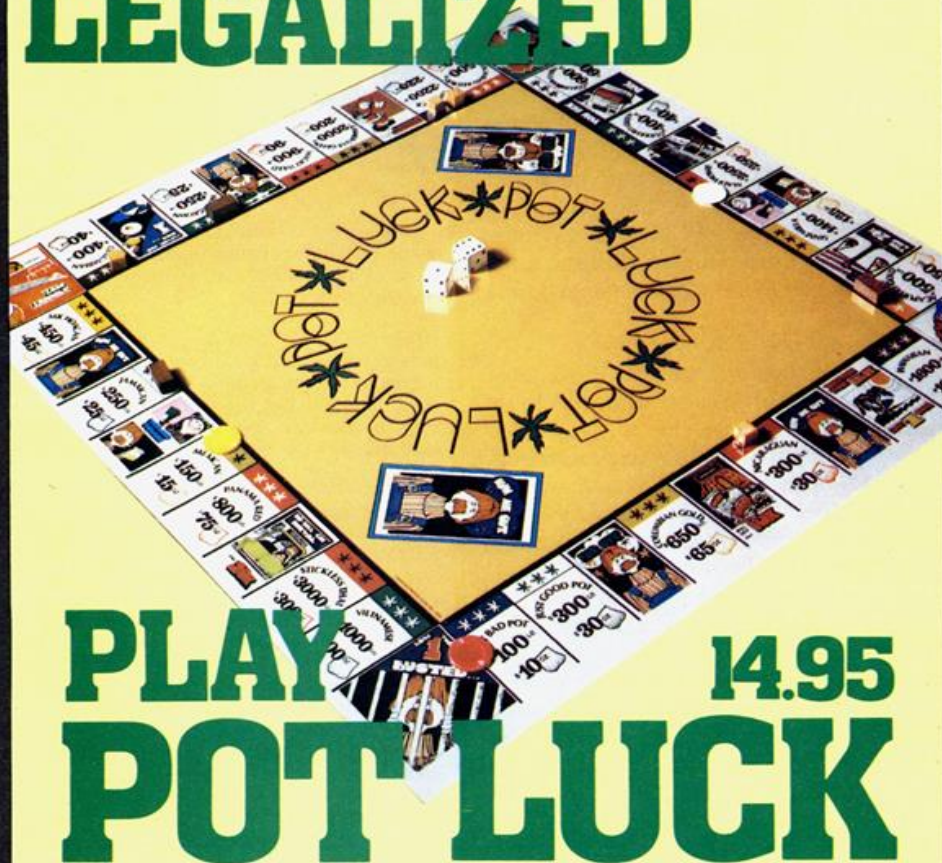
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people quick on their feet. Some not so quick. We were certainly quicker than the generals in the Pentagon. If you read our books during that period they are cheering everybody on. Let's go team! Rah, rah! You know, it's not like "this is why we do things" and "this is how we didn't" and "this is because we were doing it!" We were doing it at the moment. Dwight Macdonald, my crotchety old friend, once said to me, "Whatever possessed you people in the '60s? The idea of acting on your ideas is so against the intellectual tradition. It just doesn't make any sense."

Yeah, I said, that's what it was. So now we have this period to think about what happened. We got a little bit over the surgery of the nostalgia of we're losing our youth, the Beatles broke up and I don't think they'll ever be united and I could care less. Jerry and Abbie don't see each other much, you know. Well, it's time to get through with depression and screw those old boring questions.

Rubin: But, along with what you say, there's importance to preserving the good of our history...

Hoffman: Of course. The decade thing that you understand real good—and there's someone before you that understands it much better. José Ortega y Gasset. He does the whole thing and the whole world in terms of generational revolt. He explains everything.

On top of all that I see the '60s as America's Renaissance period, the *Golden Age*. The greatest decade of the 20th century and a significant decade for the entire world. We stopped the empire.

Rubin: How?

Hoffman: The other night I saw Clare Boothe Luce, America's dragon lady with bright wings. I lived through the great era of America—the '50s. Both my America and hers climaxed with the execution of the Rosenbergs in the '50s. America ruled the world, it had all the big bombs and it misused or didn't know exactly what to do with them. *No one force* is supposed to rule the world. That's why the Rosenbergs to me were great heroes, and I hope they tried to give secrets to the Russians (I would have), or whoever it was, and I hope there are some Rosenbergs over there in Russia doing their thing, because *no one force* is supposed to own the whole enchilada. So, it doesn't matter what it's called. The United States of Soviet, USSR, USA. I mean, it was fun when the Beatles mixed it all up. I think they came to this whole insight, and of course that's one reason why this all happened. We had the Beatles and that was nice and fortunate. We had TV. We had the methods of communications. We had a certain kind of shifting in our perception that occurred in the '60s, and we had the climax and the fall of the American Empire. The quick rise and fall. It happened the moment the government threw the switch up in Sing-Sing: the quickest rise and fall in history.

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Hoffman: I think the process of politics as we know it in general involves lies. Lying is, of course, very intriguing to me. I'm all hung up in this because here I am on this truth kick and I am living a lie. I'm not Abbie Hoffman anymore. Although I love him very much, still have his good qualities, have eliminated some of his idiocies. And you know what?

Rubin: What?

Hoffman: I can beat him in tennis!

Rubin: If you were, say, 20 or 21 right now—a young radical man or woman—how would you express your political consciousness in the '80s?

Hoffman: Well, at the beginning of the '80s I would be asking a lot of questions—a lot of questions. I'd want to know a lot about what went on in the '60s. I'd want to know the stories that weren't told and the stories that were told. I'd question everything at the school: I'd want to know who discovered America, and I'd want to get 26 opinions on that. And I'd want to know answers to things like Is the CIA or the KGB lying about whether Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were spies? I'd want to know answers about who's lying and who's right about Three Mile Island. I'd want to know about why there are no blacks in high positions in the antinuclear movement. I'd want to know if it's enough to have an Uncle Tom approach to the problems of oil and distribution by putting one worker on the board of General Motors.

Since this is an election year, I'd want to know an awful lot about truth and an awful lot about who's *telling* the truth. And I would come to the conclusion that I'm going to study this election, because this is the most important event, both culturally and politically, that ever happened in the history of the United States. That the '80s are going to be far greater than the '60s, that the '80s are going to be the second American revolution, whereas the '60s were the second civil war. And I'd want to bring everybody together and say that *everybody's* right! And I'd want to deal with people who are not going to tell any lies, *ever*!

Rubin: Who are you going to support in the 1980 election?

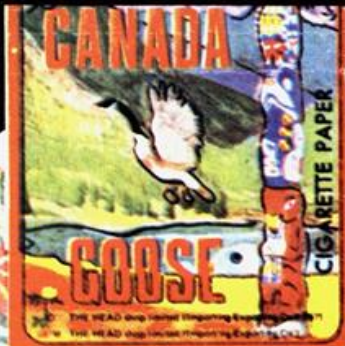
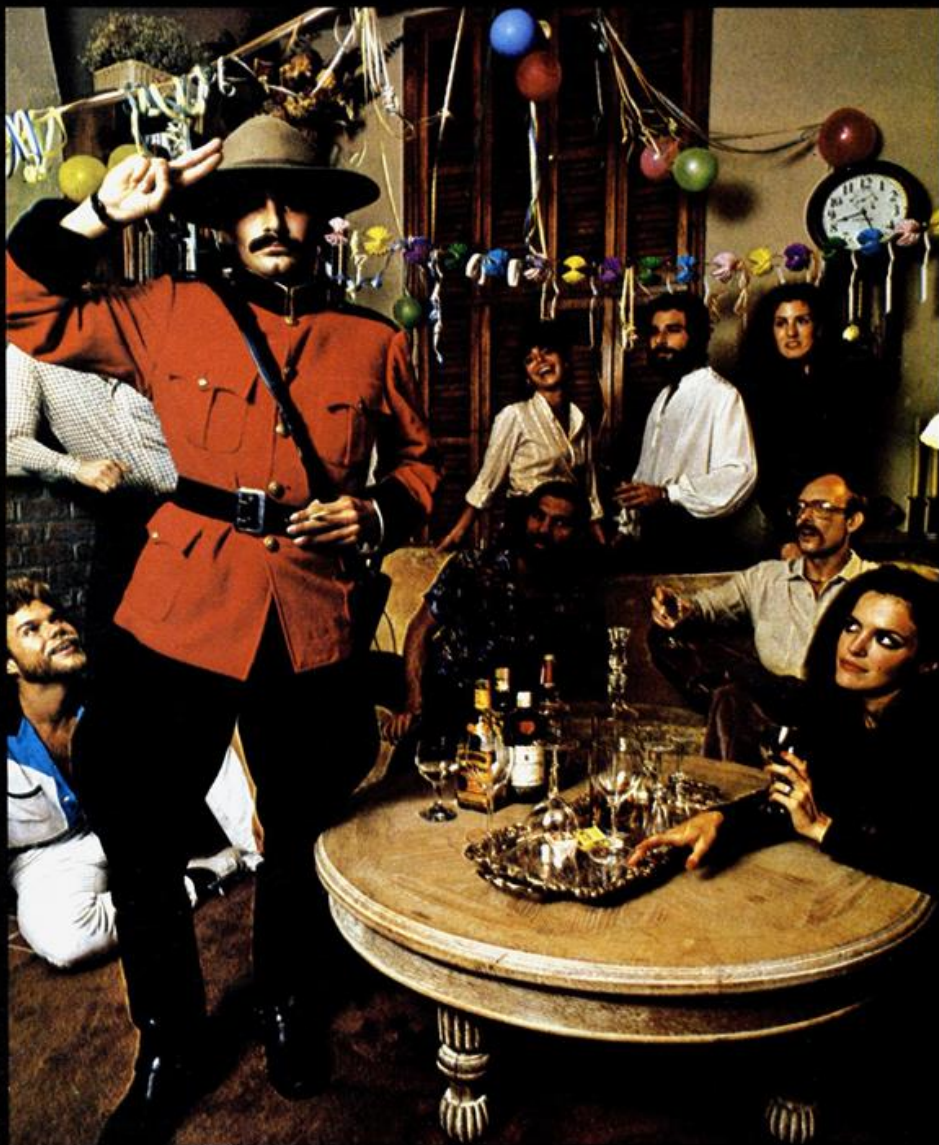
Hoffman: My first choice for president of the United States of America is the person I consider the greatest American lawyer in the country, and that happens to be Fidel Castro.

My second choice is the person—the American closest to my roots, to my birth, to where I was born. The name has great significance to me because it played a crucial role in the beginning of the '60s, during which I certainly had a good time. And he's a Boston Red Sox fan, and he's running and he's going to need some guidance and help, because he's on the edge of life and he's got a lot to think about. And that's Ted Kennedy.

Rubin: Okay.

Hoffman: And my third choice—my third

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choice? That doesn't work out! We get all the men in the country, see, and we line them all up and we pick the guy with the biggest bleep! Every politician, every candidate, is a fucking liar. That's what it is—this country has to get out of lying! It has to get into telling the truth! If I was Ted Kennedy—and I tell you right now—I'm sitting here. When this magazine comes out, all right, and I'm sitting here a year ahead—a year ahead—and I'm telling you: Teddy Kennedy is already president.

Rubin: Right.

Hoffman: We have to live in the future. Now what do I give? Me, "outlaw" in the hills. What advice, after I've learned all those how-to-survives when everybody was chasing me and bookmakers said I couldn't make it with my fucking big mouth and I've proved my point and I've learned my lesson? What do I say to Teddy? I say, "Teddy, hey, you know, you're gonna need a lot of help to stay alive." You know?

And why don't you go to see Fidel and find out why he eats his own lobster? Why don't you meet me in my home? Why don't you come over and meet me for lunch someday? Find out how I cook, I'll cook you a good meal, Ted. So, we'll talk on... I'll tell you about the time I ran a campaign against you, and we met in Worcester, and we'll bullshit and talk about tennis, and I'll come be in your tournament. I can beat anybody in your tournament in tennis. I'm great in any court: judicial, tennis, district, Sports Illustrated—it's all in there, see, and that's what the book is about. That's what my movie is about. Excuse me, you see, because I said my—that's not a good pronoun anymore. I don't like that pronoun. I like we.

Sometimes, when I feel that everything is in the right position, I think about having a nice party. And I plan to advertise it—full-page ads! In magazines. And I plan to fingerprint it. And I'd say "Mr. & Mrs. Blank would like to invite you to their home for dinner. You know the way, just don't bring any weapons." And if Fred Silverman comes, he's gonna have to bring a contract. And if Bob Dylan comes, he's gonna have to bring Rod McKuen, and he's gonna have to tell me why he keeps changing his name. I know why I keep changing my name.

Rubin: Do you think you'll be aboveground in the '80s?

Hoffman: That's a possibility. You're more concerned about above and below than me. 'Cause you don't know the B personality. B's friends don't worry about me at all, my sanity, my betraying them. They need B. I owe them my life and I made a pledge two years ago that the FBI and no other force was going to remove me from the valley and my work. Not even Hollywood, nor all Abbie's old friends. It's just a whole new ball game. So, to quote a great '60s philosopher, why don't we end the bullshit questions and just DO IT! ☐

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PARADISE REGAINED

Kona, Puna butter, Kauai electric,
space-brother gold...

A taster's tour of Hawaii with "R."

At last, an assignment made in heaven. The Great Editor in the Sky must have smiled: *High Times* was sending its celebrated cannabis connoisseur, "R.," to Hawaii to report on the state of the art of marijuana.

Just as every devout Muslim must make it once to Mecca before he dies, so too must any serious connoisseur worthy of the title tour those blessed isles and taste firsthand, at its freshest, the finest marijuana in the world.

Certainly by now all students of the subject must recognize that Hawaiian grass has established a commanding superiority over all competing states and nations. Yes, Indochina grass can be good when you get it; yes, African weed can equal it, and so can some Jamaican Rasta weed. But even Rastas will in moments of candor concede that Hawaiian has it over theirs. "Hey, mon," one visiting Rasta reportedly declared after a couple of puffs on a Kona gold joint, "I can't smoke dis stuff. Too strong."

Clearly a Hawaiian expedition was long past due for the dope connoisseur who tirelessly devotes his life, with Nader-like zeal, to improving the breed of weed and getting a fair deal for the nation's ounce-buying consumer. The varieties of Hawaiian have been proliferating with such rapidity and felicity that it's impossible to keep up with them from the mainland, where only a few varieties, often with confused or fraudulent pedigree, are available for the connoisseur's analysis. On-site inspection was required. No wine connoisseur can have confidence in his judgments until he has seen the vineyards himself, crumbled the soil in his hands. What, for instance, has made Maui wowie the aristocrat of Hawaiian varieties? How do Puna butter, Kona and other Big Island varieties differ from each other and from the breeds on other is-

lands? And what made Kauai electric, the product of the wettest, windiest and furthest-out island, the sensation of the recent harvest even among jaded heads? What was happening now out in the growing fields that would affect the state of mind of mainland consumers for years to come?

I was certain that the growers and planters of Hawaii would be delighted to learn that the dope connoisseur was coming for a grand tour. After all, hadn't "R." consistently defended Hawaiian dope in his columns, warning consumers against California sinsemilla fraudulently sold as genuine Hawaiian? Hadn't he plunged into bitter controversy when he declared that even the best California sinsemillas lacked a special something Hawaiian had?

So I had a fantasy of the reaction when word spread that "R." was on his way. In fields all over the islands word would quietly spread and the expectant harvesters would begin to comb their crop for the finest buds to present for his tasting pleasure. Dealers and serious consumers would search back through their stash archives to seek out packets of the finest vintages of past years to give "R." historical perspective. It would be like that old Colombian-coffee commercial where an entire harvest town turns out in hushed anticipation waiting for the master taster, El Exigente ("The Demanding One"), to signal his approval of their horticultural magic.

But noooooooo... Tension. Paranoia. Bitterness. Danger. That's what the connoisseur found growing more lushly than the jungle rain forests. On my very first stop I was warned that many powerful figures in the Hawaiian growing business considered "R." to be a representative of a sinister conspiracy against the economic livelihood of the growers there. There

Pakalolo patch in Kauai camouflaged by banana plants.



were implied threats. . . .

I was visiting with writer Warren Dearden in a pleasant little town poetically named Haiku in central Maui, halfway up the slopes of the great Haleakala crater at about the line where the lowland sugarcane fields meet the upland pineapple fields, an elevation said to be perfect for the growing of the state's number one agricultural commodity. (That's right, the Hawaiian pot economy, estimated at \$200 million, is bigger than sugar or pineapples.) Dearden, who came to Maui from the Berkeley activist scene, has written a book called, "Maui Wowee," a comprehensive history, tribute and adventure story about the growth of Hawaii's first famous brand-name dope. [An excerpt follows starting on page 56.]

Maui, the island celebrated for its whaling port Lahaina in James Michener's *Hawaii*, is neither the largest nor the most populous island, but it's generally considered the most beautiful, with the highest volcanic craters, the most beautiful beaches and some of the best surf. It's the place the humpback whales come to cavort in the winter. Now it's also known for having the first and some say still the finest dope, and the most established growing structure. Also, unfortunately, it has the most fanatic narcs and has recently become the front line in the vicious helicopter terror-raid campaign being waged against pot farmers by National Guard troops using Vietnamese-style search-and-destroy raids, known by the euphemism Operation Green Harvest.

The Green Harvest helicopter squadrons were prowling the jungles the week I visited Dearden, and he cautioned me that growers might not be in the best mood to talk, since the new crop was just beginning to produce harvestable buds and tensions abounded over ripoffs and narcs and air raids.

But wouldn't they want to have their heroics under fire celebrated by the dope connoisseur of *High Times*? I asked Dearden. "Don't count on it," he cautioned, "especially if you tell them *High Times*. A lot of growers here are really pissed off about *High Times*."

"Why?" I asked.

"The price quotes," Dearden said.

Inwardly I groaned. Not another complaint about the "Trans-High Market Quotations." Would I always be plagued by dopers claiming they were inaccurate or unfair to buyer or seller? I never knew who at the magazine compiled them, or what his sources were, but there was always somebody complaining.

"What about the quotes?" I asked Dearden.

"Much too low," he said. "For months they've been saying primo bud is something like \$1,800 a pound, when you can't find it for less than \$2,000 here in the islands and it goes for \$2,400 most of the



Anahola colas.



Altar in pakalolo patch.

time—or more in California. So you get people coming here from California, and growers or dealers try to quote them the going rate, and they open up *High Times* and say it should be \$1,800. After spending a year trying to grow a few good plants and protecting them from getting eaten by goats and pigs, getting ripped off by kids or by locals with guns, busts and extortion from narcs, when they finally get maybe ten pounds out of a year's work all they need is somebody trying to tell them *High Times* says they should cut prices by a quarter."

Well, *High Times* has always tried to take the side of the average ounce-buying consumer, I countered.

Well, Dearden suggested, maybe "R." should stay on the side of the consumer rather than the grower, 'cause the growers thought *High Times* was part of a conspiracy by New York-based Colombian dealers and smugglers to undercut the rival sinsemilla markets on the West Coast and in Hawaii. And "R.," for calling sinsemilla overpriced, was part of the conspiracy.

But I explained that I was against overpriced *California sinsemilla*; Hawaiian, I had always argued, was worth whatever you had to pay for it, if it was the real stuff.

Try to explain it to them, Dearden said. But you ought to let your readers know the quotations are unrealistic. You just can't get primo *da kine* for \$1,800.

Okay, okay already. There. I let everyone know. Now let's get back to Maui wowie. For years the island was a secret last resort of the counterculture, a last unspoiled California in which to fulfill the dreams that had failed in the Haight. I remember doing an interview with Timothy Leary back in 1969, shortly before he went to jail, in which the one-time acid pioneer rhapsodized about the psychedelic perfection of Maui and the Edenic life the enlightened hippie pilgrims were creating there. I remember a friend of mine returning from the island and describing how he'd lived for a year with a tribe of naked hippies on Makena Beach, living a total return to natural existence, plucking luscious fruit from the trees, psychedelic mushrooms from the cow pastures; truly "the way back to the Garden," he claimed.

Now Leary is an L.A. stand-up comic, my friend is a real-estate salesman in Maui, and a Japanese consortium has plans for a \$100-million condo development on Makena Beach. And marijuana is second only to tourism as the largest industry in the state. But for Maui wowie growers, Dearden says, the golden age has passed.

"We still get a lot of people coming over here to grow pot, thinking that it's still the 'gold rush,'" he says. "But the gold rush has been over for years; they find out pretty soon it's very rough for an independent operator to survive these days."

I asked Dearden about the theory that a well-connected local syndicate controlled much of the grass-growing industry and that Operation Green Harvest was really operating on the syndicate's behalf to drive out the independent guerrilla growers and make the syndicate marijuana monopolists.

"Well," he said, "it's the largest cash crop in the state; somebody's making all

Smoking Hawaiian takes you into deep space. You feel like an unidentified flying object. You become a space brother.

that money, and it's not just hippies anymore, that's for sure."

Still, Dearden has some fascinating background on that golden age when a legendary race of superhippies landed on Maui and, like the first Christian missionaries, began to plant the seeds of their faith—seeds that would blossom into the seedless wonder known as Maui wowie.

Grass was never a native plant in Hawaii—unlike Asia and South America—until outsiders brought it in to cultivate. Dearden claims that the first people to bring the art of growing pot were members of the celebrated Brotherhood of Eternal Love, the worldwide psychedelic manufacturing and importing consortium that grew out of the highest circles of early California acid-dealing culture—the people who created orange sunshine and Owsley purple, if you want to get specific. According to Dearden, the mystical-commercial syndicate known as the Brotherhood used the island of Maui originally as a transshipment point for the hash they brought in from Afghanistan and Nepal.

Stunned by the beauty of the place, the heaviness of its aura—after all, hadn't Stanley Kubrick shot the breathtaking, otherworldly landscapes of 2001 in Maui's Haleakala crater, and hadn't Jimi Hendrix chosen the jungle gorges and plunging waterfalls of "Heavenly Hana" on Maui's windward shore as the site for his acid-rock cult movie classic *Rainbow Bridge*?—many Brotherhood people and their associates from the elite of the Marin County-Laguna Beach hippie aristocracy began to settle here, having found that longed-for place "further on" than California, a new frontier in which to recreate their communal acid new-age dreams of the natural life. And, naturally, they brought their seeds with them. The rest is history.



The legendary Maui wowie.

But what made the grass they grew such a historical advance in the state of the art? Why did Mexican seeds planted here turn into something beyond the reach of even the fabled Acapulco gold? Throughout my tour of the islands I kept seeking some theory that would explain the sensational specialness of Hawaiian.

Dearden offered two theories of his own. First, he said, there is "the Pacific High": the name for the meteorological phenomenon of high air pressure that combines with warm ocean currents to drive pot plants wild as soon as they poke their heads into the highly charged air. Dearden's second factor is the artistic attitude of the growers—of the aristocrats among them, at least. The established marijuana masters of eastern Maui take, he claims, the view that they are not merely growing plants, they are creating potent works of art in living tissue. They bring a reverence and artistic sensibility to their task, an awareness of the subtle interaction of soil chemistry, plant chemistry and brain chemistry. In some ways this guild of master growers brings to its work the righteous devotion and missionary zeal that the best of the original acid alchemists exhibited.

By 1973 they had begun to export it to the mainland in quantities sufficient to make Maui wowie an instant sensation in higher smoking circles. By 1976 the gold-rush growers peaked, and in that year the problems began. The National Guard helicopter raids began, creating havoc with the harvest. By that year, too, California sinsemilla production had begun to undercut the demand in the nearest and biggest export market. Many unscrupulous brokers and dealers began selling California and even Ohio sinsemilla as "genuine Hawaiian" to unsophisticated smokers who would pay high prices for any pretty green buds. Because so few had ever

known the pleasure of the real thing, Hawaii's reputation began undeservedly to slip. Things got so chaotic and uncontrolled that even Hawaiians began to fall victim to the "Maui shuffle": Brokers would bring California sinsemilla all the way to Hawaii in order to mail pounds back to the mainland with a Hawaiian postmark and at twice the price. Then they'd find that there was such a shortage of Hawaiian in Hawaii that they could fool even natives with their California "Hawaiian."

Things sounded so confused, so gloomy, so rife with tensions and suspicions on the grower scene that I'd begun to despair of ever getting turned on in my tour—and this after I'd deliberately gone on a two-week grass fast just to clear my palate for proper appreciation of the Hawaiian pleasures.

But my luck changed quickly when, on my drive down the mountain from Dearden's to the coast, I picked up a hitchhiker who just happened to be a grower of weed on Maui's celebrated Heavenly Hana windward coast. Of course, she didn't tell me that at first.

A word about hitchhiking in Hawaii, which has an etiquette of its own. First of all, it's illegal, but everybody does it. Like marijuana, in fact. Cruising cops will only hassle people who stand on the road with their thumbs sticking out. So, what people do is stand by the road with their hands at their sides. Everyone knows they're hitchhiking, but they're not flaunting it, so the cops don't stop and ordinary people do. And that's the way it should be with marijuana enforcement. I mean, can you imagine the taxpayers of the state spending their money for a fleet of helicopters to cruise the highways, dive-bomb and bust hitchhikers and the people who give them rides? Of course not. But that's essentially the absurdity of the Green Harvest heli-



Puna butter buds drying.

copter raids on peaceful pot planters. If the Hawaiian cops were smart, they'd adapt their tolerant hitchhiking policy to the marijuana growers, and the whole economy of the state would benefit as well.

I'd heard that hitchhikers often repaid the kindness of motorists who stopped for them by turning them on to whatever grass they might be carrying. And lo and behold, before we'd gone too far, this young woman I'd stopped for had dug into her backpack and pulled out a fat joint that I set fire to with the car cig lighter.

"It's just leaf," she said. "Hardly any bud around yet, but at least it's fresh."

It was. More than fresh, it was sweet, and sharp, with a very energetic "up" high, like a good perky Mexican breakfast grass from the old days, only more flowery. I was surprised, when she pulled out a fat Baggie, to see that it was only leaf and not young colas. Later, when I looked it over, I noticed how the leaves themselves had a dusty mantle of polleny resin.

In the sudden rush of well-being I felt from the good leaf, I decided I'd risk revealing my identity, when she asked, a bit suspiciously, what kind of reporter I was.

"I do the dope connoisseur column for *High Times*," I said.

"You're 'R.!' " she exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied modestly. "Do you read my column?"

"Sure do," she said. "So do the other people in my house. We really like the column. Gee, now that I know you're the dope connoisseur, I'm a little embarrassed at only having this leaf to offer you. But it'll be bud season pretty soon and maybe you can tell us what you think of our crop."

"You grow it?" I asked.

"I guess it's okay to trust you. Yeah, there are four of us from southern California. We've got a place on the jungle side.

This is our first growing season on Maui. We did sinsemilla in California, but we were looking for something further out, so we decided we had to try it here. This leaf you're smoking is from our first crop."

"It's quite nice," I said.

"You like it?" she beamed. "I can't wait to tell the people back at the house the *High Times* connoisseur liked our leaf. We weren't even gonna bother with it, but we need to sell a few pounds to get us through to harvest time. We get, like, \$30 an ounce for the leaf. It's turned out to be a lot more expensive doing this growing trip than we figured. We've sunk everything into these plants, and it's been one crisis after another."

"What do you mean, crisis?" I asked.

"Well, just last week we had to uproot our whole main patch. Fifty pounds of plants we had to dig up and hand carry up the jungle at night."

"Why?"

"Ripoff fear. It's very heavy. Having a pot plot is like having gold just lying out there in the jungles. The locals are always searching for it. So one day two of us are coming out of the jungle after doing some manicuring of leaf and we see a couple of locals eyeing us. They knew we weren't in there for bird-watching. We knew if we left those plants there, more than a whole patch would be wiped out just as it was coming into buds. So we had to wait till dark, then trek the three hours into the jungle, uproot the plants, then spend till dawn hacking out a patch another two hours deeper into the jungle. We each had to carry 50 pounds of plants on our backs. It was a bitch, let me tell you. And we still don't know whether once they get the scent they'll be able to track down the new place. You've got these organized ripoff gangs that use dogs, and some say the helicopters are mainly used to find the patches so the ripoff syndicate can clean it out. . . ."

"Pretty tense?"

"You bet. It's not just tension with ripoffs, it's within our own house. There are four partners, two couples, and it's getting heavy now, because we disagree about when to harvest the stuff. Two of us want to wait, because once the plants start budding after you've waited all that time and gone through that much, you ought to get maximum profit in terms of buds and keep it budding for weeks. But the other faction says that every day you leave it there, you stand to lose your whole season and get blown into bankruptcy by ripoffs or some wild pig rampaging through your patch. So there's all this paranoia about where one faction will try to run off with its share and whose share is what, of what's gone, and now one from each faction has to sleep with the plants at all times and there's talk of guns."

"Sleep with the plants?"

"Once it gets to bud time it's necessary. You can't afford to leave them alone



Molokai leper buds.

Nouveau growers raise plants that are strong in a speedy way, while the experts know how to grow spacy, sensual grass with deep and subtle overtones.

—each bud is like a hundred-dollar bill you're leaving out for whoever comes along."

As I was letting her out, I asked her whether her friends would object to my seeing their fields.

"Well, I could ask them," she said, "but the thing is, with all this tension, most people do anything to avoid knowing the location of someone else's fields. 'Cause if that someone else gets ripped off, and they know you know . . . well . . . knowing can be like a death warrant."

The dramatic truth of this was confirmed that very week by a murder trial unfolding in the Maui courts. The accused murderer was a young pot farmer from California who had been growing on a hidden patch up in the jungle above Hana. One afternoon while he was tending his crop, a young native Hawaiian made a surprise appearance at the patch, and before long the intruder was bleeding to death from numerous machete wounds inflicted by the grower.

The prosecution contended the pot farmer killed the intruder, knowing if he were to get away alive with knowledge of the location of the patch, the plants would soon be ripped off. The defense contended

that it was self-defense; the intruder was caught trying to rip off the plants and attacked the farmer, who responded with his machete.

But during the course of the trial some fascinating added details came out. The victim and the accused had known each other for some months before. The victim had been seeing the accused's girl friend while the pod planter was up in the jungle tending the crops.

The planter knew about his girl friend's infidelity. It was only when she revealed the secret location of his plants that he freaked. The appearance of the rival at the field was evidence that she had betrayed this ultimate secret of their relationship. The murder, it seemed, was a crime of passion, but the real passion was not for the woman but for the plants. The jury voted to convict.

While the lady hitchhiker with her talk of "death warrants" left me with greater apprehension, she also left me with a fat ounce of leaf—after I left her with \$30. It was the cheapest good dope I'd had in a long time. Expensive, if you look at it as merely clippings from buds; but if you compare it with the \$50 Colombian ounces people were buying on the East Coast—moldy, buzzy, irritating, and a slightly seasick sort of high—this leaf was the best bargain the connoisseur had run into in a long time. It had some of the sharp, bright, *claro* qualities of the islands' other great stimulant—Kona coffee.

In addition, it was cheap enough so that you could smoke a lot, a long-lost pleasure in these days when good pod is getting to be as expensive a high as coke, harder to be generous and sociable with, too costly for casual occasions. Not only that, but Hawaiian leaf has the distinctive staying power of Hawaiian buds—it keeps coming on and staying on long after most Mexican and Colombian become mere memories. For those times when you want an energetic antidepressant lift without the deeply involving profound effects of some bud, leaf is just the thing. I've noticed recently that many California sinsemilla growers are having the good sense to stop throwing away, and start shipping out, the leaf they manicure from their buds, selling it for as little as \$15 an ounce. It could be the beginning of the return of good cheap dope to America and should be encouraged. Soon, perhaps, growers and dealers will begin selling a range of mixtures of leaf and bud, thereby restoring the whole range of lid prices between \$15 and \$300 an ounce.

It took a while before I was able to advance from leaf to bud. (Everybody calls sinsemilla just plain "bud" in Hawaii.) Even in Hawaii there's a shortage of Hawaiian many months of the year. After harvest time, most growers are sold out for the year. Brokers don't maintain high inventories, and both growers and brokers tend to be heavy bud smokers them-

selves, very piggy about parting with any of their stash for less than \$200 an ounce.

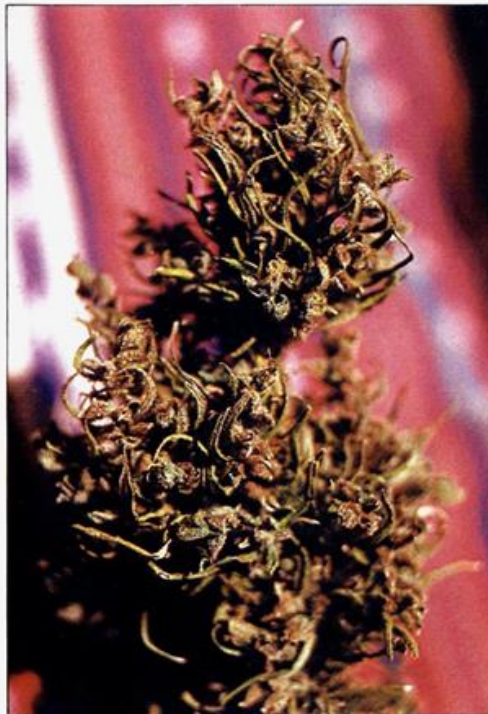
So, what has developed on the retail consumer level is a very high-rent version of the nickel-bag commerce of the early days of the business—Seal-a-Meal culture. Three-gram buds (a tenth of an ounce) are sold in clear cellophane-type packets vacuum-sealed for freshness with a heat-process machine called Seal-a-Meal. Which until recently had done a stodgy trade in the portion-control business. Both quarter ounces (\$40–\$60) and ounces (\$160–\$240) also come Seal-a-Meal'd, which gives them a kind of shiny mint coin display beauty.

Still, the bud within is so hypnotic, so seductive, that once you tear open the Seal-a-Meal seal and break the museumlike aura, it's hard to get back to leaf.

It's a whole different state altogether, the state of bud. A 51st state that exists on a level high above the 50th. As a matter of fact, two days after I scored a bit of Maui bud and a bit of Kona bud imported to Maui, the blissful, blossoming, floating sensations I'd experienced from smoking the bud had so impressed themselves on my unconscious that I had a vivid dream of floating-flying three feet over the landscape of the island—a feeling not too different from my awakened state on bud.

At best, bud captures the bright blossoming essence, the sensual surge, of tropical growth and flowering that pervades the islands. One feels the best of life budding and blossoming within the body, mind and spirit. At sunset in Maui almost everything comes to a halt, and all over the island lucky bud burners light up and watch the spectacular displays of sunset glory, a glory that glows within long after the sky has grown dark. But as with all varieties of marijuana, there's bud and there's bud. So let's stop with the poetry and get technical for a while. Let's talk some inside stuff about sinsemilla subtleties.

Those familiar with the evolution of the Colombian market in the mid '70s will remember how the growth of Colombian from an "exotic" treat to a mass-marketed good was marked by the development of a grade of ganja known as "commercial." It was cheap, relatively; it got you high but never did anything special. Well, I'm afraid to say that the Hawaiian market has reached the point where it's been segmented into primo and commercial. The only difference is that commercial Hawaiian still sells for upward of \$200 an ounce, and that a lot of people buying Hawaiian don't know how to tell the two apart. Colombian commercial was usually identifiable by its muddy colors and dry, unpromising look. Commercial Hawaiian is not as easily spotted. It can look pretty, have beautiful buds; people can't even tell from smoking it, because some commercial can seem deceptively strong. In fact, that's often the



Kauai electric.

"Most people do anything to avoid knowing the location of someone else's fields. 'Cause if that someone else gets ripped off, knowing can be like a death warrant."

problem. It's often too strong.

Have you ever taken too much speed? Do you know those symptoms—thundering heartbeat and pulse, the veins and arteries almost jumping out of the skin, convulsively twitching muscles, the train of thought being replaced by a rampaging runaway locomotive? Lately, I've found that boastful sinsemilla growers will come up to me and say, "Hey, you're the guy who calls himself the connoisseur, the guy who puts down sinsemilla. Try this." And they'll hand me something to smoke that is undeniably strong but that instead of getting me high makes me think I've OD'd on amphetamines.

The difference between the nouveau sinsemilla growers, whether they be in California or Hawaii, and the aristocratic alchemists of agriculture who know how to raise primo, is that nouveau growers will raise plants that are strong in a speedy way—superficially strong—while the experts know how to grow spacy sensual grass with deep and subtle overtones.

Commercial sinsemilla will often provide a cheap rush, even a raw THC OD, give you good ground speed, but fail to get you up into the clouds. The master growers of Maui not only get you off the ground, they know how to get you into deep space.

Which brings me to the story of "space brother" gold, which tells you something about Maui culture as well as Maui dope.

I was talking to one of the pioneer Maui heads who came to the island from San Francisco after the Summer of Love in 1967. "They were gonna have some kind of Winter of Love festival here," he said, "but it didn't come off. Still, a lot of people were getting hassled by all the crowds in Haight, and this place was so far-out a lot of us never went back."

Among these Winter of Love pilgrims were the Brotherhood's pioneer pod growers and the equally high-minded members of this guy's "XIAN Empire," a dope-growing confederation that has evolved, he says, into a planetary network for UFO contactees.

You have to understand that among the substantial community of Hawaiians who moved to the island from California in the '60s and '70s, belief in contact with UFO people is an article of faith accepted as implicitly as yoga, aura reading and psychic healing. Almost all the "new age" people in Hawaii—and that includes almost all the young white population—believe that saucer people are real and in fact make frequent visits to Hawaii, finding the volcanic craters particularly choice landing places. Only they don't call them saucer people; they're known as "space brothers" and are widely regarded as wise, generous, peace-loving and all-round mellow guardian angels who are constantly giving psychic advice to people with the right vibes.

Well, this XIAN guy and I were sitting around the home of a Maui connoisseur who introduced us, smoking some very fine, spacy bud, when the subject of space-brother gold came up.

I was telling him about Warren Darden's Pacific High theory of why Hawaiian pod is so exquisitely special. He had his own theory. "It's the way the earth's cosmic aura refracts," he was saying. "The violet light in the auric spectrum is the one with the most intense energy, and because of the refraction it strikes directly on the islands; the center of it is on Maui. That's why the space brothers say..."

"Hey," I interrupted, trying to staunch the flow of yet another interminable story about the all-knowing saucer people with a little irreverence, "do these space brothers smoke any dope?"

"Oh no, man, they don't need to smoke dope, they have something much better. They've got, like, this etheric gold liquid they take that puts them on the auric plane. It's the ultimate high in the universe."

Suddenly it was all clear to me. "Space-brother gold! That's the real secret of Hawaiian dope."

"Huh?" he said.

"That special cosmic spaciness of Ha-

(continued on page 88)

The first light of day is in the sky, rosy lavender in the east, the moon has dropped behind the mountain. Rick and I are each carrying 20 or 30 pounds of organic fertilizer in our packs; in Laura's there are a half dozen six-week-old marijuana seedlings, 10 to 12 inches tall. We're accompanied by two dogs—a mongrel and a Doberman. Our mission is to plant these seedlings in a spot some three or four miles up the mountain, in the state forest reserve, and to harvest from that spot four plants that were planted there some six months ago.

We have a hard six- or seven-mile hike ahead of us and prefer to do the exhausting, uphill part in the coolest part of the day. But we've gotten an especially early start this morning because Rick wants to negotiate this first half mile of our hike—which runs across a wide cow pasture, dotted with thickets of guava and christmasberry, where a party like ours might be observed from far away or from the air—under the cover of darkness. Rick is apprehensive about the top of this cow pasture because it is the highest point on the mountain's flank accessible to four-wheel-drive vehicles. He was nearly apprehended there only a month ago, while on a similar mission, by a vice-squad ambush. Only because they had already caught another grower, and were standing talking in the trail as Rick approached, was he able to dodge into the underbrush and escape.

Hiking up to tend one's plants in the jungle is, I quickly discover, exactly what all the growers have been telling me... a pain in the ass.

When Rick calls it a pain in the ass, though, he doesn't mean it literally. He has been growing marijuana on Maui for over a decade, since long before there was any such thing as Maui wowie, growing ten-pound patches of seeded females in secluded gulches. And he was undoubtedly one of the dozen more important innovators in the revolutionary era 1971-73 when Maui wowie was being invented.

Rick has been climbing these trails regularly for four years now: His ass is, he boasts, "tighter than a ball of string." What he complains about is the difficulty of the whole enterprise when compared to what he encountered in years past.

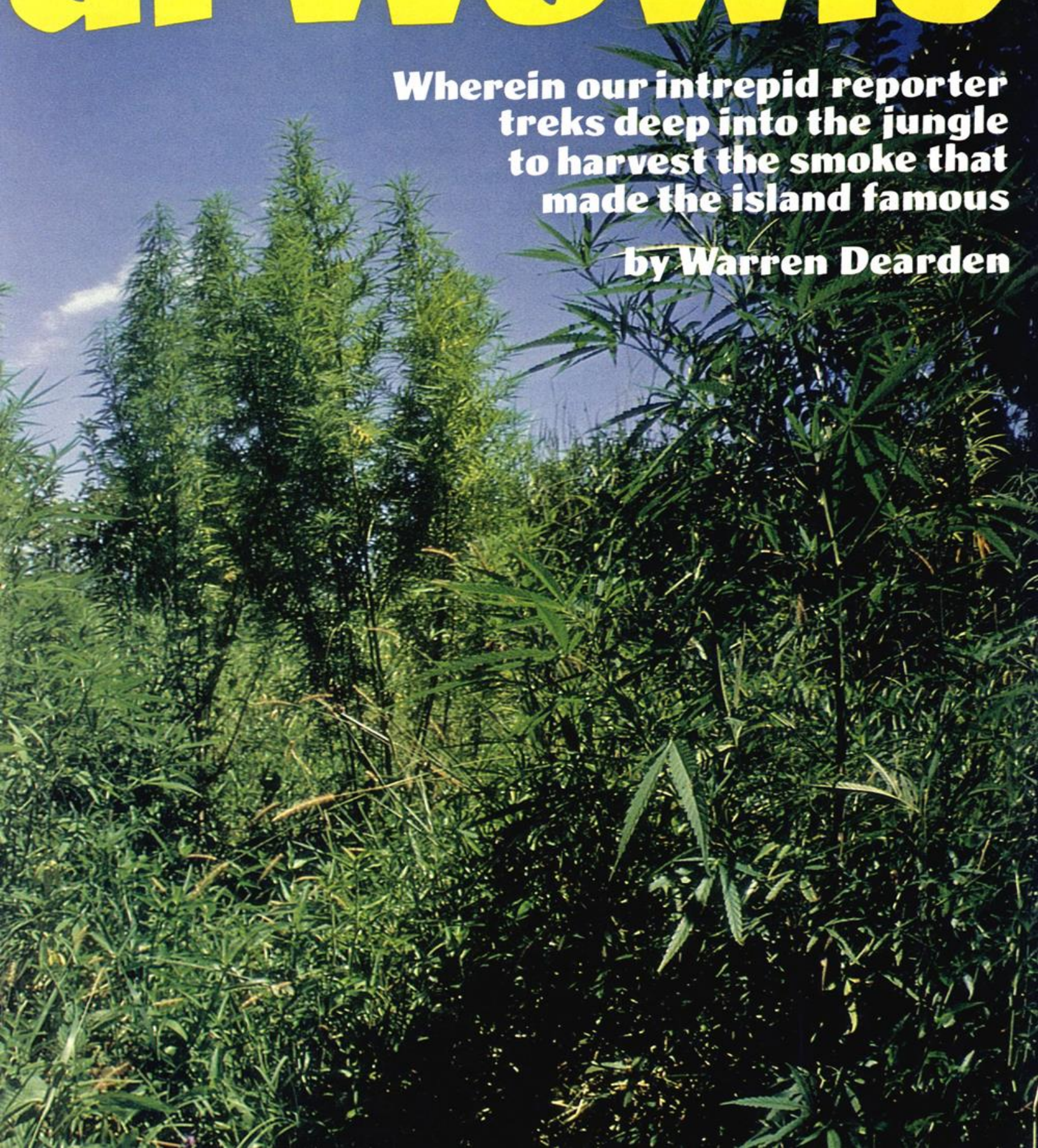
"There are just too damn many growers is the main problem. You used to be able to hike up the mountain a way, get off the trail a little, find a nice sunny spot. That was the kind of dope, back in '74 and '75, that made Maui wowie famous. But now, there's so many growers, and so many ripoffs, and the helicopters. Now you've got to go way up the mountain and get way off the trail to have any chance at all of harvesting what you plant. With the helicopters, you can't grow a big patch out in the full sun. You've got to grow a few here and there, tucked under trees, in partial

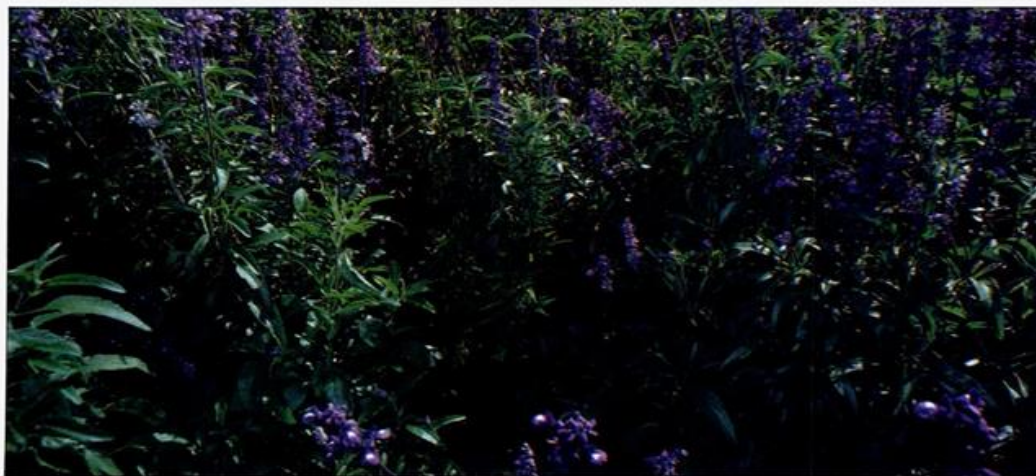
Ma

ui Wowie

**Wherein our intrepid reporter
treks deep into the jungle
to harvest the smoke that
made the island famous**

by Warren Dearden





©Gumfilm

“It was my ambition, when I started, to grow the world’s best dope and carpet the island with it. And that’s pretty nearly what’s happened.”

shade. We used to complain if someone ripped off some of our plants; now we’re glad if a few *don’t* get ripped off.”

Although Rick got into jungle growing in the days when it was easy, when many of his friends and neighbors were reaping bonanzas in the jungle, he was never interested in making a lot of money.

“I only started growing it in the jungle for stash, because the vice squad and the ripoffs wouldn’t let me grow it in my yard. It does me good, of course, keeping me in shape. And I do make a little money off it now and then. But all in all, I’d rather grow my stash in my garden than screw around growing second-rate dope in the jungle.

“Sometimes I think of it as a divine plan,” he muses, “that fate should have directed a dope-loving person like myself to Maui, the home of the world’s best dope. I didn’t come here for the dope: There was none here when I came, except what people brought in from elsewhere. And the idea of sinsemilla didn’t come in until long after I started growing it. It was my ambition, when I started, to grow the world’s best dope and carpet the island with it. And that’s pretty nearly what’s happened. Did my dream just happen to come true, or did I make it come true? Whatever, I haven’t profited from it. I got in on the ground floor, and stayed on the ground floor.”

The jungle is surprisingly unjunglelike, with widely spaced, ruler-straight 50- or 60-foot eucalyptus trees rising out of an undergrowth of waist-high ferns. It hardly deserves to be called a jungle at all, having obviously been a reforestation project some four or five decades ago, planted with an eye toward future timber harvests: Functionally it is a tree farm. What qualifies it as a jungle mostly is that it grows at a certain altitude on the windward slope of Mount Haleakala, falling in

to a belt that receives an average annual rainfall of 100 to 200 inches. It feels like a jungle mostly because it is so humid—as clammy in the morning chill as a redwood grove—and because the path is so muddy.

It is just slippery enough underfoot to make you curl your toes and lean a little heavier on them for increased traction—a change of pace that has its ultimate effect at the top of the leg.

Our first break is about a mile and a half into the jungle, at the top of a steep, slippery climb up a watercourse, where the trail passes through a little grove of strawberry guavas, overlooking a broad, verdant gulch and offering a stunning marine view. We restore ourselves with a couple of Laura’s high-energy dope-planting cookies and a joint of Rick’s superpotent dope, soaking up the morning sun and the scenery. Out over the ocean, five or six miles offshore, a flotilla of squalls steams past, like spiders across a mirror. Below us in the gulch, towering coconut palms rustle in the light morning breeze. Laura points to these, and to the mango and banana plantings scattered across the gulch, overgrown mostly by guava, passion fruit and bamboo. “People used to live up here once upon a time, just a generation or two ago, before civilization came and drove them out... made them all go live on the plantation.”

The tree farm is far behind and below us now. The slope of the land has been gradually increasing, the path becoming increasingly steep and tricky. We’ve gained a few hundred feet in altitude, crawling over and under fallen logs, through patches of elephant grass, scrambling in and out of shallow ravines and up muddy slopes. Although the jungle continues to be dominated by eucalyptus trees, there is no order to their planting, and their monotonous verticality is interrupted here and there by orange-flowered African tulips and mountain apples reaching into the jungle canopy, and even an

occasional native species like a koa tree. Here we see ropelike lianas dangling from above, props for a Tarzan movie, and bird’s-nest ferns of eagle dimensions in the crotches of a grandfatherly old koa. Here in this mixed forest there is room for birdlife too: As we recuperate, we are serenaded by the incredible bebop solo of a melodious laughing thrush, trilling a couple of choruses of pure Charlie Parker into the crystal Hawaiian morning. Rick, a jazz musician, grins from ear to ear, and whistles a riff he particularly likes. Laura, who believes in reincarnation, maintains that all jazz musicians were melodious laughing thrushes in their previous lives.

Rick calls Laura his “perfect dope-growing partner,” the most reliable, trustworthy person he knows. Their working relationship provides a happy contrast to his one other joint dope-growing venture, several seasons back.

“This guy was my friend. I trusted him completely, or I wouldn’t have gone into partnership with him in the first place. But as the months went by we began having disagreements. He began neglecting his share of the responsibilities. Then we had an argument about when we should harvest. So when the plants finally got ripped off, I just couldn’t help suspecting him. Now I think in his case the guy probably did rip me off. I think so even now, two years later, when I’ve stopped being pissed about it. But I think no matter who your partner is, getting ripped off is such a heavy trip, you can’t help freaking out. You can’t help saying to yourself, ‘Hmm! He’s the only one besides me who knew where those plants were. That dirty, sneaky bastard must’ve...’

“But you really can’t grow it without a partner either, not when you have to go way up the mountain like we do nowadays. It’s just too heavy. If you do it solo, you have to do it full time, commit your whole life to it. Then you fall subject to reefer madness: When it all goes bust, you’ve got nothing to keep you together. I’ve seen it happen to too many friends, guys who gamble a half year of their lives, make all kinds of incredible sacrifices, wreck their health, mortgage their kids. When they get ripped, they come down the mountain looking like they’re coming out of a Vegas casino.”

Laura blushes demurely when Rick boasts of how dogged and durable she is, a great dump scrounger and seedweed hauler; in their family, that’s heavy flattery. But he’s not merely being gallant when he calls her his perfect dope-growing partner, for besides being trustworthy, Laura is a resilient, resourceful, self-possessed woman, who’s made solo trips up the mountain to tend and harvest plants when Rick was incapacitated with an injured ankle, including one nightmarish nine-hour hike through an unrelenting monsoonlike downpour. “This isn’t equal

opportunity," insists Rick. "This is flat equality!"

There is an easier way to get where we are going than this rough, muddy footpath. There are graded jeep trails ascending to the forest reserve from the Hana Highway every three to five miles between Haiku and Keanae, connecting with a lateral road that runs along the mountainside at an altitude of 1,200 to 1,600 feet. But these are "EMI" roads, built and maintained by the East Maui Irrigation Company (subsidiary of Alexander and Baldwin, the corporate sugar and land baron of East Maui). Although it's state land and county water, EMI uses the land as a watershed, maintaining an intricate system of waterworks along the windward slope of Haleakala that collect from a score or more streams some 300 million gallons of water per day, transporting it via ditches and pipes to the cane fields of central Maui. Amid the tangle of agreements that allow the corporation to collect the people's water, the corporation also accrues the right to exclude the people from the people's land. To be in this jungle without written permission from EMI is to be trespassing; to hike along their jeep trails is to invite a confrontation with their employees. To be walking in the jungle at all is considered *prima facie* evidence of marijuana cultivation; to be carrying a heavy backpack through the jungle can have no innocent purpose whatsoever.

But it is impossible for us to avoid the EMI roads entirely. Our final destination is several gulches beyond the ridge we have been ascending. We can easily cross the gulches in five minutes if we follow the lateral road for 200 yards. Any other route will require hours of thrashing through the nastiest kind of underbrush, up and down trailless perpendicular palisades, endangering our lives dozens of times. It is a bottleneck that Rick is nearly as apprehensive about as the trailhead below; he insists on surveying it for fifteen minutes or so before he's ready to cross it. It is an idyllic spot to the unsuspecting eye, a sunny jungle glade full of chuckling water music, overlooking a lush valley and a broad marine panorama. But it can get lively at times, as the experience of another jungle grower, Doc Pepper, testifies:

"One day my partner and I were taking a break, observing the EMI road before we ventured onto it, when we heard voices. Investigating, we discovered these two local dudes on motorcycles there on the road, laughing and discussing this sack of weed they'd just ripped off. They were in a spot where I could've crept down on them, reached out of the jungle, and snatched their bag while their backs were turned—really blown their minds. I was sorely tempted, but I let them go. Just watched them till they started up their bikes and drove off.

"Just then, out of the woods across the



**These buds are so aromatic
that they make me gag. I turn
away from them gasping for air.**

road comes creeping this guy in a ski mask! That ski mask really offended me, so I decided to give him a scare. I turned my walkie-talkie up full blast, till it whined. The guy jumped like a rabbit, and ran off down that road like in a Charlie Chaplin movie."

This morning there are no motorcyclists on the road, and nobody lurking in a ski mask as far as we can tell. But when Rick is finally satisfied that the coast is clear, we streak the 200 yards at the brisk pace we can keep, Laura trying to keep up with Rick, and me trying to keep up with her. By the time we turn off the road and make our way into the safety of the jungle again, my legs feel like jelly. I would fall to the ground, but the ground is a puddle.

Above the road, our pace slows immediately. The slope is twice as steep as the one we climbed below the road, and there's no trail: We wade through a lake of chest-high ferns, trusting that the dogs will not lead us into yawning chasms. For another thing, there's the mud. There are patches of mucilaginous ankle-deep goo that nearly pull the boots off our feet, offering a preview of what awaits us above. But before the real mud we wade through an abandoned ditch a half mile or so above the road. Our route curves along the mountain's flank, taking us from one ridge to the next, as the road did, without a lot of nasty perpendicular hiking.

"This was once the main ditch," Rick points out, "the only ditch from the jungle to the cane fields. So the water company had workers patrolling it constantly to keep it in good condition, and people living all along it to operate the sluice gates. This was the only graded trail along this side of the mountain, so everyone used it. It was the main road."

The ditch seems more like a bayou: The water in it is collected rainfall, flowing nowhere; trees have fallen across it; under-

brush chokes it entirely in spots. The path shows no evidence of its former heavy traffic: Our progress along it is in and out of the ditch, up on its bank, over and under and tightrope-fallen trees. But our route is mostly horizontal and slow, a welcome change after all the climbing and sprinting, trying to keep up with Rick.

The ditch intersects with what Rick and Laura call a "pig trail." Pig hunters use the trail to gain access to the higher jungle, and pigs use it in their forays to lower elevations; recently, it has become a dope-grower's freeway. But it is not an easy trail. Here the mud turns serious, and the footing becomes as difficult as any I've ever encountered. This is a jungle that takes 200 inches of rain in a wet year like this one; it's been pounded by a couple of overnight deluges in the last week. The whole floor of the jungle is a swamp—four or five inches of sticky mud beneath an inch or so of water. Not a hellacious swamp, except that it's *tilted*—tilted a good five or ten degrees out of horizontal. So that a hiker can't just plod along, but must dig for climbing traction in this goo. It is the hardest hiking we have to do, doubly hard for coming at the end of four hours' hard climbing.

Rick has been growing increasingly tense as we approach our destination. He and Laura have made four trips like this one over the last six months: one trip to locate a spot, clear it, fertilize it and put seven seedlings in the ground; another trip to fertilize them a month later and yank up the males; a third trip on the eve of "Green Harvest" to fertilize them and camouflage them against aerial observation; then a fourth trip a month later to harvest about a half pound of top-quality buds from them. That harvest was a sweet one for them: It kept them good and stoned for a month, helped him get a couple of dental problems straightened out, and bought a new electrical system for his truck; it paid some bills, bought a huge sack of beans

and a half dozen cans of coffee. They feel fortunate to have done that well, while so many other growers were getting wiped out by helicopter raids. But they do hope that no ripoff has found their plants in the six weeks since their main harvest. For one thing, they are down to smoking leaf in the middle of bud season, depending on this second harvest to keep them in stash past Christmas. Furthermore, if someone has ripped off their plants from this spot, they won't want to plant their new seedlings there, and so will have to locate, clear, and cultivate an entirely new spot—several hours of grueling labor in the wake of a bitter disappointment. What Rick calls a “double ripoff.”

Rick is a pessimist, but there do seem to be special grounds for anxiety regarding this patch: It is only 30 or 40 yards off a heavily-traveled trail, and was visible from one point in the trail last month before they harvested it. Even Laura, the family optimist, gives it no better than a 50/50 chance. And, ominously, the day's first rain cloud dumps a shower on us as we near the patch. But they are very systematic about keeping their cool at this tense juncture, knowing that it is the easiest time to make mistakes. We settle down off the trail for ten minutes or more to be sure we aren't being followed. Then Rick scouts up the trail a way, checking out the spot from which the plants were visible last month.

He's furious when he returns. “They're gone!”

Laura groans. “Are you sure?”

“I can't see them!”

“But that doesn't mean . . .”

He glares at her fiercely. He seems convinced. Yet, when he and I set off to approach the patch, leaving Laura and the dogs on lookout, we wind our way into the jungle by a roundabout route, leaving no trail. We slog through a small swamp, pick our way through a bramble thicket, then on our elbows crawl through a dense tangle of elephant grass, emerging on the edge of a grove of tree ferns into a clearing the size of a pool table. Hooray! They're here!

There are four of them, none of them taller than five feet. They look so unlike the familiar immature marijuana plant that an inexperienced eye could probably not identify them. They have no seven- and five-pointed serrated leaves at all, but are mostly long, naked stems and limbs; what foliage they do have is clustered here and there in hairy little balls. They look like a botanical version of milady's toy poodle.

But there's no mistaking their smell! As Rick begins ripping the buds off the plants, he pauses occasionally to bury his nose in a particularly fat and juicy one, then stuff it under my nose. It reeks! I can hardly believe it, though I've smelled fresh-picked Maui wowie dozens of times before. These

buds are so aromatic that they make me gag. I turn away from them gasping for air. “Really skunky!” Rick chortles merrily. “Dis da kine.”

It takes Rick about a quarter hour to strip the plants of buds, rip them out of the ground, and cut them into pieces. Then another half hour to cultivate the soil with a GI entrenchment tool, dig fertilizer into it, and plant the seedlings. “This is a great spot,” he exults. “It looks so unlikely, no one would ever think of checking it out.”

We've climbed some 2,000 feet up the mountain, to an altitude of around 3,000 feet, considerably less than halfway to the summit. Descending the trail is, compared to the ascent, like roller-skating. Our

The buds that Rick and Laura have harvested are of the highest quality, pure sinsemilla, Maui wowie if anything deserves the name, worth a premium price of \$200 per ounce.

packs are light, the path dips away gently before us, the mud is so deep and dense that there's no danger of falling on our ass. We cruise along in third. But we are alert and, as Rick puts it, “in formation.” Rick in the vanguard with the dogs, Laura some 30 yards behind him, and me bringing up the rear some 30 yards behind her. For this is the hairy part. Coming down the mountain with a load of buds, we are a fat, vulnerable target for a ripoff or a bust. A target not so much because we are fat, but because we look fat.

The buds that Rick and Laura have harvested are of the highest quality, pure sinsemilla, Maui wowie if anything deserves the name, worth a premium price of \$200 per ounce. But they have harvested only a few ounces, worth all together around \$600. These are in a plastic bag snuggled beneath the lunch box in Laura's pack. But this small-potatoes reality is not apparent, we realize, to someone who might be lying in ambush beside the trail. What we look like is a trio of hippie dope-growers coming down the mountain at the very peak of the harvest season with our season's crop in our knapsacks, guarded by a couple of dogs. We could conceivably be carrying as much as 20 pounds of buds (as much as we could squeeze into our three packs) worth more than \$2,000 a pound. We might—in the imagination of a person who has never himself grown dope but has heard stories of hippies hauling fortunes down this mountainside—be a target too tempting to resist.

There are several classes of persons

who might be coming up the trail: other dope growers, dope ripoffs, and pig hunters. It is the last who scare us the most, since they will have guns in their hands when we meet them, and since their conceptions are most likely to exceed reality. We know of other growers who have been ripped off by pig hunters under just these circumstances. There are a few “pig hunters” on Maui who hunt only for pigeons like us. And it is this sleazy minority whom we are most apt to meet. So we are very relieved when we turn off the pig trail, into the abandoned ditch, knowing that the first, and perhaps the hairiest, leg of the journey is behind us.

But the 200-yard stretch of jeep trail seems hairy enough when we approach it. It is the one route to which there is no alternative, winding along the bare face of the pali (“precipice”), exposed to observation from dozens of distant overlooks and from the air. Here is the one place we are likely to get caught by accident, by an EMI jeep that suddenly hurtles around a bend on its way to open or close a sluice gate just as we happen to be passing, or caught by design, ambushed by the police at this obvious bottleneck. We fall entirely out of formation, hiking along, admiring the scenery and playing with the dogs, assuring one another that we look exactly like field-tripping ornithologists, ready to wave gaily when the vice squad pops out from behind those bushes. Luckily, there is no audience to be persuaded by our transparent alibi. Soon we are back in the relative safety of the jungle, breathing easier, congratulating ourselves that the worst is now behind us.

The last stretch is at the edge of the jungle, where the trail runs into the pasture, and that's a mile and a half away yet. So we stop again in the strawberry guavas for a cookie and reefer break. Now there is no view of the ocean, and only a dim, sporadic glimpse of the other side of the gulch. The showers that have been drifting across the mountain for the last couple of hours are now settling into a misty drizzle. Out over the gulch, against the pearly sky, we can see the rain blow by: Here on the jungle floor the canopy drips more or less steadily, but it doesn't rain. The melodious laughing thrush is holed up somewhere, taking his siesta. But we're cheerful enough without his serenade, seeing the homestretch now stretching smooth before us, a pot of hot coffee steaming at its end. Stoned and relaxed, we swing off down the trail in loose formation, taking time to admire the scenery. Woolgathering. I am comparing us to Vietnamese guerrillas, to opium warlords, to moonshiners, as we make our way down this sort of Ho Chi Minh Trail, when suddenly a sound ahead makes me stop in my tracks.

I don't even know what I heard, it was
(continued on page 90)

High Lei

From the lush land of sulfur-simmering volcanoes comes the most explosive high ever known in Polynesian paradise. The most celebrated of Hawaiian dope varieties—a special breed that thrives in the heady fragrant jungles of Kauai—has been finding its way to the mainland where it is prized for its uniquely euphoric spell. Pictured on the following pages is a select anahola (elephant) cola bud swathed in a ceremonial lei of some of the island's other breathtaking blossoms. And its glistening, steaming resin exhales a soothing vapor that promises, like flowing lava, to really get you stoned.







MEN IN BLACK

The right stuff
from the
wrong
planet



A procession of the damned. By the damned, I mean the excluded. We shall have a procession of data that Science has excluded. Battalions of the accursed, captained by pallid data that I have exhumed, will march. . . . The little harlots will caper, and freaks will distract attention, and the clowns will break the rhythm of the whole with their buffooneries—but the solidity of the procession as a whole: the impressiveness of things that pass and pass and pass, and keep on and keep on and keep on coming.

—Charles Fort, *The Book of the Damned*

First of all, you gotta see a UFO. Or something equally weird. Jennings Frederick, a good ol' boy from West Virginia, sure enough did. It was a beautiful summer day in July of 1968, and Jennings was on his way home from hunting woodchuck when he heard a weird high-pitched jabbering. The voice seemed to be saying something like, "You need not fear me. I come as a friend. I come in peace. I wish medical assistance. I need your help!" Next thing he knew, he saw a walking vegetable.

Now, many of you may have seen vegetables walk in your time, but Jennings was the kind of guy who, when he'd hear the word acid, would reach for a

by Larry Sloman



Tums. For him, "grass" was a chore. So you can imagine how he wiggled when this tall, skinny vegetable, with semihuman features, long ears, yellow, slanted eyes, pin-thin arms and seven-inch fingers that tapered into needlelike tips and suction cups grabbed his arm and began to take a blood sample. Needless to say, he didn't tell his family a thing.

And except for a previous episode, when Jennings's mother saw a small, naked creature in her backyard, stuffing dirt and grass into a small bag, all the while attached by cable to a five-foot cream and silver craft, the Fredericks were your typical American family. So it was natural that Jennings might get his ass into the air

The MIBs pulled something over Jennings's face and asked him what he thought UFOs actually were and what he thought about the future. Jennings passed out. When he woke up, they were gone.

force to see the world. And he did, and then he came back and lived with his folks again and nearly forgot about that vegetable man.

Until early one morning, about two o'clock, when he was awakened by a flash of red light. He pulled his .38 out from under the pillow and started down the steps. In the living room, he noticed a small canister bouncing around on the floor. Suddenly, a hand grabbed him and he felt a needle prick in his left arm.

There were three of them and they were all dressed in black. Black turtle-neck sweaters, black slacks, black ski masks over their faces. One shouted, "The dogs have been darted and everybody gassed!" "What about this one?" another said. "He's going out soon," came the reply. The men pulled something over Jennings's face and began to ask the young man what he thought UFOs actually were. They also asked what time it was and what he thought about the future. Jennings finally passed out. When he woke up the next morning, they were gone.

These things are not peculiar to hayseeds from West Virginia. Men in black have, since time immemorial, been associated with evil. The Devil himself, on his visits to the earthly plane, would dress in black, sometimes riding a black horse. The early alchemists reported strange nocturnal visits from men in black. Dracula and

his bloodthirsty colleagues wouldn't be caught dead in red. Times change, but some things stay the same.

In the last few years, a growing lore has accumulated around a new type of unwelcome visitor. Since Kenneth Arnold spotted some strange disks flapping around over Mt. Rainier in 1947, ushering in the modern era of UFOs, many UFO witnesses and contactees have received unsolicited visits from official-looking men dressed in, you got it, black. They usually come in a trio. Their black suits might be from Brooks Brothers. They arrive in long, sleek black Cadillacs or Chryslers. Sometimes they wear funny black shoes with thick gummy soles. They claim to be from the air force or from other intelligence agencies. Sometimes they even pose as traveling salesmen. Whatever. One thing's certain, they're not in your Welcome Wagon area. Black ain't beautiful, especially when they're threatening your life.

Sometimes they just want to repossess some hardware. Either that or put the fear of God into some unsuspecting unfortunate. The earliest man-in-black (MIB) case dates back to 1880, and it's not even known if the man wore black. It happened in Galisteo Junction, New Mexico. Four locals spied a fish-shaped "balloon" cruising low over town. They counted about ten figures in the craft, babbling in an unknown tongue. Suddenly, a vase dropped from the craft, all covered with strange symbols. As proof of their experience, they carted it into town and displayed it at the general store.

A few days later a stranger came around. He said he was a "collector," had heard of the vase, offered a good sum of money and took the artifact and ran. How he "heard" of the vase remains a mystery. Over the next hundred years, this type of transaction will be repeated ad nauseum.

Sometimes they just come to make a delivery. Bad tidings. That was the case in Barmouth, Wales, in March of 1905. According to the Barmouth Advertiser:

In the neighborhood dwells an exceptionally intelligent young woman of the peasant stock, whose bedroom has been visited three nights in succession by a man dressed in black. This figure has delivered a message to the girl which she is frightened to relate.

The visits occurred in the middle of a UFO-dancing-lights flap that had the whole town enthralled.

One thing the MIBs seem to have in common is their physical appearance. Most are short with Oriental features. Their skin is dark, almost sunburned. They usually have a slight accent. Sometimes they leave the limo home. Sometimes they come in costume.

It's three in the morning. The year is 1924. Someone is pounding like the devil at John Cole's farmhouse door in West Vir-



ginia. (These things tend to happen in the same places, year in and year out.) Cole looked out and saw an army officer standing there. Broad-brimmed hat, leg wrappings, the whole bit. Only his skin was dark and his eyes were a bit slanted.

"You picked up something today," the stranger said. "We need it back." As Cole wiped the sleep out of his eyes, he remembered what it was. It was a small metal thingamajig that he had found earlier that day while investigating a strange airplane crash nearby. Planes were rare enough in those days, and a crash was big news in that area—especially when the search party came upon six men clustered around the wreckage. Some of the men were in black business suits and ties, strange attire for that neck of the woods, and the others were wearing shiny overalls. They were talking in a rapid-fire foreign language and froze when the locals came upon them. The plane itself was as big as a battleship, with windows and all. But there was one thing that made Cole think twice about that plane. It didn't have wings, tail or propellers.

Cole produced the metal fragment. The "army officer" grabbed it and walked off without a word. He didn't seem to have a horse or a car. A few days later, Cole walked back to the clearing where the plane had been. It was empty.

It was not until the 1950s that the MIBs



became anathema to flying-saucer researchers. The UFO flaps of the late '40s and early '50s had captured the imagination of millions across America and had aroused the curiosity of our intelligence and armed forces, despite official denials. Around the world, UFO buffs gathered into small groups to investigate the phenomenon. In the course of this research, some claimed to have discovered fragments of the saucers themselves. Enter the MIBs.

One of the first researchers they visited was one Albert Bender, the head of the International Flying Saucer Bureau (IFSB), a grandiose title for a small group that claimed a couple of hundred membership. Bender, a student of the occult as well as UFO buff, had in his possession a small scraping of a saucer that had smashed through an outdoor billboard near his home in Connecticut. Bender also possessed what, to his mind, was the secret of the saucers—namely, that they came from the North Pole, and he was about to reveal this to the world via his saucer publication. In fact, he had just sent a postcard outlining the evidence to a friend.

The next day, three men in black arrived at his home. Somehow, they had that postcard. And somehow they didn't have a hard time convincing Bender to get out of the UFO field. In the next issue of *Space Review*, Bender announced the closing of the IFSB along with this cryptic item:

STATEMENT OF IMPORTANCE—The mystery of the flying saucers is no longer a mystery. The source is already known, but any information about this is being withheld by orders from a higher source. We would like to print the full story in *Space Review*, but because of the nature of the information we are very sorry that we have been advised in the negative. We advise those engaged in saucer work to please be very cautious.

Bender's mysterious withdrawal amazed Gray Barker, one of his colleagues in the IFSB. After the visit of those three men, Bender had undergone a complete personality transformation. Alarmed, Barker dispatched two fellow IFSB members to visit the troubled investigator and record his comments. In his book *They Knew Too Much about Flying Saucers* Barker reproduces the strange interrogation:

Q— When did the three men visit you?

A— I can't answer that.

Q— Who were the men?

A— I can't answer that.

Q— Were they from the government?

A— I can't answer that.

Q— Can you tell me where you found your source of information?

A— I was turning a theory over and over in my mind. When I got some actual names and places to back it up, I submitted it to someone. Then the men came.

Q— Why can't you talk freely about these things?

A— Just before the men left one of them said, "I suppose you know you're on your honor as an American. If I hear another word out of your office you're in trouble."

Q— What will they do with you if you give out information?

A— Put me in jail and keep me shut up.

Q— How did the three men find out about your theory?

A— I wrote about it and was going to have it printed. I sent it to a friend of mine, and right after that the three men paid me a visit. They had my story with them.

Q— Were the men friendly with you?

A— They were pretty rough with me. Two men did all the talking, and the other kept watching me all the time they were here. He didn't take his eyes off me.

Q— What else did they do in your office besides talk?

A— They took the serial numbers of my tape recorders.

Q— Why do you delay answering each of my questions for a few seconds?

A— I'm afraid of slipping; if I do I can get into a lot of trouble.

Q— With this information you claim to know about the saucers, if you did write about it, and had it published, what would happen?

A— I would likely go down in history. Also I would go to jail for quite a long time.

Q— You said the three men who paid you the visit were pretty rough with you. Can you tell me just what you meant by that?

A— They were not too friendly.

But it wasn't just Bender. Down under,

Edgar Jarrold, the head of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau, began to notice his house under surveillance by two men in a black limo who waited all night. Within a few months, Jarrold too had closed shop. Then Barker learned of the travails of a friend from Canada who was fortunate enough to obtain a sample of a metallic-looking object that crashed while he was fishing. Smallwood (not his real name) sent it out for analysis, then got two visits from a man in black, warning him not to reveal the results of the testing. "Your recent activities are very, very undesirable," the stranger growled, "and if they are continued, they might be dangerous to you and your family. We would like to advise

Throughout the '50s and well into the late '60s, many UFO researchers were convinced that the U.S. government was involved in a massive cosmic Watergate.

you to cease all your activities connected with these fragments. Our second advice is to forget that such things as flying saucers exist." The visits left Smallwood on the brink of a nervous breakdown.

And then there was Stuart—John Stuart—a UFO buff from New Zealand. Seems he, too, had a fragment from a saucer. Then one night a phone call woke him up.

"Are you John Stuart? The John Stuart who is interested in what Earth men call 'flying saucers'?" The voice was an odd monotone, almost mechanical. Stuart identified himself.

"I want you to stop interfering in matters that do not concern you! You have been warned."

But Stuart ignored the warning. It was harder to ignore the doorbell that rang with no one around. And the empty mock-ups that paraded around the living room. And, of course, the visit from that strange man. Stuart wrote Barker a farewell note in 1955:

I had a visit from a bloke who offered me some advice—after he had left I felt I should listen to what he said. You see, I had a piece of grey-white metal and—well, now I haven't got it! Our friend "thought" he had more right to it than I. I have learned a lot about UFOs from this lad—oh yes, he told me a lot—too much maybe, for my own personal safety. It is easy to understand, I think, why he told me what he did. It was

meant to scare hell out of me—it did! You will be curious as to where I got my piece of "metal." It fell from a UFO. The next night, before leaving for Auckland, my visitor called on me. I can't, at the moment, tell you any more for it is too much for me to do. In short, I'm not game to go against my "orders." And for God's sake be careful, Gray!

Caution: Viewing flying saucers can be hazardous to your health. That was the conclusion of the early UFO buffs who received visits from these mysterious men. And, as we entered the 1960s, more and more reports of MIB activity began cropping up throughout the country. But who were these strange visitors? They often produced air-force intelligence identification and introduced themselves by name. Invariably, when the witnesses bothered to check out these credentials,

MIBs were showing up all over, in some cases attempting to run down unfortunate UFO witnesses with their shiny black Cadillacs.

the air force had no record of the alleged officers.

Which only added fuel to the fire. For throughout the '50s and well into the late '60s, many UFO researchers were convinced that the U.S. government was involved in a massive cosmic Watergate. So it was logical that MIBs were seen as government agents, maybe AFI (Air Force Intelligence), maybe CIA, maybe DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency), but at any rate functioning to suppress any data that might point to the existence of the saucers and in the process intimidating witnesses who might want to communicate their UFO experiences. By 1967, there were so many reports of alleged air-force interference with UFO witnesses that a confidential letter went out from the Pentagon to all commands on February 15:

Information has reached headquarters USAF that persons claiming to represent the air force or other defense establishments have contacted citizens who have sighted unidentified flying objects. In one reported case, an individual in civilian clothes, who represented himself as a member of Norad [North American Air Defense Command], demanded and received photos belonging to a private citizen. In another, a person in an air-force uniform approached local police and other citizens who had sighted a UFO, assembled them in a schoolroom and told them that they did not see what they thought they saw and that they should not talk to anyone about the sighting. All military and civilian per-

sonnel and particularly information officers and UFO-investigating officers who hear of such reports should immediately notify their local OSI [Office of Special Investigations] offices.

(Signed)

Hewitt T. Wheless, Lt. Gen. USAF
Asst. Vice Chief of Staff

One case that never crossed Wheless's desk occurred a few months after the air-force directive. It seems that in 1966, an Owatonna, Minnesota, woman, Mrs. Ralph Butler, had had a close encounter with a UFO. Over the next few years she had recurring headaches, strange telephone problems and creative noises and weird voices coming out of her CB radio. Then, in May of 1967, she received a visit from Richard French, an air-force major. French was about five feet nine inches tall, with an olive complexion and pointed features. He wore a gray suit, white shirt and a black tie, but his long dark hair seemed a bit odd for someone of the military persuasion. He was very interested in CB and UFOs, he told Mrs. Butler. He also told her his stomach was bothering him. She suggested some Jell-O. He declined but added that if his stomach ailment continued he would come back and take her up on her offer.

The next morning, the doorbell rang again. Again it was Major French, immaculate in his brand-new clothes. Seems his stomach was still on the blink. Being the hospitable Midwesterner, Mrs. Butler got some Jell-O from the fridge and slid the big bowl in front of the troubled officer. Then the Butlers realized that something was rotten in Minnesota. Major French had picked up the bowl and was trying to drink the Jell-O. It was clear the MIBs had something new up their sleeves.

Or legs. On January 9, 1967, there was a knock on the front door of the Edward Christiansen home in Wildwood, New Jersey. A few months before, the Christiansens had seen a UFO. Now there was a very strange-looking man at the front door. He was at least six feet six inches tall, wearing a fur hat with a black visor and a long black coat made of very thin material, especially for the freezing temperature. He claimed to be from the Missing Heirs Bureau, looking for an Edward Christiansen who may be the recipient of a large inheritance. He had about 40 minutes' worth of questions.

But suspicions were aroused when he removed his hat, revealing a grotesquely large and round head and a severe crew cut. His eyes bulged with the intensity usually associated with an overactive thyroid. The most bizarre feature, however, was the thick green wire that was attached to the inside of his leg, revealed when he sat down on the couch. It ran out of his black socks and disappeared under his trousers.

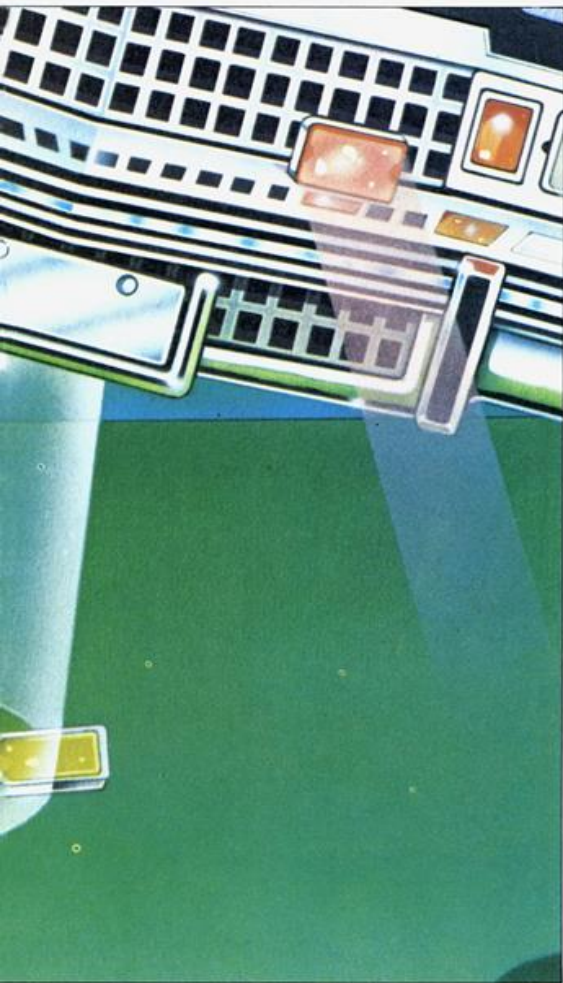
He also had difficulty breathing and his questions were punctuated by strange



wheeling. And what questions! He asked Ed if he had any scars or birthmarks. All the schools he had attended. The family's automobile. He also asked if they would be willing to fly anyplace in the United States to collect the inheritance. As the interrogation proceeded, the stranger's face grew redder and redder and he finally asked Mrs. Christiansen for a glass of water. He took out a huge yellow capsule, washed it down, and within minutes seemed normal again. As normal as a 300-pound wired MIB can get.

After 40 minutes, he was through. Mrs. Christiansen, sensing something funny, watched as he walked away from the house. His strange black gumshoes made a loud squishing sound. When he reached the road, he made a slight hand gesture and a shiny black 1963 Cadillac pulled up in the darkness, with its headlights off. The stranger got in and the car left. The next morning, Ed was alone when the phone rang. It was a female from the Missing Heirs Bureau. They had found their Ed Christiansen in California. New Jersey's Ed Christiansen wasn't surprised.

Ed was surprised a few days later. For a few nights straight, Ed's kids had heard strange sounds emanating from the roof, sounds that got so loud it seemed that the whole house was shaking. The second night the hammering sounds were supplemented by heavy footsteps crunching around in the snow outside the house. Ed's daughter's boyfriend looked out the win-



dow and spotted a tall figure scampering away from the house. Some clown in a long white cape who leaped a five-foot-high fence like a steeplechase horse. An MIW!

The next morning, January 16, Ed checked the backyard for footprints. He found them. They were huge, humanlike, deeply recessed into the snow. They ran up to the fence, continued on the other side and went on up to the wall of an old abandoned shed. Then *nada*. Apparently MIWs don't even need Cadillacs.

As the '60s faded into the '70s, the MIB reports got weirder and weirder. Strange telephonic activity. MIB prophecies of impending disasters that had better track records than Jeane Dixon. MIB doppelgängers who impersonated famous UFO researchers like John Keel and Gray Barker, sowing confusion and paranoia among the ranks of the UFO cognoscenti, a subset of the population that already had an abundance of those traits. MIBs were showing up all over, in some cases attempting to run down unfortunate UFO witnesses with their shiny black Cadillacs. A psychologist recently reported an MIB encounter in his private office. It seems he had a UFO tape. A strange little guy came in and demanded the tape. The doctor demurred. To show his intent, the little visitor asked the doctor to pull a coin out of his pocket; when the doctor did so, the tape seeker disintegrat-

ed the coin, hinting that he'd turn the doctor into M.D. mush unless the tape was produced. But before he could carry out his threat, the poor little guy seemed to run down like a clock and finally ran out the door. It was as if the phenomenon was beginning to parody itself.

So what do we have here? A bunch of sunburned creeps running around, scaring the shit out of some National Star subscribers who are dumb enough to think that the baby Jesus is coming back on a UFO shuttle and he's going to take over, kick that born-again brat's ass back to Plains and get the gas flowing, the assembly lines humming and appoint Richard Dreyfuss Secretary of Intergalactic Transportation. In other words, the MIB as a phenomenon is simply a festering pimple on the cosmic ass of the lunatic fringe, something to ignore while we concentrate on the real problems of the day. Like international terrorism, urban unrest, balloting by bullets. Who killed Kennedy? Beats me, but one thing's certain: The "umbrella man" on that infamous grassy knoll wasn't wearing a white Dior jumpsuit. And he didn't stick around to do any interviews, either.

Science-fiction writer Charles Fort was right! So was Chicken Little, for that matter, and just ask anybody in Perth, Australia. The MIBs and the whole murky, crazy-quilt world of flying saucers and UFOs, while shunned by respectable science and social science, will continue to make their nightly forays and creepy-crawls. Add the cattle mutilations and the various Bigfoot-type monsters that spring up every so often, throw in a few poltergeists for good measure and you begin to get the parameters of the problem. Somebody or something is fucking with our minds. Fort thought he had the answer. He felt that we were property. "I should say we belong to something," he wrote. "That once upon a time, this earth was no-man's land, that other worlds explored and colonized here and fought among themselves for possession, but that now it's owned by something: That something owns this earth—All others warned off."

A more sanguine possibility is that MIBs are merely manifestations of the collective unconscious, archetypes that have, in various guises, been around since time immemorial. Direct descendants of the elves, the little people, the Tricksters. The Trickster is sort of an archetypal Donald Segretti, a prank-playing supernatural entity who instructs and ultimately may benefit humankind through his childish amoral antics.

Tibetan Yogis speak of *tulpas*, which are visible and sometimes tangible thought-forms that assume independent existences under certain conditions. In this theory, similar thoughts, mental projections and emotional input add to the strength of the *tulpa*, allowing it to assume unrestrained growth in a complex feed-

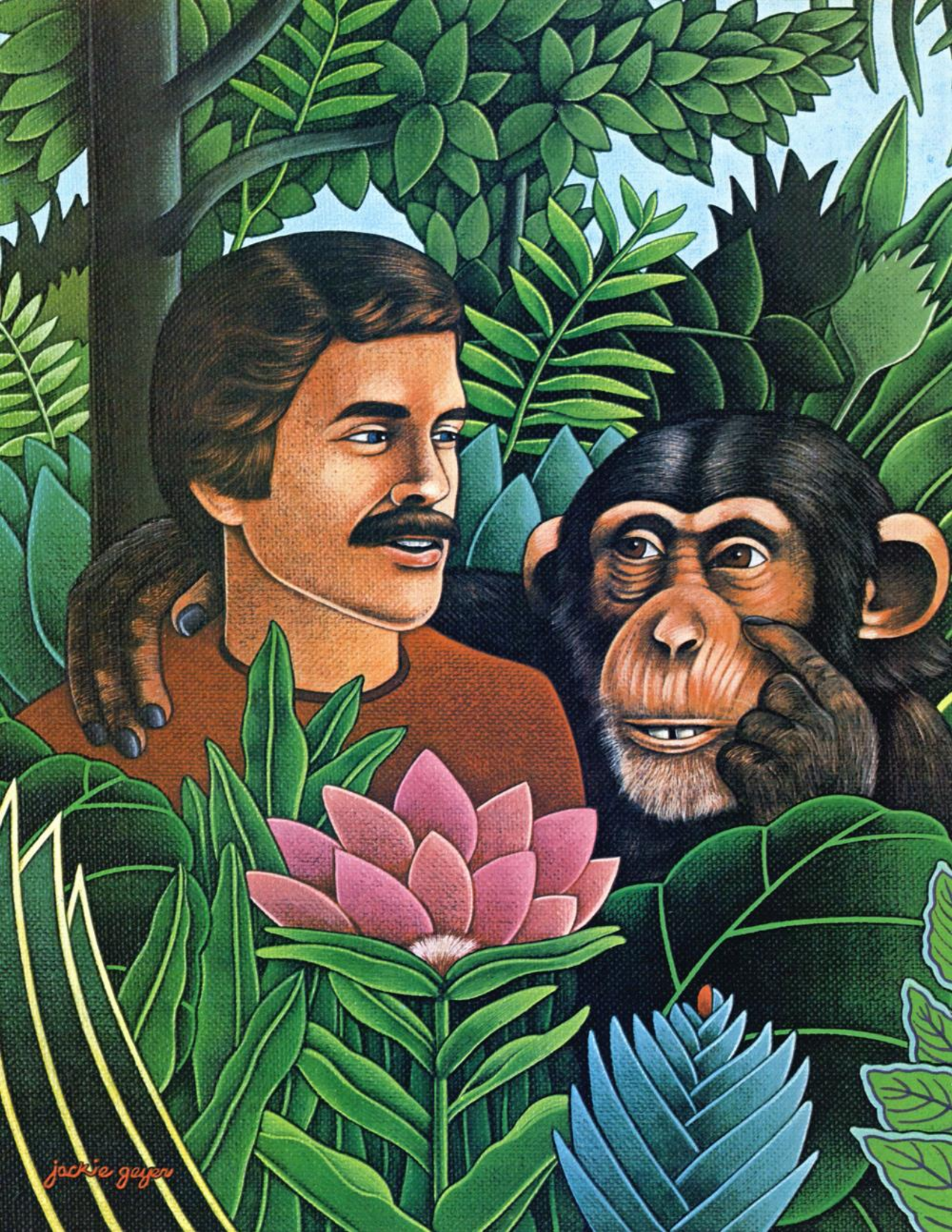
back situation. Sort of like, "We think, therefore you are." So the MIB might be just one big self-fulfilling prophecy.

But then again, it might not. Another Eastern mystical tradition posits a group of adepts known as the Brothers of the Shadow, entrusted to keep lay seekers away from the Answer—the Veil of Isis. The Brothers are not the friendliest guys; like the MIBs, they're evil and cunning, participating in a continual barrage of psychic hoaxes. They're also fond of threatening students of the occult who get too close to the Veil. Mme Blavatsky, an old adept, called them "the leading 'stars' on the great spiritual stage of 'materialization.'" It may just be a coincidence that the first book that Sirhan Sirhan requested in jail was Blavatsky's bible, *The Secret Doctrine*.

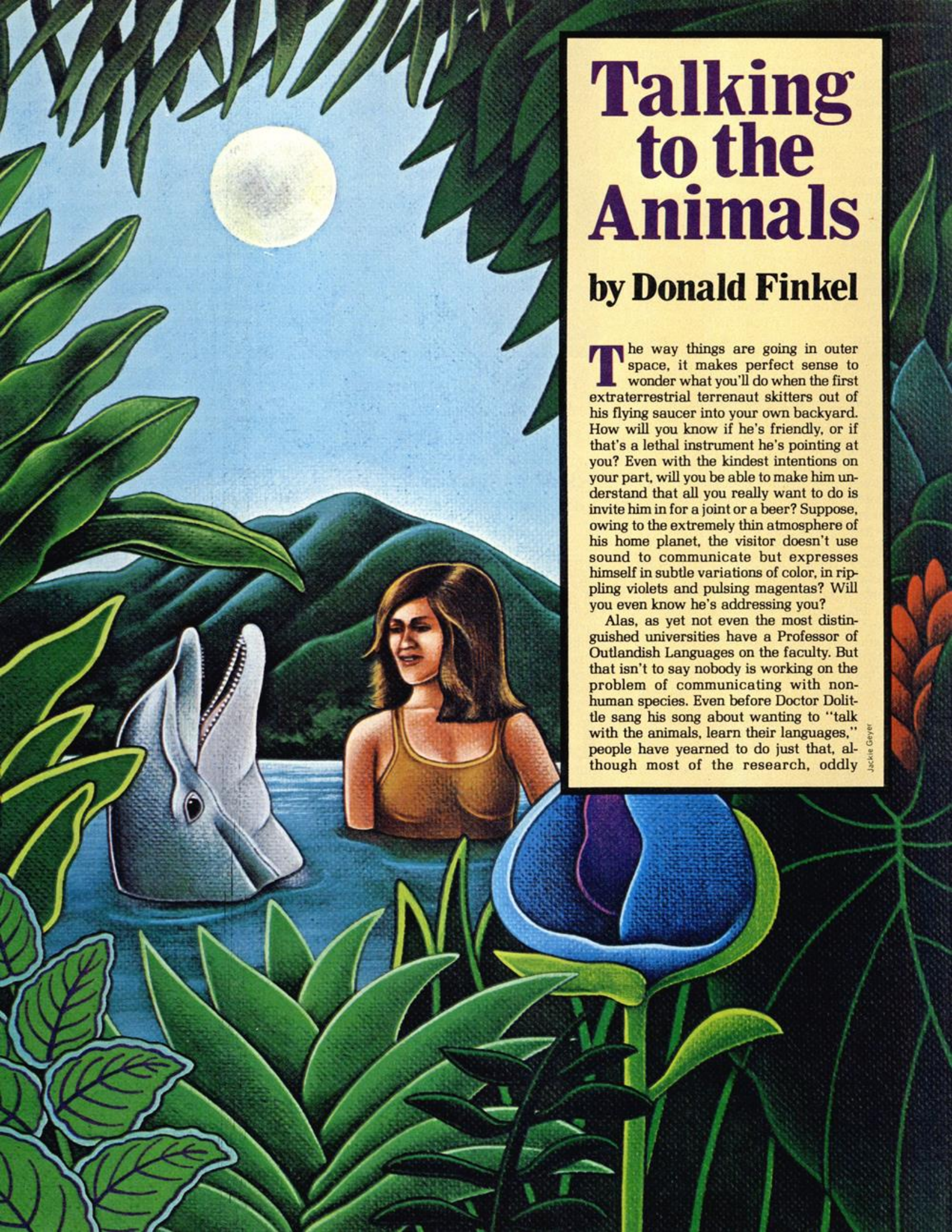
Add the cattle mutilations and Bigfoot-type monsters, throw in a few poltergeists for good measure and you begin to get the parameters of the problem. Somebody or something is fucking with our minds.

But be they *tulpas* or *schmulpas*, tricksters or elementals, it seems clear that the phenomenon will pass and pass and pass and keep on and on, as Charlie said. And it will conform to our patterns of belief, as it usually does. Today we keep our vampires on the screen. During Bondmania, the MIBs came on like sentinels from SMERSH. During the '70s, which was a parody of a decade, the MIBs were parodies of their former selves, pitiful little Orientals running out of batteries.

Will they survive into the '80s? Is the pope Polish? Are the Kennedys gun-shy? Just as the UFOs keep on coming on, flap after flap, so will the MIBs slither along in their wake. Only this time around they'll probably look different. Less Oriental, a little taller, more Semitic looking. They might wear long black capes and puffy black hats. Some may even sport patriarchal white beards. They'll probably huff and puff and wheeze a lot and prefer water to wine. Their messages might become more moralistic and less enigmatic. They might even talk about saving the world from sin and corruption by dressing everyone in black. But no need to be alarmed. After all, they're probably only products of our own warped collective unconscious. If they ever come around, just slap Cheap Trick on the turntable and blast out "Surrender." Odds are, they'll scurry out the door and hop into their shiny new black Toyotas. You asked for it. You got it. ☐



jackie geyer



Talking to the Animals

by Donald Finkel

The way things are going in outer space, it makes perfect sense to wonder what you'll do when the first extraterrestrial terrenaut skitters out of his flying saucer into your own backyard. How will you know if he's friendly, or if that's a lethal instrument he's pointing at you? Even with the kindest intentions on your part, will you be able to make him understand that all you really want to do is invite him in for a joint or a beer? Suppose, owing to the extremely thin atmosphere of his home planet, the visitor doesn't use sound to communicate but expresses himself in subtle variations of color, in rippling violets and pulsing magentas? Will you even know he's addressing you?

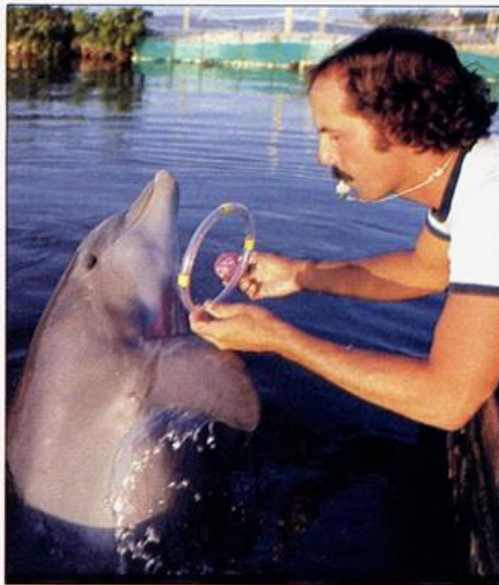
Alas, as yet not even the most distinguished universities have a Professor of Outlandish Languages on the faculty. But that isn't to say nobody is working on the problem of communicating with non-human species. Even before Doctor Dolittle sang his song about wanting to "talk with the animals, learn their languages," people have yearned to do just that, although most of the research, oddly

Jackie Geyer

enough, has been the other way around, in the direction of teaching certain animals to speak English. This is hardly practical. Dr. John C. Lilly warned in 1967: "If and when we encounter intelligent extraterrestrial communicating life-forms from other places in the universe, we will need results from communications research to apply there and then." Lilly himself spent many years trying to establish communication with the bottlenose dolphin, a species almost as alien to man as our visitor from outer space but one already demonstrated to be intelligent, friendly to humans and possessed of a complex set of vocal signals. Dolphins communicate with each other by means of two orifices on either side of the blowhole, speaking underwater in a combination of clicks, whistles, blats, bleeps and farts. The question Lilly posed was whether they could be taught to produce a reasonable facsimile of English.

On the island of St. Thomas, in the Caribbean, Lilly built a remarkable facility, combining large saltwater pools and laboratories. For several months in 1965 one of Lilly's young assistants, Margaret Howe, lived with a canny male dolphin, Peter, in a specially designed environment. At first, the object of the exercise was to teach Peter to speak by mimicking Margaret's sounds. He did his best to oblige, raising himself out of the water to produce faintly recognizable noises in the air. But there was an unexpected result: a relationship developed between Margaret and the dolphin. Isolated as he was from females of his own species, Peter fell in love with his teacher and attempted to initiate sexual relations with her. He began by nibbling at her legs, a typical dolphin sign of affection, but that hurt her so much she was compelled to fend him off with a broom. Gradually he learned to be more gentle. He would rub his open mouth slowly and softly up and down her legs, and his long sleek body against hers, until he achieved an erection—at which point he might become so excited as to forget himself and literally knock her off her feet. Eventually, however, they arrived at a tacit understanding. Margaret wrote, "He slides very smoothly along my legs, and I can easily rub his penis with either my hand or my foot. Peter accepts either and again seems to reach some sort of orgasm and relaxes. . . . It is a very precious sort of thing. Peter is completely involved, and I involve myself to the extent of putting as much love into the tone, touch and mood as possible. . . . We cannot help but respect his happiness!"

A less tantalizing quote from Margaret Howe is her account of an episode in which she responded to Peter as if he were the teacher and she the student: "One time I let him ramble on and on, but I tried to copy all of his sounds. The tape was interesting. I was surprised at how well I was able to copy at least his pitch



William R. Curtin

The dolphin would rub his mouth slowly and softly up and down the teacher's legs, and his sleek body against hers, until he got an erection.

. . . and how he seemed to test me with new combinations of sounds. . . ." Margaret clearly demonstrated her willingness to consider an alternative approach to communication, recognizing the possibility that the dolphin might become a more active partner in their interspecies adventure. Unfortunately, the project was not designed to follow up these implications of Peter's actions as language instructor.

Lilly eventually suspended his dolphin research. "I closed the dolphin laboratory," he said, "because I did not want to run a concentration camp for my friends." Recently, however, he has been tooling up to resume his investigations, but with a significant shift in approach. Instead of trying to teach the dolphins English, he will attempt to work in terms of their own methods of communication. He reasons that dolphin language is probably based on "acoustic pictures," similar to the sonarlike echoes by which dolphins "see" in their natural ocean environment. Dolphins transmit and receive information much more rapidly than humans, although they've tried in the past to accommodate themselves to our slowness, as well as to our lower-frequency range of transmission. To simplify matters for the dolphins, Lilly intends to utilize special sound transformers called "vocoders," as well as high-speed computers. He has named his program the JANUS (Joint Analog Numerical Understanding System) project.

Lilly expects that he'll soon be able to begin transmitting to dolphins in sonic

code comprising 64 basic signals. Because of the difficulty of attracting and sustaining the attention of dolphins in the wild, Lilly says he'll first have to do a couple of years' work with captive dolphins in oceanariums, in either California or Florida, perfecting his equipment and techniques. But his ultimate aim is to communicate with dolphins in their natural context. He says there are a lot of bored dolphins in captivity for whom he might be able to provide a certain amount of distraction and intellectual challenge. Lilly has been careful in the past not to criticize the oceanariums publicly, because of the profound influence they've had in educating the general public, making it aware of the existence and the intelligence of dolphins, though in a circus atmosphere. "If it weren't for the oceanariums," he has noted, "I would not have been able to do my initial work."

Back in 1977, I received the text of a proposal by another enterprising organization, calling itself Dolphin Embassy. It quoted the words of the well-known astronomer Carl Sagan: "Though the search for extraterrestrial intelligence may take a very long time, we could not do better than to start with a program of rehumanization by making friends with the whales and dolphins." The group was seeking financial support for the construction of a special ferro-cement craft, not so much a boat as a "floating communications station conceived to maximize close human/dolphin interaction on a long-term basis in the open sea environment." They intend to set up this station on the Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Australia, whose waters are populated with numerous species of whales and dolphins. They plan to employ a crew of men and women with experience not only in the fields of electronics, marine biology and oceanography, but in art, music, film and videotape as well. Such an ambitious and multifaceted program had never been proposed before. Curtis Schreier, the architect who designed the communications station, told me that, though they had attempted a few smaller experiments (one of them playing music on specially constructed percussion instruments to dolphins off the coast of Baja California), they are still trying to gather adequate funding for their major project.

The recent quickening of interest in dolphin and whale behavior is due in part to Lilly's pioneering research and to the work of Roger Payne, who has recorded the songs of the humpback whale as well as the voices of blue and white whales. The continuing struggle of organizations like the Greenpeace Foundation to publicize the plight of these remarkably intelligent sea mammals, and to prevent the extinction of many species by commercial whaling and fishing interests, has dramatically underscored the need to step up such research.

A few years ago, Dr. Louis Herman of the University of Hawaii developed a 12-word sonic language. He was on the verge of establishing two-way communication when two of his former assistants set free the dolphins with which he had been working, because the assistants had begun to entertain doubts as to the morality of experimentation on captive creatures. At Marineland in St. Augustine, William Langbauer carried out several experiments with dolphins, using magnetized symbols displayed on the side of the tank, beneath the surface of the water. However, the amount of research focused primarily on the problem of communication has been relatively slight.

One explanation for the curious reluctance of many scientists to venture into this fascinating area is the potentially threatening nature of what may be found there. One of the fundamental assumptions of Western culture has always been that *Homo sapiens* alone has the capacity for language. Indeed, it is believed that it is this very capacity that distinguishes humans from the rest of animal creation, enabling us to transmit information, whether technological or cultural, from one generation to the next. For many years, as writer Emily Hahn discovered when she began investigating recent achievements in animal communication, this belief continued to appear valid. In spite of repeated attempts, including the well-known cases of apes raised in human households, no one had ever actually succeeded in getting any primate to talk. Then came the breakthrough discovery that this failure was due to the fact that although the primates, particularly chimpanzees, have faces that closely resemble the human face, the internal anatomical construction of the chimpanzee vocal apparatus differs in crucial ways from ours. In fact, the anatomy of the chimpanzee's throat makes it impossible for a chimp to form the sounds necessary for human speech.

It then occurred to some scientists at the University of Nevada that the inability to communicate by vocal sounds might not necessarily mean that a chimp could not grasp the fundamentals of verbal communication, once the words had been translated into—for example—the language of gestures widely used by the deaf. And so, about 15 years ago, B.T. and R.A. Gardner and Roger Fouts began to teach a young female chimpanzee named Washoe the American Sign Language (Ameslan), with gratifying results. Because of the enormous strength and reputed belligerence of males at sexual maturity, most of the early experimental chimps were female. Fouts reports that the difficulties encountered by conventional researchers working with even mature females has led most specialists to assume that it is extremely dangerous to work with them after about the age



Dr. Ronald H. Cohn / The Gorilla Foundation

Koko has invented her own ingenious names for various objects, calling a ring a "finger bracelet" and her Pinocchio-doll "elephant baby."

of eight, although Fouts claims these fears have been greatly exaggerated and are the result of the essentially inhumane conditions imposed on the chimps under ordinary laboratory conditions. Because of this fear, however, investigators concerned with communication have found it difficult to obtain funding to carry on their work with the chimps once they have reached maturity.

The Gardners had acquired Washoe as an infant. She lived in a house trailer in their backyard. Whenever they spoke to her they used sign language, going so far as to use it to communicate with each other when she was present. Washoe was never left alone during her waking hours. As she climbed trees, played in her sandbox and went through her daily routines, she was always accompanied by at least one member of the research team, who chatted with her in Ameslan. In a remarkably short time Washoe was able both to recognize and to use the Ameslan signs she had been taught. She soon progressed to using sequences of signs in order to communicate her needs; for example, instead of banging on a door she wanted opened, Washoe would sign, "Hurry open door," or, "Open gimme key." She and other experimental animals have since surprised their teachers by combining known signs for familiar objects into new and often oddly expressive phrases to describe unfamiliar things—a Brazil nut is a "rock berry," watermelon is "candy drink" or "drink fruit," and chewing tobacco is "string pipe food."

At Emory University in Atlanta, Duane

Rumbaugh tried another approach. He kept a chimp named Lana in a Plexiglas enclosure furnished with a computer console. By pressing the right keys in the correct order, Lana learned to manipulate a bank of food and drink dispensers, a tape player and a film projector. By punching such messages as "Please machine make music," Lana could turn on a few minutes of the Rolling Stones; or she could ask to be shown a segment of the film *Primate Growth and Development* (her favorite flick). Within a couple of years, Lana could carry on extensive conversations through the computer, not only asking for food or entertainment but responding directly to such queries as "What is this?" when the investigator, outside her enclosure, held up a shoe, a banana or some other object. Unfortunately, both her responses and the expressions initiated by her were severely limited by the programming of the computer. Computer technology does not leave any room for creativity, whether man's or chimp's, once the machine has been programmed.

Somewhat similar experiments with a different chimp, Sarah, were going on under the direction of David Premack at Santa Barbara. Using metal-backed plastic symbols on a magnetized board, Sarah learned within a year to construct such complex sentences as "If Sarah give red card to Mary, then Mary give candy to Sarah." After Sarah reached sexual maturity, Premack decided to try substituting an immature male chimpanzee, named Walnut, for the candy. Walnut was the first male of her species that Sarah had seen since she was about nine months old, and her response when they were first introduced was to embrace him and take his penis in her mouth, to their evident mutual enjoyment. "If Sarah is good, then Mary give Sarah Walnut," they wrote on the board outside her cage. Alas, Premack reported, although such procedures improved Sarah's work habits, it was necessary to tear the two screaming animals apart after a few minutes to get on with the lessons, and the use of prepackaged sex was abandoned "on grounds both of possible injury to Walnut and of its repugnant character." Nobody thought to ask Sarah how she felt about that.

Another chimp, Lucy, reared in the relatively permissive atmosphere of psychotherapist Maury Temerlin's household, was luckier. She managed to form a one-sided liaison with a Montgomery Ward vacuum cleaner, which she learned to switch on whenever she felt horny. She would run the nozzle back and forth over her body, especially her turgid pussy, switching from suction to blowing, until she achieved orgasm. Lucy also discovered the pleasures of alcohol. "In some ways," Temerlin remarked in the book he wrote about the project, "Lucy is an ideal drinking companion. She is very apprecia-

tive, always making sounds of great delight when offered a drink. She never gets obnoxious, even when smashed to the brink of unconsciousness. Alcohol relaxes her, and it improves her sense of humor, for she laughs and laughs, tickling herself, posturing before a mirror, and making 'crazy' faces and laughing at them." Although Emily Hahn writes that Lucy recently switched to martinis, like many human imbibers she used to prefer gin and tonic in the summertime and whiskey sours or Jack Daniels with (yecch!) 7-Up in the winter. She'd stretch out with a cocktail and a magazine, preferably Playgirl (she loved the nude male centerfold); lacking that, she'd settle for a National Geographic or Psychology Today, turning the pages slowly and commenting to herself from time to time in Ameslan. As she came to each photo of a male nude in Playgirl, her excitement visibly increased, and she'd stare at the penis, or scratch at it with her finger, emitting a low, guttural "uh-uh-uh-uh."

A good number of chimps have discovered the pleasures of tobacco. At the institute, I watched one burn off a pipeful in three or four humongous drags, holding her breath after each one so that hardly a trickle of smoke escaped—all the while standing on her head in the red Oklahoma dust. When I tried to pick up the pipe, I found it almost incandescently hot. As a matter of fact, chimps have a much higher pain threshold than humans and sometimes injure people unintentionally, after which they are profusely apologetic. One of the researchers at the institute told me that when he was working with Lucy several years ago, she bit his hand a little harder than she'd intended, in an access of excitement, necessitating several stitches. When he saw her again several weeks later, she hurried over to him and solicitously examined his wound. "What's that?" he signed to her, wondering if Lucy really recalled the incident. "Lucy hurt Bob," she signed back. "Why Lucy hurt Bob?" he persisted. "I don't know," she replied, which was obviously the truth. Every time she saw Bob thereafter, once even after a year's interval, she'd request to see his scar, signing to him, "Lucy hurt Bob," and "Lucy sorry."

Lucy's facility with Ameslan (her teacher was Roger Fouts) was at least as remarkable as Washoe's. By now there are numerous chimps around the country who are adept at using Ameslan. And at Stanford University, Penny Patterson claims to have taught a gorilla, Koko (now about eight years old), to use about 375 signs. Like the chimps, Koko has invented her own ingenious names for various objects, calling a ring a "finger bracelet" and her Pinocchio doll "elephant baby." Contrary to popular belief, gorillas, though enormously powerful, are essentially gentle, shy and tractable creatures, perhaps even milder than chimpanzees.

Sitting under a tree with Roger Fouts at the Institute for Primate Studies at Norman, Oklahoma, we discussed one of the most intriguing aspects of Fouts's research: the possibility of the chimps' using Ameslan to communicate among themselves. When Washoe was first introduced to the other chimps at the institute, she attempted to get them to share goodies with her by signing such requests as "Gimme berry" or "Gimme banana," but to her dismay they paid no attention to her gestures. When she changed her tactics, signing instead,

If animals share our capacity for speech, how do we know they don't share the power of reasoning and the consciousness of self traditionally ascribed to humans alone?

"Come hug," she began to get results. Two younger chimps, Booie and Bruno, have often been observed signing to each other. Fouts is particularly interested in observing to what extent Washoe succeeds in teaching Ameslan to her offspring. Washoe has been living for the past few months with an adopted son, now about a year old, whom she has already taught several signs, which he clearly understands and has learned to use in the correct contexts. Other researchers have already determined that even lower orders of simians are capable of passing on new cultural information, such as new food-gathering methods, from generation to generation. Assuming that the acquisition of language would dramatically widen the horizons of chimpanzees, there is no telling what effect it might eventually have on their future evolution.

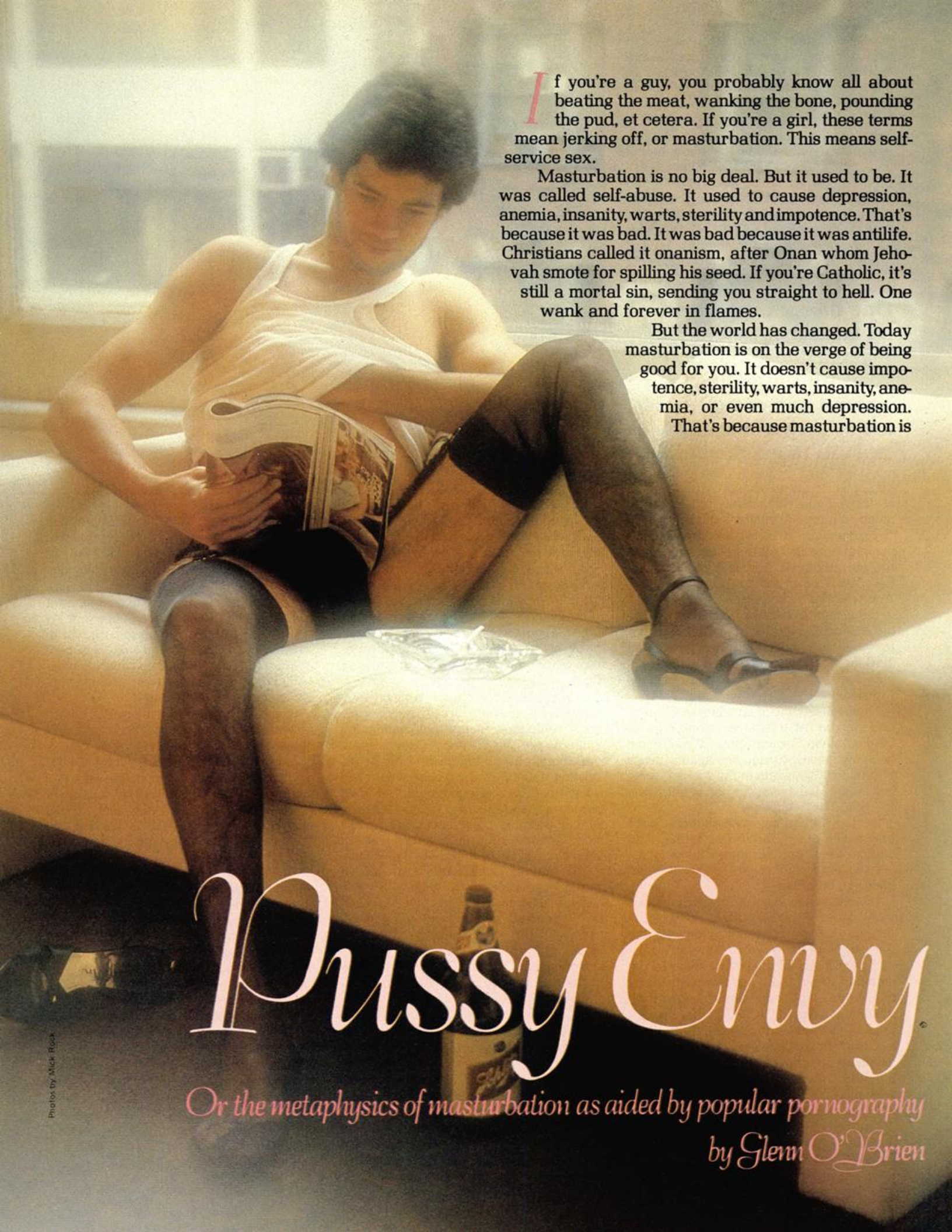
Recently, Herbert Terrace of Columbia University, after four years of teaching the chimpanzee Nim Chimsky sign language, has reported that he now believes he overestimated the ape's capacity for language. Much of Nim's behavior, he concludes, was the result of responses to the teacher's unconscious cues; he notes also that Nim rarely initiated signing on his own, and that he never comprehended the nature of two-way conversation. He now claims that the results of earlier experiments with apes were likewise unreliable.

Several researchers were quick to reply. Penny Patterson thinks Terrace's findings are the result of the relative brevity of his project. Washoe's original teacher, R.A. Gardner, believes it might take as long as 20 years to teach an ape true syntax. He continues, "The problem with all of Dr. Terrace's claims is that he keeps

changing his definitions. If Washoe signs after being asked a question, he claims that's prompting. If she signs something she's seen her teacher sign, that's imitation. If she repeats something she said before, that's a result of behavior reinforcement, and if she signs something only once, that's an anecdote. If you use the same criteria to judge human children, you'd have to conclude that they don't have language either." A couple of years ago, in fact, the linguist John Limber made just such an assertion. "Washoe, like most children during their second year, has achieved a considerable degree of proficiency in using arbitrary symbols to communicate. This is not to say, however, that Washoe or most two-year-old children use a human language." It would appear that some scientists will go to any length to avoid admitting that apes are capable of human language.

In spite of the lip service paid to Darwin's theories of evolution, strenuous opposition still exists within the scientific establishment to any idea that threatens the credo that humans are somehow special, and that their position in the universe is central to it. If it can now be demonstrated that the single characteristic hitherto assumed to belong to *Homo sapiens* alone is shared by other animals, many new and threatening questions arise. If certain animals share our capacity for speech, how do we know they don't share other traits, such as the power of reasoning and consciousness of self, that have traditionally been ascribed to humans alone? And if they do share these traits, how can we justify our continued dominance over them? Will we not then be obliged to consider animals "individuals," entitled to "rights" similar to those guaranteed us by the Constitution? What will happen to medical research?

The scientific community continues to look on interspecies communication research with grave suspicions. Whatever the reason for this suspicion, the result is continuing lack of funds. It was lack of funds that cut short Dr. Terrace's project involving Nim Chimsky. Without funds, research comes to a standstill. John Lilly believes that if such research were undertaken it would indicate to an interested extraterrestrial civilization that *Homo sapiens* was ready at last to relinquish both "human chauvinism" and predatory attitudes toward other species. Until then, he warns off all such possible visitors. "With our depredations committed against one another and our depredations upon whales, making cat (and dog) food out of their bodies, I advise all extraterrestrial beings off this very dangerous planet," he has written. It is to be hoped that terrenaunts will heed Lilly's words and stay out of our backyards until we humans manage to establish a better working relationship with the other intelligent species on our own planet. ■



If you're a guy, you probably know all about beating the meat, wanking the bone, pounding the pud, et cetera. If you're a girl, these terms mean jerking off, or masturbation. This means self-service sex.

Masturbation is no big deal. But it used to be. It was called self-abuse. It used to cause depression, anemia, insanity, warts, sterility and impotence. That's because it was bad. It was bad because it was antilife. Christians called it onanism, after Onan whom Jehovah smote for spilling his seed. If you're Catholic, it's still a mortal sin, sending you straight to hell. One wank and forever in flames.

But the world has changed. Today masturbation is on the verge of being good for you. It doesn't cause impotence, sterility, warts, insanity, anemia, or even much depression. That's because masturbation is

Pussy Envy

Or the metaphysics of masturbation as aided by popular pornography
by Glenn O'Brien

good. Well, maybe not good, exactly, but okay, certainly. It might still be antilife, but there's a life glut now. It takes the pressure off. Everybody does it. Even if they don't talk about it. It used to be that nobody talked about it. Now you can talk about it. Even, thanks to Patti Smith, girls. But this new talking about masturbation hasn't had much effect on the media's approaches to masturbation. It's still not really covered at all, especially considering the megareams devoted to every other sort of sex act. One doesn't read articles on the subject in major magazines, and that's pretty funny because about one out

One doesn't read articles on masturbation in major magazines, and that's pretty funny because about one out of three major magazines exists as an aid to masturbation.

of three major magazines exists pretty much as an aid to masturbation.

That's right, girls. See, most girls don't really realize that all those sex magazines are for jerking off. Yes, they are. But then boys won't often tell you that, will they? And why the fuck not?

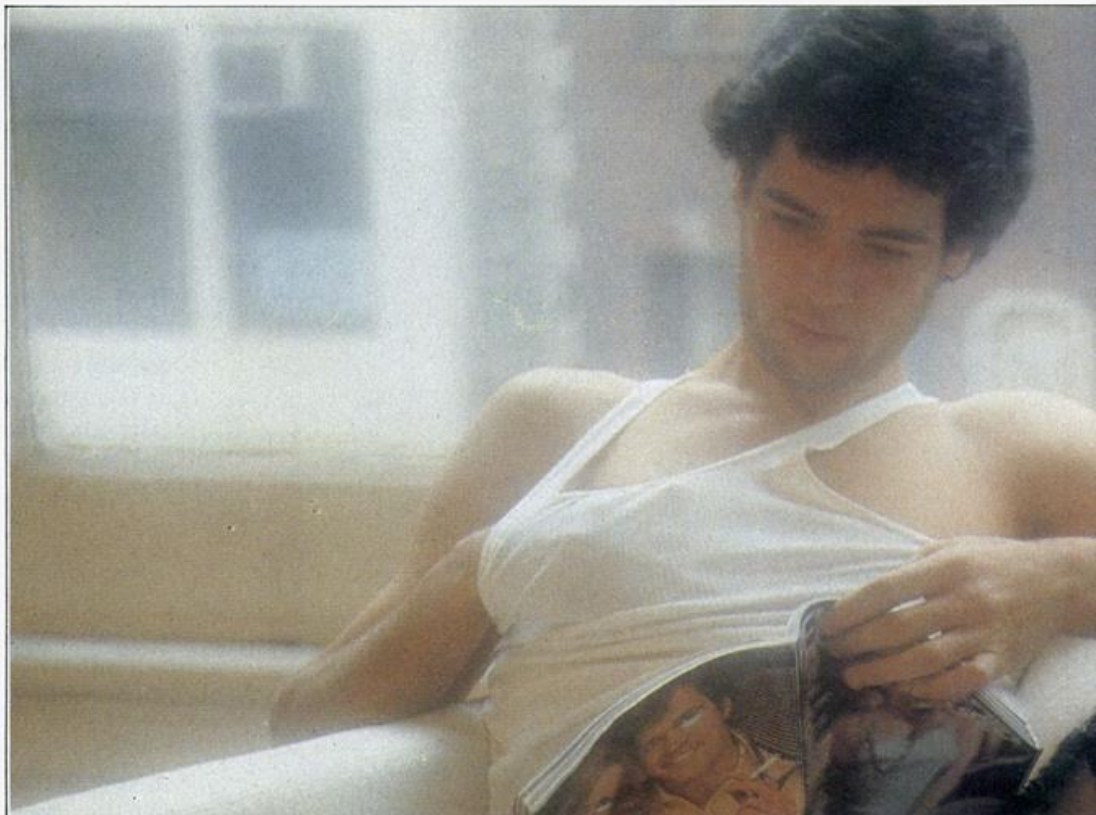
Some months back I reported on a "sexual science" conference I attended that provided few moments of enlightenment (and these were in reaction) and no thrills whatsoever. But there were a few crumbs for thought that stayed with me.

One was the title of an otherwise boring and impenetrable lecture: "Male Envy of the Female in Pornography." It may have been my mood, or prejudice against prose that doesn't translate to the spoken word, but I think all the lecturer had to offer was the title. That's enough.

Actually, I had known it all along, but I had never put it in clinical terms. And clinical terms brought it into sharp focus. It's there all right. And it's big. It could blow the lid off sex.

Sounds ridiculous at first, perhaps, but let's go over it slowly. Male Envy of the Female in Pornography. Repeat the phrase. Now each word. Now let's take each word. Let's start with envy. In the canon of Freud there are few pathologies of greater significance than "penis envy," which has done for the girls what Freud's take on Oedipus did for boys. Almost any manifestation of female sexuality outside psycho-kosher might be attributable to the horrible trauma of discovering that one was missing a common, though undeniably interesting, organ.

I'm sure there's *something* to it. I'm sure there is plenty of penis envy out there and I'm sure I've met a few women who had



some. But the problem is that it's been blown up all out of proportion. This has been observed by feminists who have tended to discredit the idea altogether.

But it seems to me that the problem of penis envy will only be licked when we're ready to tackle an equally devastating envy that's more dangerous because it's not talked about. Maybe not even realized. Pussy envy. For every woman suffering from penis envy, there is at least one man, if not more, suffering from pussy envy.

That penis envy is more famous than pussy envy is no doubt directly attributable to the prejudices of the male-dominated "science" of psychology. Babies want everything, and no doubt the little brats, knowing nothing of the world, would like to have both sets of equipment. (Little do they know!) And since our culture makes a point of keeping these specialized parts under wraps, envy is a natural result when kiddo realizes that there's no choice in the matter. Complications result, of course, depending on the gender of those most admired/desired. But I've never seen any evidence pointing to a general preference for penises among infants.

If penis envy in girls is further complicated when they are barred from male-oriented play, et cetera, boys suffer from a similar role enforcement. Pussy envy may thus be related to transvestism, which sexual scientists have shown to be very widespread among children. It may be related to homosexuality or anal sexuality. But I think that it is so common, if not universal, that its greatest social impact is on heterosexual behavior, or rather, on the behavior of heterosexuals.

It is commonly held that it is quite possi-

ble to be a heterosexual transvestite. Indeed, transvestism is a common institution in surprisingly straight contexts from frat house to prime time because it is funny (if it's not too good a job). Cross-dressing emphasizes the role-playing aspect of sexuality. Putting on a dress is like putting on a psychic pussy. Some men just like to try it on for size. But it's also an experiment in masculinity. Drag heightens every aspect of maleness. Covering it up shows you exactly where it's at: the hands, Adam's apple, posture, et cetera.

Ironically, pussy envy is probably more powerful and significant among "macho" heterosexual men, rather than sissies. A macho man is one whose personality is devoted to playing the masculine role. The macho man likes men and loves women. He does not ostensibly like women or love men. He has chosen to restrict his vision so that he does not understand femininity except as "the opposition," something to be dealt with in a formal, if not ritualistic manner. The macho man loves the "total woman." The total woman seeks to understand the macho man by professing that she will never understand and that that's the way of the world. For both the macho man and the total woman, sex is a lot like fighting.

In America, as in many other sexual trouble spots around the world, it's often hard to get satisfaction. The average hetero male grew up in an environment polluted with contradictory Pavlovian sex orders that bombarded him simultaneously with both rigid taboos and highly provocative arousal messages. These messages were everywhere, especially in entertainment, advertising and education. Do-don't-do-don't-do. The average hetero female



had the same shit, but worse. The female was taught that she had everything to lose while the boy could give a shit, and once in a while this was even true. As a result, it's a tradition in this country that one spends the first, hottest, most desperate years of sex life without sexual partners. Till one learns to "control" oneself. In theory this means learning about sex and social responsibilities. In practice, I suspect, for most men and women, this means learning about sex through masturbation.

Normal healthy teens want to fuck all day. When they can't they do it themselves. They jerk off. But since what they really want to do is fuck, masturbation becomes an act of fantasy, an imaginary fuck. This is where the brainwashing comes in.

Aiding the imaginative part of this process is the predominant role of pornography. The girls in the stroke books are literal sex objects. They are fucked in fantasy land, attached to a million hands.

The photo, remember, is a recent invention. It's been around for three generations out of thousands. "Primitives" run from the camera, so it won't steal their soul. But it has enabled hundreds of millions of sex-starved civilized men to fuck women who wouldn't sit next to them on the bus in a fantasy that looks even better than life.

If it weren't for photo aids man would have to jerk off to paintings of girls, and if there weren't paintings, he'd have to imagine girls in his head. And if he didn't even have that much imagination he might notice what's really happening. Homosexuality. He's jerking off a guy. Himself. But how many acts of masturbation are just a

guy getting down with Dick? That must be for homos. Girly porn makes masturbation safe for heterosexuals.

Maybe that's where pussy envy comes in. Or maybe later. But that's the facts. They must sell 20 million or so new 'zines a month, with hundreds of new chicks in all the right positions. Billions of image fucks. Probably the most efficient form of birth control ever devised, Hef. Billions of cases of photo-masturbation every month, billions of sperm swimming for their lives toward a two-dimensional target.

For the photo to be a true aid to arousal it must induce what they call in drama "a willing suspension of disbelief." On some level of consciousness this paper pussy works like the real thing. But on another it doesn't. A leap of faith is required of the masturbator. And he never gets quite where he's leaping to, but that's part of the bargain.

Consider the pictures. For the most part, photos intended for hetero male masturbation are always "bigger than life." In the most socially acceptable format, Playboy, the women have always been given a veneer of "naturalness" aiming for the girl-next-door effect. The object is not unattainable but cosmetics and retouching ensure that she is most perfect in her erotic normality. She is deceptively real, like a photo-realist painting. Her reality wasn't real enough, so it has been technologically augmented and as an image she is hyperreal.

In raunchier venues, the model's style varies widely—from the sex-mad neo-Victorian goddesses of Penthouse to the caricature hookers of Hustler—but few features present them in a context remotely resembling the sexual realities of their

consumers. The sinister result is that men become addicted to orgasm associated with a certain type of woman or a certain scenario that is often not available to them in real life, so their interest in actual interpersonal sex is greatly weakened. Men addicted to airbrushed hyperreal women would rather stay home and fuck a gorgeous magazine than go out for ordinary pussy.

If stroke books have rules, one of the big ones is stick to your bread and butter. The bread and butter is the tits and ass and pussy. The socially significant writing

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is important too (right?), but if you fuck up the girls you're not going to sell magazines. This doesn't just mean having the best, most beautiful girls or great repro or art direction. It means watching the trade taboos. For one thing, keep men out of the pictures. It's the kiss of death in the skin-book biz.

This is no longer an ironclad rule, and various magazines have made serious attempts to get men into the act. Oui, trying to be sophisticated, thought about it all the time and tried it subliminally, but gave it up. Born-again Hustler tried it on purportedly philosophical grounds but it wasn't what the Hustler reader wanted.

Men don't want men in there. They don't mind any number of chicks, but somehow a cock disturbs the equation of the fantasy.* Presumably this is because the masturbator wants to be alone with his girl or girls. He doesn't need a male physical body in the picture to enter. He just astrally projects through that dimensional wall and fucks her, right? But there are other important factors. Many men are embarrassed by male porn. They might accidentally look at the wrong person when they're coming. Or there might be another reason.

And that one is the craziest, but maybe for that reason, the actual principle behind this most observable taboo. Male Envy of the Female in Pornography. Pussy envy. What if the operative fantasy in every hetero-photo jerk is not that one is

*Women's fantasies are disturbed by cocks also. Women don't masturbate to the nude male models in Playgirl (which seems to sell mainly to a gay readership), but women do get off on Playboy, Oui, et cetera.

fucking the female here portrayed, getting into her pussy, but that one is the model, the pussy.

Now what evidence do we have for this preposterous theory, aside from the circumstantial fact that pix of men and women fucking don't sell. Well, we have an incredible lot of pictures to which we might apply the rudiments of critical analysis, and a lot of girl copy we could interpret like literature. So let's just make a couple of comments on the art of it.

What is the girl doing? It's not unlikely that if she's not eating another girl much like herself she's masturbating just like the "reader." But she's doing it elegantly, looking good, and getting paid for it. The "reader," however, is paying and no one has the slightest interest in his particular masturbation interludes. The partner (sic) is in this way a Goddess. She's free. She does what she wants, and obviously can have almost any man. She's desired by definition. The "reader" is by definition sexually needy. She is the opposite of the masturbator, but her masturbation makes her a partner. She too prefers fantasy.

The model, who probably doesn't have the slightest suspicion of the actual use her picture is put to, is the recipient of what every masturbator desires most: desire. As nameless and even faceless as these models may be, they are magnets of basic desire. The masturbator is someone who got into the habit because he wasn't desired.

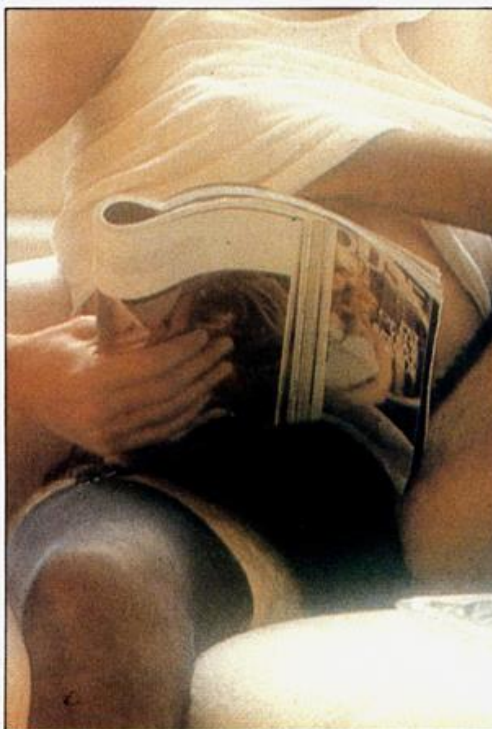
But he himself desired. Or did he desire himself?

Fantasy aside, masturbation is always homosexual. If the fantasy is hetero you've got a contradiction big enough to drive a diesel rig through.

When I was a teenager, teen ages ago, it wasn't easy for lusty minors to get ahold of Playboy for consolation. But I did, and never suspected that I really wanted to be the Playmate of the Month. I wanted to fuck them, or somebody. I remember that the most provocative porn of that still straitlaced period was in the pages of Evergreen magazine, which also happened to be the most radical and hip publication in the drugstore. Evergreen wasn't a skin 'zine. It was a leftish literary magazine that printed erotica and also realized that a few pages of skin regularly did wonders for circulation. But Evergreen's taste was kinks ahead of its time—almost invariably featuring extremely art-directed art photos of art models. It might be art, but it seems like crafts. Evergreen liked girls who liked girls.

Today, of course, the Evergreen aesthetic is the standard of the industry. The avant-garde was ahead even in jerking off. But why?

In the '70s Oui, and then Chic, initiated a major trend in porn aesthetics by presenting pussy in a style inspired by "high fashion," particularly the Euro-decadent vision of the Continental Vogues. Someone



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must have realized that men were jerking off to fashion magazines that were obviously less explicit but infinitely more suggestive. And maybe they noticed that Seventh Avenue had been selling bras, panties, bikinis, et cetera, et cetera, with intense suggestion. In Vogue beautiful women hold hands in their underwear, and lie together in exotic boudoirs talking girl talk. Obviously lesbian innuendo sells and gets away with it. But more than that. It seems like an important part of the program. "The girls want to be with the girls," says Talking Heads. And maybe the boys want to be girls with the girls.

Girl-on-girl shots give the jerker-off everything. Actual person-to-person sex can be realistically fantasized, but there is no intruding male posing identification problems. If the masturbating man were either of the girls in the picture, he could fuck the girl and be the girl too.

Actually, most straight guys are closet dykes. They believe that women have it better in certain ways (ironically, probably in sexual relations more than anything else), but only beautiful women, beautiful whores whom the world owes a living, the women they can't really fuck, the women they never meet. These men are not "at-

tracted" to other men. They are actually straight. They want to fuck women. But they'd rather do it, I suspect, as a beautiful blonde. Whom they suspect, I suspect, is a dyke anyway.

Complicated, huh? But the fantasy of being a beautiful lesbian gives a man the best part of both his sexo-schizo fantasies, and none of the things he doesn't want to think about. And the whole thing is so preposterous, what normal guy would realize that he was actually thinking this?

It's magic.

Helen of Troy's face might have launched a thousand ships, but that's small-time stuff compared to Miss January's booty, which will launch hundreds of billions of human seed on a lemminglike quest for a two-dimensional destination, a biological mirage. That's population control. That's magic.

Sex, as Aleister Crowley noted, is the most powerful tool of the magician. And magicians have devised many works that incorporate various sexual practices. But little consideration has been given to the magical nature of the "ordinary" sexual act.

We have seen how the average male masturbation is a psychic sleight of hand by which, through the window of a pussy icon, solo homo sex is transformed into a straight astral fuck, unless of course it is, underlying this, transsexual fantasy.

But that's all conjecture. Right, Hector?

We have also seen how mass consumption of porn for masturbation may tend to result in a mass addiction to certain sexual styles, certain stereotypes (archetypes?), certain scenarios. We have boldly guessed that maybe this tends to have a *limiting, governing effect on three-dimensional libido fulfillment*.

But there are a few other magical points worth considering, just for the sake of silliness.

Like what is the effect, other than financial, of the mass masturbation that inevitably accompanies the publication of a set of pix on the model whose image is the target. Might there be some psychic contact somewhere up dere? I once talked to Paul Krassner about these considerations when he was running Hustler, and he suggested that it might be interesting if a Playmate, or similar mass-consumption girl, were a psychic or sensitive.

What would she report? A giant bunny god flying through time and space, trailing souls like a comet? A goat in hare's clothing?

Are nude models unknowing mediums, plugged into a sexual fuse box designed to keep the world from overload? Or are nude models really running the universe?

I just don't know. Hef might, but he's not telling.

Calling Wilhelm Reich. Calling Wilhelm Reich. This is Earth calling Orgone Control. Do you read us? ☐

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Most liquor is 80 or 86 proof, which means that it is 40 or 43 percent alcohol. This arrangement seems to satisfy most people quite well. However, there are several liquors that have proofed themselves into headier regions. They start at 100 proof or 50 percent alcohol. These are the drinks collectively described as *overproof*—high-octane rotgut that embalms your liver and puts your brain to sleep. Or so goes their mystique. Part of the collective charm of overproof spirits is that they overpower: quickening the body's defenses and then settling the body's nerves. They provide, at times, a "thanks, I needed that" kick to the synapses. At other times, they make you meld with the furniture. Perhaps you needed that, too.

There is no chemical reason overproof liquors need to be overproof. The percentage of alcohol does not necessarily enhance any flavor inherent in a spirit's makeup. Nor does the high alcohol content stabilize any elements in the liquor. Yes, you do get drunker quicker on overproof hooch—all things being equal—than you would were you to drink the same amount of normally proofed booze. And, yes, you can tell by taste if a liquor is overproof if you drink it straight and have a modestly educated palate. In high concentrations alcohol burns tender oral tissue. Sometimes it smokes.

Presented here are several overproof liquors. They range from very fine spirits to stuff fit only to power heavy Soviet farm equipment.

Glenfiddich Single Malt Scotch Whisky, 101 proof. (N.B.: When referring to scotch, whiskey is spelled *whisky*.)

Scotch, of course, is what most parents drink. It is safe, upwardly mobile and, in many of its available incarnations, scotch has a too light, too inconsequential taste to be satisfying. That's because when Scotland decided, about 100 years ago, to export its one growth industry, it tried to blend several of its highly individual single malt whiskies into something that would be more marketable because it was less quirky—hence, blended scotch whisky. It is the same kind of thinking that has made all commercially ground coffees taste the same.



Now you too can go from **THE WORLD'S MOS**

The Celts had a tradition of distilling spirits in the home. It was as common for a young lady to excel at making whisky as it was for her to be a good cook. Each family had its own pot still into which they tossed the mash from their excess grain and came up with a smoky, pungent and powerful brew. When the Hanoverian kings cracked down on domestic stills and levied taxes on spirits, the hard-core distillers naturally went underground in the hills.

There are four types of single malt scotch whisky from four distinct geographical locations: the Highlands, which are light and not too smoky (Glenlivet and Speyside malts are considered the finest); the Lowlands, also light and even less smoky than Highland scotch; Campbeltown, very full-bodied and very smoky; and Islay, smoky, full and pungent. Blended scotch mixes a little bit from each region, though the preponderance is Highland whiskies. To my taste, an unblended single malt whisky is the only scotch worth drinking. For a real taste treat, check out Lafoig scotch—an Islay single malt. It is so smoky and pungent it is practically oily.

Glenfiddich at 101 proof, however, is a surprisingly potent whiskey—for scotch. It is deceptively light in color and, because it is overproof, it burns the palate cleanly—unlike most blended scotches, which cloy and leave a soggy, chalky aftertaste. Glenfiddich 101 is



an 86-proof weakling to...

T POTENT LIQUORS

Rezek

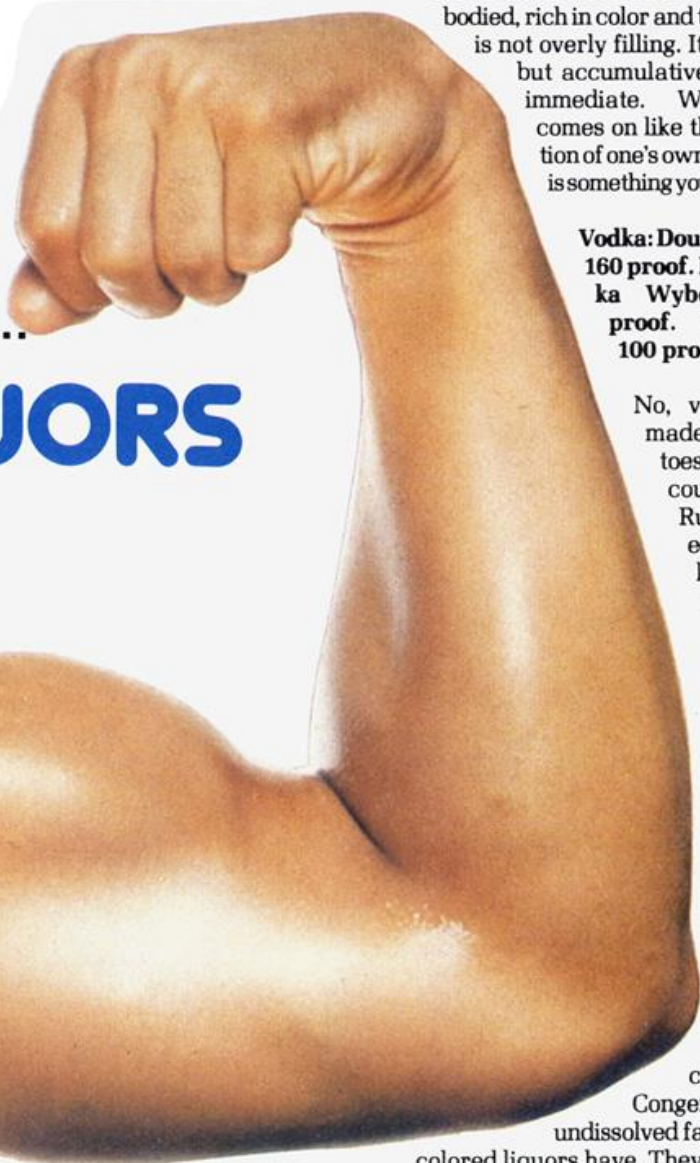
DIENTE
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Aerographics



is full-tilt bourbon: substantive, whole-bodied, rich in color and texture. But it is not overly filling. It is powerful, but accumulative rather than immediate. Wild Turkey comes on like the amplification of one's own heartbeat. It is something you can dance to.

Vodka: Double Tvarscki, 160 proof. Polmos Wodka Wyborowa, 100 proof. Stolichnaya, 100 proof.

No, vodka is not made from potatoes, although it could be. The Russians started making vodka around the 14th century, and up until the second half of this century it was practically unknown outside Eastern Europe.

One of the nice things about vodka is that it's congener-free.

Congeners are the undissolved fatty acids that colored liquors have. They are the little

strong and textured; there are many nuances to decode. It's great on rainy winter afternoons.

Wild Turkey Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 101 proof.

There are several overproof bourbons—Rare Eagle, for one—but I chose the most famous, Wild Turkey, because it's what I suspect Hunter Thompson has for breakfast.

The production of bourbon in this country has been an important political and economic factor throughout our history. After the Revolutionary War the country was bankrupt, and in an effort to raise money, President Washington imposed a tax on whiskey. He pissed off a number of skilled distillers, who then moved westward in search of a place where they could make good whiskey and be left alone by the feds. They found the proper kind of water for their craft in Kentucky and southern Indiana. And because of their brave efforts we are able to enjoy Kentucky bourbon even though we must still endure the feds.

While it is almost impossible for an overproof beverage to become "comfortable"—something you can stick with for both quenching thirst and getting high—because that high percentage of alcohol keeps you somewhat aspirated, Wild Turkey comes the closest. It

guys that are most responsible for hangovers. This is not to say that after killing a quart of vodka you won't feel big-headed in the morning, but at least you won't want to commit seppuku as you might after downing a quart of bourbon.

Vodka supposedly goes well with everything. That is, its taste is so neutral that dates will hardly notice it. It may not leave you breathless but it may leave you, after sufficient quantities, out of breath. Americans mostly know the domestic brands, which are unfortunately barely distinguishable from one another. An exception is Double Tvarscki, which is made in San Francisco. It is distinguishable because it is enormously overproof. At 160 proof, it can stop your heart. It is best used as the energy source for various fruit juices.

Polish and Russian vodkas are some of the real joys of drinking. They are drunk neat, ice-cold (store them in the freezer) and in shots. Caviar helps. Like all vodka, the Russian and Polish varieties are 100 percent neutral grain spirits, distilled so that they are "tasteless." They have a flavor, of course. Stolichnaya is flat in taste; its power radiates; it is smooth. Wyborowa is more fragrant, more precise in taste, more herbal in the nose; it has a sharper alcoholic punch. Stolichnaya is available in this country because of the Nixon deal between Pepsi and the USSR. But there are other reasons I prefer the Polish.

(continued)

Grain alcohol can be dangerous and die from drinking too And for Christ's sake, don't

Chartreuse Verte, 110 proof.

Hundreds of years ago, monks in France tinkered with elixirs made from wine and brandy mixed with herbs and spices. They did this primarily for medicinal rather than spiritual reasons. But it isn't the first time a religious endeavor bloomed in secular surroundings. All liqueurs are sweet and Chartreuse is no exception: For tariff and tax purposes, liqueurs are required to be 2.5 percent sugar by volume.

Chartreuse has been made since the 17th century by the Carthusian Fathers at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble, France. It is made on a brandy base and treated with 130 herbs. An eager palate can be coaxed into distinguishing many of them. But it takes practice.

Chartreuse is a kind of cult item. It even has a fan club (Les Amis de la Chartreuse, 10, boulevard Edgar Kofler, B.P. 102, 38503 Voiron, France) that publishes a slick magazine, *Evergreen*, filled with stories about the workers in the Chartreuse factory, the doings of the president, Paul Goiffon, the history of the Carthusian order, and so forth. Consider, for example, this tidbit on Jill Roxby, the editor of *Evergreen*: "Jill comes from a town 30 miles southwest of London and now lives, with her cat Keri, in a fourth-floor flat overlooking Voiron and the Chartreuse mountains. After a 'quick fling' on her guitar in the evening, she usually takes up her patchwork or dressmaking or whizzes off with friends to a concert or cinema. Otherwise, it's an evening in with Keri, music from the stereo and a good cup of English tea!"

L'Gua Aguardiente, 100 proof.

Aguardiente ("firewater") refers to a rough, powerful root spirit made in Spain and used as a medicine. It is used to mean all spirits in Spanish-speaking countries. The term also refers to the middle portion of the sugarcane distillate used for rum. L'Gua is a cane product that has hints of both uses of the word.

On the back of the bottle there is a label that reads: "While this product is unknown by many, it has been consumed and known for hundreds of years, by people who felt that they needed something special. It has also been in use by certain religious groups in which as part of their weekly ritual they offer a drink of Aguardiente to their favorite saints in order to reciprocate for their blessings."

While certainly disposed to solidarity with those who feel they need something special, I was not prepared for the lengths to which these people were willing to go. Once you crack the top off a bottle of this stuff, you're hit with an olfactory onslaught: It smells not unlike camphor, or ether, or nail polish remover. I thought of my favorite saint, St. Barthélemy, and took a sip. St. Barth got shortchanged in the reciprocation of his blessings.

L'Gua tastes like medicine for which there is no known disease. I worried about my tooth enamel. I think I felt my stomach pucker. This stuff is the worst shit I've ever tasted. I do not recommend it for any religious group, ritual or picnic. I'd rather drink nitrosamines.

Escorial Green, 112 proof.

A kind of German version of Chartreuse, it comes in a spiffy Bocksbeutel-type bottle, a thin crock that is supposed to bear a fanciful resemblance to a goat's scrotum. Escorial Green (or Grun) is thicker than Chartreuse, a little sweeter, slightly more licorice-tasting, not quite as crowded with subtleties.

Lemon Hart Demerara Rum, 151 proof.

Rum is one of the most mythologized liquors in the world. It was



us. You can become comatose
much of it. Be forewarned.
't smoke anything near it.

credited with curing scurvy in the English navy. There is a wonderful story that Paul Revere did not start shouting about the British coming into Boston until he had stopped at the house of a rum distiller and had consumed two draughts of Medford rum. Of course the rum he drank is probably very different from the rum most of us are familiar with.

Seventy percent of the rum drunk in this country is white and comes from Puerto Rico. To my taste, white rum is a pleasure one can happily do without. The dark, pungent rums of the English- and French-speaking islands—but particularly Jamaica—are wonderful drinks when cut with lime and tonic, or by themselves. They allow summer to pass.

Demerara rums are made from the cane growing along the banks of the Demerara River in Guyana (home of Jonestown). The rum, like the river, slithers along like a dark thought. Straight, it tastes like syrup that's on fire. It momentarily improves your posture. Calmer thrill-seekers can drink it in the form of a grog or in a zombie. But it has a special and very practical use: Folks who work in the extreme northern winters where antifreeze is essential keep Demerara rum around to defrost themselves.

Carmel Arack, 100 proof.

Arrack or arack was originally a spirit made from palm-tree sap and produced in the British and Dutch colonies in the Far East. The Tartars even made arrack from mare's milk mixed with grape juice. But the modern versions are made from a number of sources. This particular variety, made in Israel—and, according to the label on the back, perfectly kosher—is like drinking powerful liquid Good 'n' Plenty. It's very sweet—sweeter in fact than other anise- or licorice-type drinks. But I bet, like anisette, it can improve bad coffee.

Everclear Grain Alcohol, 190 proof. Red Horse Crystal Clear Alcohol, 190 proof.

The most flammable of all liquor, grain alcohol is just shy of being pure. There is no reason to drink this stuff straight unless you are preparing to do some self-surgery and want your insides to be disinfected.

In the Midwest, drinking grain alcohol is almost a rite of passage for teenagers. The ritual involves bribing someone older to cop a bottle of the stuff, mixing it with orange juice, drinking the concoction and then tossing your cookies. Some people have even gone so far as to inject it into oranges so that they can get a buzz while watching football games from the bleachers—a sort of cross between a screwdriver and a hand grenade. Other drinks made with the stuff include a purple Jesus (mix ten parts grape juice with one part grain alcohol) and a yellor Godalmighty (using the same proportion of grapefruit or pineapple juice). Grain alcohol can be dangerous: Sometimes one's stomach does not rebel soon enough to the high concentration of liquor. You can become comatose and die from drinking too much of it. Be forewarned. And for Christ's sake, don't smoke anything near it.

Liquor and its distillation is, to some, a measure of civilization. It is civilizing, after all, to enjoy a nip here and there, to educate your palate and expose it to the many delights and insults waiting for it out in the liquor world. It is even fun to get rip-roaring drunk occasionally.

The overproof spirits are booze at its most convulsive. They possess a terrible beauty—in the abstract. Concretely, they are the product of very high-level thinking and very low-level thinking. Decide which you're after and pick your poison. ▣



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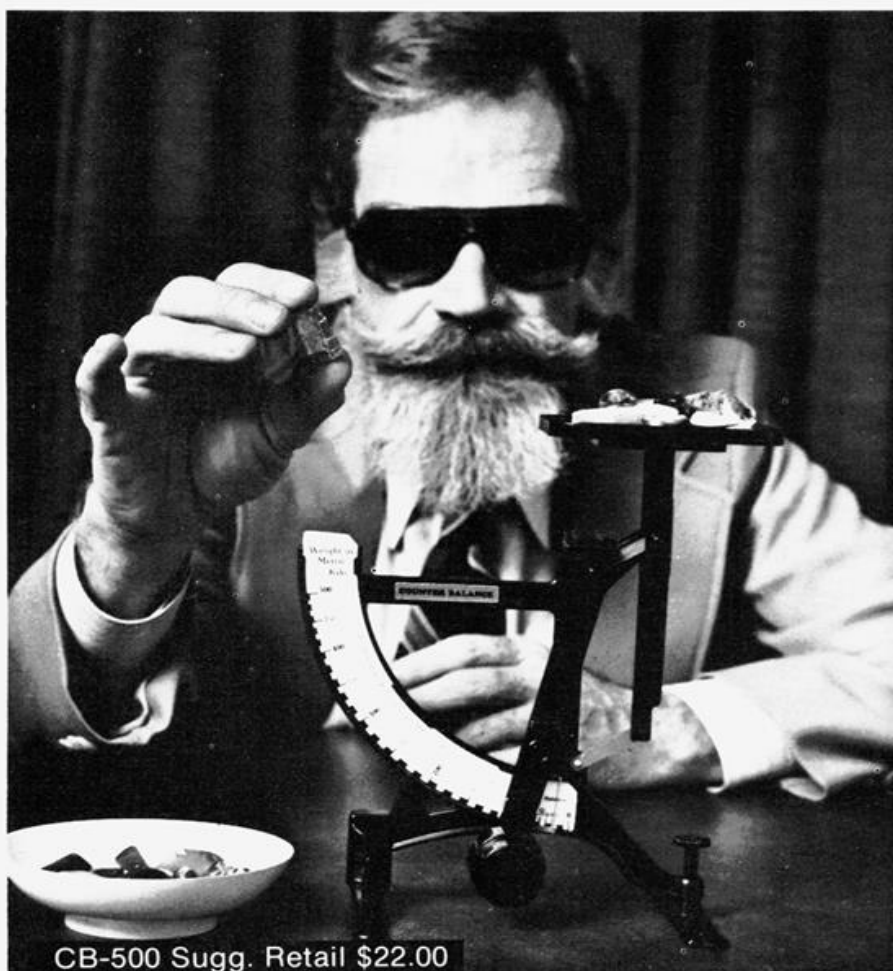
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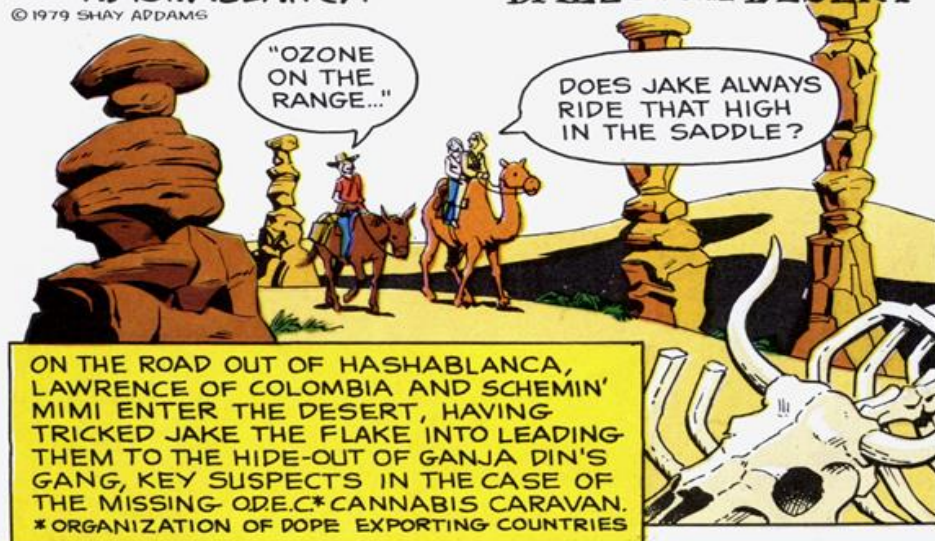
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LAWRENCE OF COLOMBIA®

IN "HASHABLANCA" PART 2 "DAZE IN THE DESERT"

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"OZONE ON THE RANGE..."

DOES JAKE ALWAYS RIDE THAT HIGH IN THE SADDLE?

ON THE ROAD OUT OF HASHABLANCA, LAWRENCE OF COLOMBIA AND SCHEMIN' MIMI ENTER THE DESERT, HAVING TRICKED JAKE THE FLAKE INTO LEADING THEM TO THE HIDE-OUT OF GANJA DIN'S GANG, KEY SUSPECTS IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING O.D.E.C* CANNABIS CARAVAN.
* ORGANIZATION OF DOPE EXPORTING COUNTRIES

WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING HERE FOR? IT'S 40 MORE MILES TO THE HOLE-IN-THE-BONG.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE FOR THE EVENING HASH BREAK.



WHAT A UNION THESE O.D.E.C. PEOPLE MUST HAVE!

YEAH, AND I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE A SACK OF DEAD SEA RED HERE. LEMME SEE YOUR HASH PIPE, JAKE.

I TRADED MY HASH PIPE FOR THAT ORNERY MULE BACK IN HASHABLANCA.



MIMI, DON'T YOU HAVE A HASH PIPE STASHED AWAY SOMEWHERE?



NO, JUST THESE 47 COKE SPOONS.



FUNNY-LOOKING CACTUS, BUT IT MAKES A FAIR HASH PIPE.



PASSING THE MAKE-SHIFT PIPE, THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT IT IS MADE FROM AN UNDISCOVERED VARIETY OF PSYCHEDELIC CACTI...

SOON ALL THREE ARE HALLUCINATING MADLY ON ALL LEVELS...



DOES ANYONE ELSE HEAR THAT FUNNY MUSIC?

NO, BUT I SURE AS HELL SEE THOSE LITTLE NOTES AND CLEFS SAILING THROUGH THE AIR.



THE THREE NIGHT TRIPPERS RUSH BLINDLY INTO THE DESERT, NOT LOOKING BACK AS THE ROCK'N'ROLL ZOMBIE BREAKS INTO "RETURN TO SENDER"...



THEY CROSS THE LAST STRETCH OF SAND AND CACTI TO ENTER THE HOLE-IN-THE-BONG AT LAST.



SOON: THE CONCLUSION OF "HASHABLANCA" IN... SHOWDOWN AT THE O.D. CORRAL
STORY: SHAY ADDAMS-ART: P. KIRCHNER

NEW WAVE

Stewardess



YOU'RE FAST, YOU'RE HOT SHIT, YOU'RE DOING 80 M.P.H. BECAUSE YOU'RE A 'NEW-WAVE STEWARDESS'.



WHERE IS MY CAR!

AS YOU SPEED TO THE AIRPORT YOU PUT ON YOUR UPSTICK AND LISTEN TO THE THREE OTHER FLIGHT ATTENDANTS TALK ABOUT YOUR 'STRANGE HABITS'. YOU'RE BORED.



(YOU RUN DOWN A MECHANIC). YOU'RE HARD.



I THINK SHE'S A SUIT.

AS A NEW WAVE STEWARDESS YOU HAVE PROBABLY CHOSEN TO WEAR A DECORATIVE PIN IN THE SHAPE OF A GUN, WITH THE NAME 'SICK VICTOR' SCRATCHED ON IT—INSTEAD OF YOUR AIRLINE'S 'CUSTOMARY WINA PIN.

YOU'RE SPIFFY!



SUDDENLY, YOU FEEL COMPELLED TO THROW-UP ON THE OTHER GIRLS FLIGHT-BAGS.



CREW

ROCK 'N' ROLL REJECT...



YOU REPLACE THE BOARDING SPEECH WITH PUNK ROCK TAPES WHILE YOU SNORT SOME COKE OFF THE JUMPSEAT... YOU'RE AN ADDICT! ONCE YOU'VE CAUGHT A BUG, YOU SLIP INTO THE GALLEY TO TRY ON SOME NEW CLOTHES... YOU'RE A FASHION RATE.



BESIDES TRYING ON PUNK ROCK BATH-TUB LIPS AND CARRYING ON LUNGEY CONVERSATIONS WITH THOSE ON THE FLIGHT DECK, YOU ASSIST THE OTHER FLIGHT ATTENDANTS.

YES, A GOOD NEW-WAVE STEWARDESS WILL MANAGE TO DROP AS MUCH FOOD AS POSSIBLE ON HER PASSENGERS. YOU ARE RIGHT ON TIME.

NEW WAVE STEWARDESS

PART III



OH SCREW SHE, THE BELT IS NOT TOO TIGHT, YOU'RE JUST TOO DAMN FAT.

AS YOU PREPARE TO LAND, YOU CHECK SEAT-BELTS, COLLECT AUDIO REQUESTS, AND THREATEN THE LIVES OF YOUR PASSENGERS WHENEVER NECESSARY.



RIP

AAAAAK.

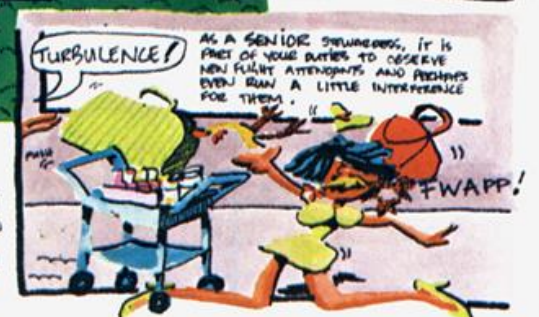


THANK YOU!

DEAR SORRY... HOW ABOUT RETURNING TO YOUR SEAT—BEFORE I SHOOT YOU FULL OF HOLES!



DISAPPEARING INTO THE GALLEY—YOU QUICKLY PRODUCE SOME MORE COKE FROM YOUR ANIMAL-SKIN ANKLE BOOT AND SNIFF IT, PRIOR TO PAIDING THE LIQUOR SUPPLY.



TURBULENCE!

AS A SENIOR STEWARDESS, IT IS PART OF YOUR DUTIES TO OBSERVE NEW FLIGHT ATTENDANTS AND PERHAPS EVEN RUN A LITTLE INTERFERENCE FOR THEM.

FWAPP!



ROCK-IT IN YOUR POCKET COWBOY.

DEALING WITH AN AGGRESSIVE MALE PASSENGER IS NO BIG THING TO YOU.



HEU SWEETS!



YOU HAVE THE REFLEXES, YOU GET AWAY QUICK!

ONCE LANDED, YOU'RE MET AT THE PLANE BY ELLIS COSTELLO (DRESSED AS AN ARAB SHEIK, IN ORDER TO AVOID FANS). WITHIN MINUTES, YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY TO THE SECRET BOMBING OF THE NUDD CLUB.



SOME JEER IN ECONOMY SEAT UP ALL THE BARE BODIES I COULD RAP-AN-CAFF.

Paradise Regained

(continued from page 55)

waiian," I said. "It's as if every plant had a drop of space-brother gold in it. So when you smoke it, it takes you into deep space. You feel like an unidentified flying object. You become a space brother."

But let me say there's a danger that all this talk of spaciness will skew a proper assessment of Maui; in fact, most Hawaiian can be earthy as well as spacy, earthy in the best sense of the word—sublimely sensual, pulsing through the passages of the body with the sexy sweetness and energy of electric honey. The tropical fertility of the island has something to do with it, all the sensations of budding and blossoming distilled into the reefer resin and unleashed in the body.

The sinsemilla growing process has something to do with it, putting a premium on provoking the plants to ecstatic peaks of prurience.

So strong a part does sexual stimulation play in sinsemilla growing that it's not uncommon to hear growers who talk about their plants sound like lecherous old men lavishing praise on pubescent girls.

I recall one steamy monologue a grower delivered during an inspection tour of his remote jungle patch.

"Look! The females are declaring themselves now," he exclaimed excitedly.

"Declaring themselves?" I queried.

"Yes. See those red hairs? Those tender tendrils are the stigmata extending themselves from the bud, to seek male pollen," he said with an audible tremor in his voice. "But they're still too young. A lot of bud you'll see looks good because of those red hairs, but it's still immature. These yearlings are not ready to pluck. You have to make sure there are no males around and then wait and let them get hornier and hornier, oozing more and more resin. You watch the red hairs get super moist and then withdraw into the bud, where they'll swell up into seed bracts, yearning for the seed that isn't there. Just about then—when they'll secrete a last desperate rush of resin in a final frantic effort to get themselves fertilized, right then when they're most desperate—that's when you go in and pluck 'em."

He went on to point out to me his favorite individual plants in the patch as if they were members of his harem:

"This lady here's a yearling, but you can tell she's getting real sexy and ready. But look at this old girl—I've been getting regrowth out of her. Two, three growths a season; she's not so young, but she sure puts a lot into what she does and she knows how to do it. Want to give her a feel?"

Who knows what these guys do when they're alone with their plants.

Of course, the sexuality of the Hawaiian high is not merely physical. What's special about it is the warm, soft-mescaline, half-'lude lovingness one feels. Powerful lovingness.

Still, the physicality should not be underestimated—not merely the sexual aspect of it but the overall somatic effect. I found out with a shock how powerful that can be when I plugged into some Kauai electric.

Kauai grass is the biggest news, the latest sensation among connoisseurs in the islands, a sensation still unshared by most on the mainland and even by many on the Hawaiian islands. The output is still small, partly because it has taken some time for the new aristocratic grower elite of Kauai to entrench itself amidst perilous conditions for farmers on the island, and because the island itself is the smallest and most remote. Kauai is also the oldest

I felt as if a benign current of energy was flowing into my body and soul. I pulsed with pleasure. I'd never felt so alive, so inspired.

geologically, the windiest and the wettest. It boasts the wettest spot in the world, in fact—the windward slopes of Mount Wai-aleale, which get upward of 350 inches of precipitation a year. Even in the "dry" season, sun-showers and rainbows constantly chase each other throughout the canyons and valleys.

Kauai also has the distinction of being the westernmost island in the Hawaiian chain and, as such, truly the very, very last frontier in America's 400-year-old westward expansion. And, in fact, true to the tradition of the frontier, many Kauai growers were crackerjack planters on other Hawaiian islands who were driven west by overcrowding to seek the sparser, wilder domains of this frontier.

Among them are the most knowledgeable agronomists and seed geneticists, who pride themselves on the long pedigree of their seed strains, the soil appetites and personalities of the elaborate hybrid strains they breed. Among the most popular seed strains are Thai-Afghani descendants that have shown themselves to just eat up the Kauai climate and soil. Although nicknames can be deceiving and it's less accurate to refer to varieties by their island than by their genetic pedigrees, nevertheless, the recent Kauai output is so distinctive in personality that even Kauai growers are not unhappy when people refer to Kauai electric.

I've always been fascinated by the more elusive and suggestive of Hawaiian varietal names (Puna butter, for instance), and before I got a taste I wondered

whether Kauai electric had been named, as some said, after the island's power company (Kauai Electric, Inc.) or after its psychedelic effect (as in Electric Kool-Aid).

When at last I got a sample, it only took me a couple of puffs to figure it out.

At first it was sheer heaven, but it turned into a mini hell. At first I felt a warm growing glow spreading and pulsing through my body, as if a benign electrical current of energy were flowing into my body and soul. I glowed with well-being that radiated from me like the incandescence of a light bulb. I pulsed with pleasure; I felt luminous thoughts coalesce into light-bulb-type ideas and inspirations. I loved it, but I went too far. I was greedy. I'd never felt so alive, so inspired, so I inhaled the rest of the joint without stopping, to cruise on the bliss I'd already attained. What happened next was scary. It was as if I were an ordinary 100-watt light bulb suddenly plugged into a live high-tension wire. I felt my muscles begin to pulse and twitch; I felt as if a powerful alternating current were no longer pulsing but convulsing me. Before I calmed down, I was afraid the stuff was so strong it would send me into convulsions. So it's only fair to warn people that if you've got some Kauai electric to smoke, you've got the best, but smoking too much can cause physical overdose symptoms.

If the master Maui growers are the alchemists and artists among the planters, the Kauai group are the scientists and the agronomists who have applied all the best that modern and organic farming technology has taught them about the plant. Some of them are purists who will grow only organic dope and argue vigorously against the addition of growth accelerators and herbicides and other conventional plant-promoting techniques. But they also have the savvy of the old farmer's almanac. One of them explained to me the old-fashioned solution he'd found to the problem of wild goats ravaging pod patches. "What you do," he said, "is leave a little paper cup full of your own urine next to each patch. The human scent never fails to keep the goats away. It doesn't work with wild pigs, unfortunately."

It was this grower who finally explained to my satisfaction why all guerrilla farmers have to grow seedless plants. "It's the rats and mice," he said. "They'll go for the protein in the seeds and shred up an entire patch getting at it."

A bigger threat in Kauai, and one that should discourage newcomers not already entrenched, is the feudal rule of the various valleys on the island by family gangs of native Hawaiians. They've been known to rob and terrorize newcomers trying to carve out pot patches in their turf, and it's impossible to hide from them. Hopefully they'll begin to grow their own rather than harass others, but it's unlikely many outsiders can make a start on their island.

No, the most promising new frontier for the future of Hawaiian will probably be the largest island, Hawaii, generally known as the Big Island.

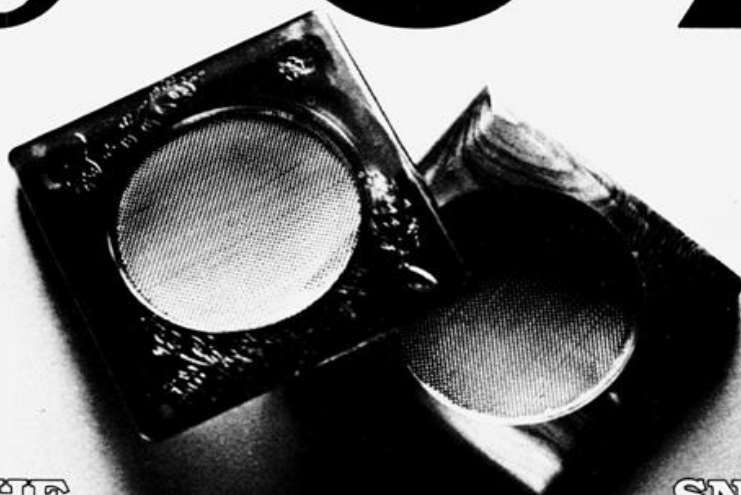
In recent years, because of its geographic diversity, the greatest number of new varieties have come out of the Big Island. Big Island varieties, particularly those of the Kona coast like Puna butter and Kona gold, are among the connoisseur's personal favorites. He especially goes for the golden yellow, chocolate brown and rust red-hued vintages they have been turning out lately. These are profoundly sweet and resonant highs. Puna butter, if I had to choose one out of all the island's varieties, might be my number one choice. Puna butter is one of those varieties that justifies its nickname on all levels: it's yellow as butter, as sticky with resin, and when you smoke it you just melt.

"Elephant buds" from Kona are another Big Island favorite. One I sampled came wound on a fat stick like Thai, only it was a deep, rich, milk-chocolate color I'd never seen in dope before. A label accompanying the stick described it as a "tenth-generation Thai-Cambodian hybrid." I'd never smoked any Cambodian before, but I could sense in the grandeur and weight of the Cambodian experience some hint of the ponderous nobility of the elephants that bore aloft the royal thrones of Indochina.

Unfortunately, the limitations of time prevented me from exploring the exploding world of Big Island pot to the extent I would have wanted to. In addition, my greatest disappointment was my inability to score even a single joint of the fabled marijuana of Molokai—"leper grass." It's so called after the now-defunct leper colony on that tiny island. Said to be killer stuff.

Clearly, despite weeks of diligent travel, research, and interviews with sources whose identities, by the way, are protected by the shield of the First Amendment, it was impossible in that limited time to accomplish anything more than a broadly brushed canvas, a kind of mapping expedition. More on-site inspection is needed. If Hawaii has the potential to become the most important marijuana source in the world, the connoisseur should be able to watch developments there like a hawk. The growers need to hear from him the reactions of consumers on the mainland to the varieties they produce. And the consumers need to know what's going on with the growers, the kinds of perils they risk and the new pleasures their efforts can reward us with. The dope connoisseur is in a unique position to report on this dialogue. But regular on-site inspection is obviously required. I think all concerned consumers should sit down right now and write the editors of *High Times*, demanding that the magazine send the connoisseur to Hawaii every year to watch over their interests. ■

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Maui Wowie

(continued from page 60)

that indistinct. But Laura's heard it too. She's stopped, 30 yards ahead, looking back at me. We move close enough for me to hear her stage whisper, "It was Rick, talking to the dogs." We listen a moment more, then she starts off again cautiously, disappearing slowly around a bend. When I follow her, I am astonished at what I find.

Laura is standing at the near edge of a narrow, six- or eight-foot-deep *kauai* ("ravine"); Rick and the two dogs are across the *kauai*, 10 or 15 yards away; in between are two grinning strangers making their way across the ravine toward us—two young local men (one in his teens, the other near 30), wearing no shirts. Looking to Rick for an explanation, Laura and I hear him of all things introduce one of them, "This is Curtis," real friendlylike.

"Howzit!" the older man greets us.

"Howzit."

"Pretty muddy, eh?"

"Er... yeah. Sure is."

The smiles that Laura and I exchange during this conversation are tightened by the knife sheath, open and empty, that Curtis is wearing at his waist. And the smiles on their side are as nervous and guilty as any I've ever seen. We stand aside, as far aside as we can get, and let them pass. As soon as they are by, we scramble across the *kauai* to join Rick. Motioning for us to follow, he strides down the trail 100 yards before he stops for a conference.

What Rick doesn't give us at this point is a detailed account of his encounter with these two characters—how he overheard them, around a sharp bend in the trail, confronting the dogs and whispering to each other.

"When I stepped around the corner this one guy has his knife out," he tells us later, "ready to go after Ali. 'Don't hurt my dog,' I told them. 'He won't hurt you.' They seemed glad to see me, or at least to hear me reassure them about the dogs. Even though Koa was being a total jerk, wagging her tail, letting the guy pet her. I don't know why they were so scared.

"Anyway, once they were past the dogs, that's when the guy introduced himself, 'Hi, I'm Curtis!', as though he was a Mormon missionary. I couldn't figure out why he was doing that, but I came right back, 'Oh, yeah, that's right! Curtis!', like I knew him. 'Good to see you again, Curtis.'

"How's the crop, ha-ha?" he goes.

"I go, 'Oh, only bananas today, ha-ha,' holding up this hand of bananas I'd picked in the jungle.

"Well, we goin' to check on a few plants," he says, like he's explaining his knife.

"Well, watch out there with that knife. Don't go scarin' my old lady," I tell him.

"Oh, er..." he slides his knife into his

pocket as Laura appears."

But none of this detailed story is important for Laura and me to know in the immediate aftermath of the events. And even when Rick tells us about it all later, we still won't be able to make head or tail of it, to figure out what those guys were doing out there in that gooey, mosquitoey jungle with no shirts on and only shower slippers on their feet. What we need to know Rick gives us in a nutshell: "I know one of them, and he's a ripoff. So let's haul ass!"

So, instead of a sylvan ramble, this last stretch of jungle trail becomes a double-time march, glances tossed over the rear guard's shoulder every 50 or 100 yards. It occurs to me even as I am sprinting along, hurling fevered glances behind, that our alarm is exaggerated. Even if they are ripoffs (what else could they be?), they are too few and too lightly armed to rob us. If they were, as their garb suggests, poking around the jungle trying to find someone's patch, they must have been more frightened of us than we were of them. They are probably hustling up the trail away from us at the moment as quickly as we are hustling down it away from them. But, while I find this reasoning comforting, I'm not so assured by it that I want to lag behind to prove a point. Regardless of who they are, regardless of what they're up to, hauling ass seems to have the weight of discretion on its side.

The final stage of the trek at the edge of the jungle doesn't scare us now: Since these ripoffs are hiking up the trail we deduce that there is no vice-squad ambush at the bottom. The spot where they usually situate their ambushes seems a bucolic meadow. We are for all practical purposes home safe. But as we stride along buoyantly, both Laura's and my gaze drift off to the east and light on a ridge a mile or so distant. There is a pickup parked there in the middle of an empty cow pasture, and two people standing somewhat apart from it. We point them out to Rick and, as we stand there gawking, wondering what they could be up to, a flash of light tells us...

"Binoculars!"

We spin in our tracks and head for the nearest shrubbery. Cutting cross-country, then roundabout down a gulch, we scurry along a route where we can't be seen. We're too close to home, Rick assures us sardonically, for them to interdict us by any means short of fighter bombers, zooming in from offshore aircraft carriers to strafe us before we can reach the safety of our burrow.

"But they don't have that kind of technology available yet for Green Harvest, and probably won't have it before next year at the earliest. So all they can do now is watch us scoot to safety. The only satisfaction they get is in flashing their binoculars at us, letting us know they see us." □

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THE POLLANEST

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NEW YORK CITY—Complaints of ozone poisoning among Pan American Airlines flight attendants have increased by more than 600 percent in recent years. Ozone, a toxic gas, alters blood chemistry and can cause genetic mutations resulting in stillbirths and deformed babies. More immediate symptoms—shortness of breath, eye irritation, headaches, dizziness, chest pains, loss of coordination and concentration, drowsiness—are caused by high concentrations of ozone within a plane's cabin atmosphere during high-altitude flights passing through northern latitudes.

Before the oil crisis of the early '70s, few cases of ozone poisoning were recorded. After most airlines began flying at higher altitudes in order to save fuel—and especially after Pan Am launched its over-the-pole run from the United States to Japan—poisoning reports began to skyrocket. The ionosphere's

high-density ozone layer can dip below 35,000 feet, especially in high northern latitudes, and most long-range jets nowadays fly between 35,000 and 55,000 feet. So whenever a plane's atmosphere is saturated with ozone ions, everyone aboard can get sick. In 1975, Pan Am attendants registered only 53 ozone complaints; in 1978 the tally was 645.

Few pilots or copilots complain of ozone poisoning, for understandable reasons: If they were to admit to chest pains, dizziness or lack of concentration, they might very well be grounded by their employers. The reason comparatively few passengers complain is that few ever heard of ozone poisoning and don't know what to make of the symptoms.

Public ignorance about high-altitude ozone could be harmful, said Dr. Donald Tierney, past president of the American Thoracic Society, who testified at a hearing of the House of Representatives' Subcom-

mittee on Oversight and Investigation. Tierney warned that an ozone-poisoning episode could touch off an asthma attack, hours or days later: "I would be doubly concerned about an asthmatic with a common cold," he says.

Pan Am stated last fall that it had cleared up all its ozone problems by modifying its cabins with air filters and catalytic converters. According to NASA's Global Air Sampling Program (GASP), however, ozone concentrations in cabin atmospheres can top four times the federally imposed safety margin for industrial workers. The independent Union of Flight Attendants says that the airline's main concern has been with settling out-of-court claims brought by asthma and bronchitis victims. And the Air Transport Association, mouthpiece for all the major airlines, predicts another four to six years before all U.S. high-altitude flights are suitably ozone-proofed.

The CIA's Subliminal Seduction

by Martin A. Lee

During the late 1950s, the Central Intelligence Agency investigated the possibility of using subliminal stimulation as a mind-control technique.

According to previously classified documents obtained by *High Times*, the CIA considered using subliminal manipulation for a number of purposes including implanting suggestions or commands and lessening a subject's resistance to hypnosis.

Mental stimuli not consciously perceived are often far more significant in terms of emotional and attitudinal predispositions than those discerned. Because it bypasses rational or conscious defense mechanisms, subliminal manipulation can be exploited as a powerful technique of mass persuasion. Naturally, the CIA was interested, and they soon realized that the television and motion-picture media are particularly conducive for subliminal mind-meddling.

A document dated January 17, 1958, indicates that subliminal projection "has achieved some success in commercial advertising, as 'Eat Popcorn' or 'Drink Cola' projected on a screen in certain movie theaters for 1/3000 of a second at five-second intervals. It may be that subliminal projection can be utilized in such a way as to feature a visual suggestion such as 'Obey [deleted].'"

The CIA tested subliminal manipulation in various movie theaters in the United States. On one occasion, the agency admonished an audience in Alexandria, Virginia, to "buy popcorn," but instead, many of the viewers lined up at the drinking fountain because the suggestion made them thirsty. Upon learning of this incident, Vice-President Richard Nixon quipped that such a technique might be "politically useful," but not if moviegoers were given a subliminal command to "vote for X" and then ended up looking for a name on the ballot that began with the letters *F-o-r*.

A former CIA operative admits that "some thought was given to whether or not we could affect political outcomes by using subliminal perception on things like radio and TV." The agency found that a split-second message would be most effective if it simply urged people to get out and vote, rather than to vote for a specific candidate. Traditionally, a large voter turnout tends to favor the Democratic Party.

The extent to which the CIA fooled with subliminal stimuli on an experimental or operational basis is a closely guarded secret. Certain instances are extremely suggestive. One of the most widely advertised and popular films in recent years is *The Exorcist*, based on a novel by former CIA operative William Blatty. Blatty worked for the CIA during the 1950s under U.S. Information Agency cover. Later he served as the policy-branch chief of the Psychological Warfare Division of the U.S. Air Force. As it turns out, subliminal stimuli—death masks, rotting skulls, contorted, screaming faces—were flashed throughout the film. Warner Brothers, who produced *The Exorcist*, has refused to comment about the subliminal cuts but admitted their existence, claiming, "We thought everyone knew."



Cops Watch Bondsmen Terrorize Florida Stewardess

SOUTH DADE, FLORIDA—A young woman flight attendant who lives in the Devon-Aire development here is suing the South Dade police for letting three enormous, gun-wielding bail bondsmen terrorize her for a half hour, under the impression she was harboring a \$50,000-pot-case bail jumper. Three bondsmen have been busted for the incident, and five weeks after the event—after the woman was briefly hospitalized for a nervous condition—the state's attorney began investigating the cops.

"It was about 10 or 11 at night," recalls the woman, "and I had just gotten home from the airport and was getting ready for bed. Then there was this banging on the door. They weren't knocking, they were banging on it." Through the peephole in her metal security door, she made out a huge man in casual clothes, brandishing a shotgun. "I ran into the bathroom and took the phone in there," she says. "I lay down on the floor and called the operator to get me the police." While the cops were on the way, she dialed relatives and neighbors. "My neighbor said there were men around the house and they had guns. Then one of them was around the back, banging and kicking on the door and windows back there."

When the police finally sired into her driveway, the woman considered herself safe and opened her front door. Three thugs directly burst into her house, and while two went through her bedroom and closets with a rifle and a pistol, the one with the shotgun interrogated her fiercely for 20 minutes, while the cops just stood in her driveway, looking on.

"They asked where my husband was," she says, "and I told them I wasn't mar-

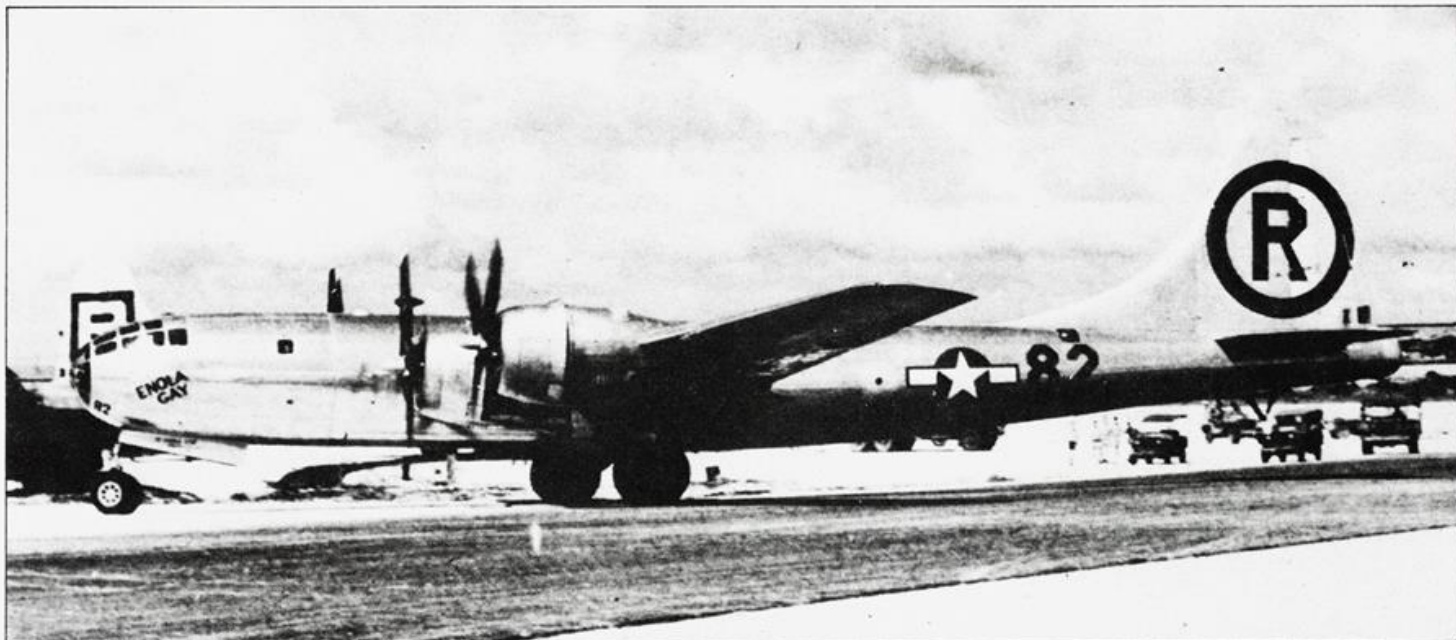
ried. They asked me about my mother, and she's been dead for many years now. They wanted to know where my twins were. I told them that I lived alone and they must have the wrong house." Finally the goons, realizing it was the wrong address, left—exchanging greetings with the cops as they did so.

Subsequently—five weeks later—bail bondsman John A. O'Connell was busted along with his enforcers, Roosevelt Cullins and James Dexter, for felonious trespass into the Devon-Aire townhouse, improper display of firearms and possession of firearms in commission of a felony. Cops say they had *really* been looking that night for a Florida Cubano, one of 16 popped on a shrimper with 25 tons of smoke, who'd failed to show up for a pretrial hearing in Citrus County Court.

As for the Dade police, they now claim the bondsmen had been impersonating FBI agents. The two cops who answered the burglary call say that when they saw the men with the guns they demanded their identification. The bail enforcers supposedly told the cops they were FBI men serving a warrant on a fugitive, and they were allowed to carry on. Only on their way out, the cops say, was one of the bondsmen recognized, accounting for the exchange of greetings.

The five-week gap between this atrocity and the busts was supposedly taken up with a police investigation to determine that the stewardess really isn't involved with dope smugglers. A Dade cop explains, it's "just a matter of investigation. It's not unusual at all. There was no particular urgency."

Hiroshima Death Plane Rests in Mothballs



Whether you loathe it or love it, the Enola Gay—which killed 130,000 people in one shot in 1945—is a very concrete testament to something special in the American character.

BALTIMORE—The much-weathered, 34-year-old fuselage of the legendary *Enola Gay* B-29 bomber sits in a hangar outside town here between a German Arado 196 and a U.S. Navy A-4, and about the only people who take the trouble to view it these days are Japanese tourists. "An awful lot of Japanese" ask to look at the bird that dropped the "Fat Boy" A-bomb on Hiroshima in 1945, says hangar keeper Al Buchmeier. "I'm amazed they're not upset by it. They want to see it. Anytime anybody's out here they want to see it."

The *Enola Gay* was dismantled in 1961, after sitting on the mall at the Andrews Air Force Base for 16 years, and given to the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. Supposedly it was to have been reassembled inside a museum building, but a proper space—a B-29 is 90 feet long and 30 feet high, with a 114-foot wingspan—was not available. Such a building was supposed to have gone up in 1972, but that year Congress abruptly came up \$40 million short on the designated budget. "There's no question," admits museum aeronautics chief Donald Lopez, "that antiwar activity was a consideration."

Nowadays, with antinuke discontent decidedly on the rise, the reconstitution of the Hiroshima death bird is even less likely. "I'm positive it's political," says museum information officer Rose Ascarelli. "We have nothing from the *Enola Gay*. We will never have anything from the *Enola Gay*. It would cause too much distress among our foreign visitors."

Director Lopez says he's gotten letters from people condemning the *Enola Gay*'s mothballing as a "disgrace," along with letters indignantly demanding why it hasn't been destroyed. "I would have liked," he says, "to send each of them the other's letter."

Says Lopez, "We try to present history as it occurred. Whether people like that the bomb was dropped or not, it was dropped. We feel we have the right to display it if we get

the space." In the meantime, visitors to the museum proper have to get special permission to visit the nuke-plane's hangar, which is fine by Buchmeier. "Since we don't exactly

advertise it, we don't have any trouble. It's still controversial, so why take the chance that some radical..." He leaves the sentence hanging.

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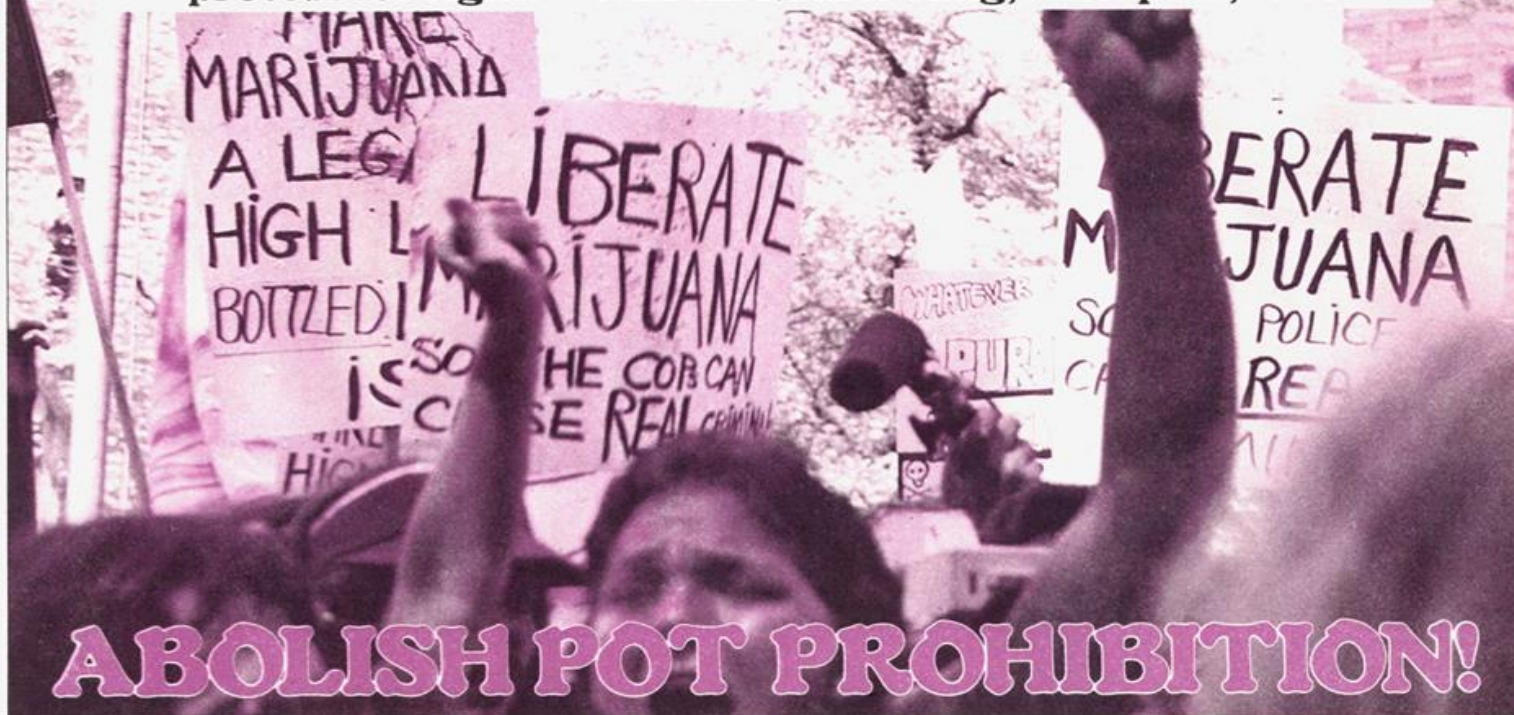
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SOUTH AMERICA

Economists on Year 2000:

Paint It Black

MEXICO CITY—There will be 30 million people stuffed into this city by the year 2000, according to relatively optimistic predictions by the World Bank. Even if vigorous measures are taken to upgrade the quality of rural life in the next 20 years, the bank predicts that at least half the world population will be living in some 40 urban conglomerates such as Mexico City and Tokyo-Yokohama, mostly in conditions of absolute poverty.

The population of urban poor is expected to rise by more than a billion by the end of the century, the bank's 1979 "World Development Report" concludes. Aid from industrialized nations, if it were properly deployed to encourage agricultural development among small farmers, could ameliorate but still not completely avert this: "The cities in develop-

ing countries will continue to grow," says the report, "even if national policy biases favoring urbanization are eliminated and vigorous decentralization measures are deployed."

Industrialized countries were sharply criticized in the report for falling far short of a 1970 United Nations resolution to provide at least 0.7 percent of their gross national products for development aid. (The United States currently disburses only 0.22 percent of its GNP to poor nations.) The last decade, notes the bank, was marked by the "undistinguished performance" of the world economy, a continuous round of inflation and recession. Even if the "boom" of the '60s were repeated, with an economic growth rate of 7.3 percent per year, in A.D. 2000 there would still be 470 million people living in "absolute poverty."

Kidnap Files Lost to Argentine Cops

BUENOS AIRES—Cops raided the offices of three human-rights groups here, confiscating documents on some 14,000 missing persons, just before an official visit of the Inter-American Human Rights Commission last fall.

The police said they were only confiscating prosecution evidence in the perjury trial of a local woman who is charged with giving out false information about the disappearance of her daughter. However, officials of the three groups involved—the Argentine League for the Rights of Man, the Ecumenical Movement for Human Rights and the Permanent Assembly for Human Rights—report that the cops seized and very likely destroyed every report pertaining to the disappearance of individuals since 1976.

Pinochet Sets Up Nazi Retirement City

LINARES, CHILE—A state-supported colony of 250 ex-Nazi "military advisers" exists near this southern Chilean community, according to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. Documents recently declassified by the American superspy agency reportedly confirm that the fascist government of Gen. Augusto Pinochet maintains the Nazi colony out of gratitude for assistance previously rendered in organizing, training and disciplining the Chilean armed services in strict, old-fashioned Prussian style.

After his regime's takeover, Pinochet's secret police force, the DINA, maintained a detention center in Linares, where former Gestapo agents instructed the Chilean cops in torture and terror techniques. The Nazis are most likely approaching retirement age. The leader of the colony is reportedly Hans Richter, who was Adolph Eichmann's lieutenant in charge of deportation of Rumanian Jews in the heyday of the Third Reich.

In 1976, the current military junta of Gen. Roberto Viola toppled the regime of Isabel Peron; since then, obscure right-wing vigilante groups paid by and often posing as the military have undertaken wholesale kidnappings of Viola's political opponents. Frequently abducted in broad daylight, the victims simply disappear, never to be seen or heard from again.

The three human-rights groups had been compiling records of kidnappings carried out by both right- and left-wing groups, but all were lost in the raids. The visit of the Washington-based human-rights commission to Buenos Aires was clearly the occasion for the confiscations, but official reaction from Washington was muted. The State Department merely admonished Viola's cops to "take no further actions which might interfere with the Commission's visit."



Free after 20 years: Huber Matos salutes a crowd of 2,000 Cubans in Miami after his release from a Cuban prison. Matos, once one of Fidel Castro's top officers in the revolutionary army, fell out of favor when he denounced Castro's coddling of the Russians and spent 20 years behind bars (Fidel himself acted as chief prosecutor at his trial), while outside he became a cause celebre for anti-Castro factions.

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Feminist Archive Seeks Artifacts

LONDON—Rita Pankhurst, daughter-in-law of the formidable turn-of-the-century suffragist Sylvia Pankhurst, is currently collecting a history of the global feminist movement that will include everything pertinent from the Renaissance to the election of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. While well stocked with first editions of George Eliot and the Brontë sisters and so on, Pankhurst says, she's "interested in things that don't get printed, the proceedings of groups of women, the minutes of big or small associations, diaries and letters—the kinds of things you find when you turn out your mother's cupboards."

The feminist archive, already comprising over 40,000 books and pamphlets and 800 crates of memorabilia, is located in a wing of the ancient City of London Polytechnic Institute in the Whitechapel district. It's called the Fawcett Collection, after Millicent Fawcett, a women's leader who found herself in frequent opposition to Sylvia Pankhurst herself. It contains all manner of material, from a 1631 "English gentlewoman's" admonition that "virgin decency is virtuous livery" to a 1900 treatise on "bicycling for ladies," detailing an "essential" wardrobe of knickerbocker trousers, shirtwaist, stockings, shoes, gaiters, sweater, coat, hat and gloves. Original Gay '90s pulp magazines with titles like *Loving* and *Love Affair* are collected by librarian David Dougham, along



What did your great-granny do for women's rights?

with "the odd astronomical paper, for no other reason than that it's by a woman."

There's also a special section on antifem-

inist writings, which Pankhurst says "reveal a great deal about the mood and feel of a period." Her own mother-in-law's unprecedented agitation among British working-class women evoked, it seems, a particularly ferocious reaction—mainly by upper-class female proponents of "Christian womanhood," appalled at the notion of the "unsexing of women." Though Queen Victoria was careful never to take a position on the topic of suffrage, the National League for Opposing Women's Suffrage co-opted her dotage. "Do not let us be afraid of being called stupid and reactionary," one league pamphlet rather nervously counsels. "We are stupid in good company: we stand side by side with Queen Victoria!"

Greece Enjoys Minimum of Crime and Punishment

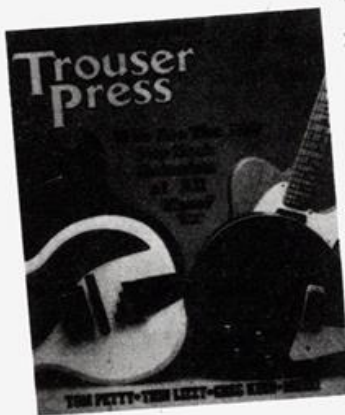
ATHENS—This country enjoys the lowest crime rate in the industrialized West, along with perhaps the most permissive legal system in the world. Last year the Greek homicide rate was 1.3 per 100,000, as compared to 8.8 per 100,000 in the United States; and the percentage of arrests among the population was precisely half the U.S. rate. Even more striking, only one political murder occurred in Greece last year, while in neighboring Turkey there were 1,499 recorded assassinations.

As if to righteously illustrate the exceptional peacefulness of his country, Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis walks alone from home to work and back every day. And very little of his work is concerned with crime or punishment. "Although capital punishment exists on the books, there has not been a single execution in eight years," notes Athens criminologist Nicholas Androulakis. "Long prison terms are not frequent, and sentences under one year in length can be bought off for \$10 a day. In the prisons, inmates are not expected to work, and those who do have each workday counted as two."

Many observers, however, predict an inevitable rise in the crime rate to general "civilized" standards, now that industrialization and urbanization are afoot in Greece. Says Athens law-school head Dr. C.D. Spinellis: "The incidence of those crimes condemned by the community—rape, murder, robbery—are very low in Greece. But crimes not popularly considered reprehensible, like white-collar crime and tax evasion, are endemic here." Organized crime, she says, is mainly restricted to the smuggling of dope and antiquities; but she foresees a gradual erosion of family and peer-pressure condemnation of violent crime, as more people continue to move from small inbred villages to the relatively anonymous cities.

"We're fortunate right now," concludes Dr. Spinellis, "but we're being extensively urbanized, and I'm afraid our low crime rate won't last long."

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Is the Serpent in the Garden?

Chinese Discover Private Enterprise

SHANGHAI, CHINA—The exceptional industry of a family here has not only made them relatively rich, it has also put them up as the focus of a national debate in the press.

Last year Fan Zaigen, his wife and eight children went straight to work when new federal legislation enabled people to legally make money on the side from private enterprise, as long as they fulfill their allotted communal labors for the state. The Fan family bought 50 ducks to sell eggs, raised and sold eight pigs, peddled manure for fertilizer and caught fish in the rivers around their rural Shanghai commune; all this they sold at open-air markets for about \$3,800, to add to the \$1,200 they made from their regular work on the commune's production team.

Shanghai newspapers, taking no editorial stance one way or the other, have solicited reader input on the topic of the Fan family, and the response has been a profound and intriguing debate about the nature of socialism itself.

Many letters expound on what the writers believe to be the purpose of the new economic policies: As long as the Fans fulfill their communal production quotas, then any extra production only serves to help the general community. Moralists generally approve—the Fans neither stole anything nor hired others to work for them, and they deserve congratulations and reward for their work. But the opposing analysis is forceful and disturbing: If highly motivated people like the Fans are permitted to pursue their private ends, gaps are certain to develop between the rich and the poor in China, creating class differences and resentments that will erode the basic proletarian sense of unity that holds this enormous country together.

The Shanghai papers scrupulously present all points of view without taking sides and encourage more study and debate on the matter. Meanwhile the Fan family—among possibly millions of others in China—are contentedly bringing their goods to market.

The peasants, workers, cadres and intellectuals of the People's Republic of China can now score a little cash on the side.

Turks to U.S.: U-2 Can Go to Hell

ANKARA, TURKEY—The U.S. military wants to use Turkish bases for its new model U-2 spy plane to conduct "line-of-sight" surveillance into the Soviet Union. The Yanks have been pressuring Turkey on the U-2 issue ever since the Iranian revolution last year, when the CIA very abruptly lost all its old cold-war spy posts on the USSR's southwestern border.

From Iran, U.S. radar was able to keep a line-of-sight fix on the big Soviet missile complex at Tyura-Tam in Central Asia. This permitted the CIA to monitor the coded telemetry signals from each Soviet launch, enabling them to determine the size, payload and fuel consumption of each rocket tested. After a launch occurred, American spy ships stationed in the North Atlantic and South Pacific tracked the rocket as it went over the pole, checking its trajectory and number of warheads ejected. Since the Ayatollah Khomeini's takeover last January, the United States has been able to trace only the latter stages of the flights by telemetry interception.

So the notorious U-2 was quickly rede-

signed: Flying at 100,000 feet over Turkey and dangling an enormous ultrahigh-frequency antenna, the plane ought to be able to monitor Tyura-Tam telemetrics with exceeding intimacy. The Turkish government, however, has been decidedly reluctant to harbor the spy jets; Turkey has always been scared stiff of Russia, and its relations with the United States have significantly soured in the last decade.

Turkish critics of the U-2 scheme point out that the United States undoubtedly already has Tyura-Tam pinned down by its new Keyhole II satellite, which from 100 miles overhead can broadcast photos of the ground below to a resolution factor of one square foot. Also, according to the U.S. National Security Agency, by 1983 the United States will have satellites in orbit that can monitor Russian telemetry signals through the entire spectrum of frequencies. If Turkey can only procrastinate for three years, many hope, it will avoid becoming a pawn in the cold war of the '80s.

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BULAWAYO, ZIMBABWE RHODESIA—The white-dominated Salisbury government is collecting more and increasingly fierce armaments, despite international sanctions that prohibit any nations from selling weapons to this powder-keg country. In fact, since the election last year of Bishop Abel Muzorewa as prime minister, much secrecy about how heavy war gear winds up in Rhodesia has been lifted, and long-established international smuggling circuits have been exposed.

The Republic of the Comoros, an island nation 120 miles offshore in the Indian Ocean, has been a prime helicopter supplier to the Salisbury regime. Since the revolution there two years ago, in which a posse of European mercenaries toppled the previous Maoist government, at least 22 Siai Marchetti SF-260W Warrior light-strike gunships have moved through the Comoros to Rhodesia. Europeans hold key Comoros government positions and are believed to be working in the interests of France, where the Marchetti Warriors were first purchased.

Thirteen Bell 205 Huey copters of Vietnam vintage recently appeared here, having come by a very roundabout route. They were ordered from an Italian company by someone in Kuwait and shipped across the Mediterra-



Apocalypse Now revisited: But these Hueys burn seven-year-old blacks, not seven-year-old Viets.

nean. They disappeared, however, from a Beirut dock, reappeared in the possession of a Lebanese Christian militia squad, were traded to the Israelis for guns and finally wound up in Bulawayo.

Most recently, four very advanced Rockwell OV-10F Bronco copters were added to

the arsenal. They were given by the United States to a Southeast Asian government a few years ago; how they wound up here is a mystery.

Nigeria Ousts Reds for "Colonialist" Attitudes

LAGOS, NIGERIA—On the eve of this country's first free elections since 1967, almost all Soviet military advisers have been evicted from Nigeria on the grounds of general arrogance and slipshod performance.

Russian army trainers had been working in the country for years, teaching Nigerian pilots how to operate the several MIG-21 jet fighters the military government had purchased; and while the training itself was satisfactory, Nigerian military engineers say that the much-touted MIGs tend to fall apart after just a few years' use and resist repairs even by imported Russian technicians. Perhaps more importantly, the Russian military personnel—who've grown used to lording it over African civilians in Namibia and Ethiopia—behaved in an intolerably colonial fashion toward even top Nigerian government figures. It was for much the same reasons that Egypt's Anwar el-Sadat pitched the Russians out in 1974.

The Russian ouster is probably also a gesture of wary friendship toward the United States: While the U.S. military isn't permitted to function in Nigeria either, the country buys plenty of American war ordnance and sends military students to be trained at West Point and other U.S. military colleges. Nigeria has a rapidly industrializing population of 100 million, and its anti-Soviet bent is bound to be followed by many poorer African nations. Right now the country also happens to be the second biggest supplier of petroleum to the United States.

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INTERNATIONAL

Rio Grande Island to Declare Independence



BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS—A kidney-shaped 155-acre banco (island), sitting smack-dab in the middle of the Rio Grande across from here, may become the world's newest independent nation by the end of the year. Currently the abode of a Mexican okra farmer and some 100 migrant workers who dwell there from May to September every year, the banco could soon have its own government, health-service center and lucrative international shipping registry.

The first governing leader of the new nation—providing Mexico yields all claims to it—will be Herbert Williams, a Brownsville-based international rancher, real-estate magnate and arms dealer. It was Williams who, flying over the banco in 1968, observed that killer Hurricane Beulah had wiped out the spit of earth that formerly had connected it to Texas. Williams commenced looking up old U.S.-Mexican treaties and determined that under Mexican law, anyone who owns Rio Grande border property is automatically a fully enfranchised Mexican citizen with the attendant rights to buy and sell property. So Williams paid \$500,000 to the Mexican government for the banco and is now hinting that he might just sell it to some 300,000 Cherokee Indians (Williams is part Cherokee), who would each own one square foot of property. If this were to be done, the sheer number of Cherokee voters would dominate local politics completely—they could elect the governor of the Mexican state of Tamaulipas, of which Williams's banco is a part. Given that prospect, Williams is confident the Mexicans will yield sovereignty to his riverine real estate.

The rancher-gunrunner's motives for inaugurating a new nation are by his own account

purely wholesome. "We'd show the United States how it can stop the fall and decline of the greatest empire on earth, with good old American private initiative," pledges Williams, "not taxes and government regulation." Also, as a mere millionaire, Williams would like to one-up the late Howard Hughes: "Hughes always wanted to set up his own country on the border between Canada and the United States, and I realized that here was my chance to do something even he hadn't done." Williams is also interested in setting up a hospital where "unconventional healing arts"—such as laetrile cancer therapy—can be pursued.

Williams foresees a handsome national income from a Liberian-style shipping registry and the sale of ambassadorships; so far, however, he's said nothing publicly about the obvious possibilities of a duty-free trade zone or arms entrepôt in his "Cherokee Nation."

Reportedly some 41 nations, most of them in Africa, have indicated they would recognize the new Rio Grande vest-pocket country, and over \$200 million has been pledged for a Herbert Williams Healing Center. Even though Mexico City professes to have no opinion on the matter, U.S. officials are negative about it. "No way," says Guadeloupe Nerio of the International Boundary and Water Commission in Texas. "If he starts messing with international boundaries he can really get in hot water, no matter who he is or who he knows."

And then there's the Mexican okra grower, Ignacio Trevino, who has paid Mexican property taxes on the place since 1972 and whose wife has a notarized deed to it. "In Mexico, the man who pays the taxes and works the land owns the land," says Trevino. "I'm not going anywhere."

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Mystery Man Scales Glacier-Topped Mountain—Barefoot!

"You don't know my name," declared the barefoot black man who visited two astounded British mountaineers on the 17,058-foot peak of Mount Kenya in East Africa, "but you will." The man had climbed to the top of one of the world's toughest glacier-peaked mountains, carrying a bag of food but no scaling gear whatsoever, to commune with the



ancestral Kikuyu diety En-gai, who presides over all Kenya from Africa's second-highest mountain.

Word of the man's appearance was quickly radioed far downslope to game warden Phil Snyder, who promptly sent up a "rescue" team to fetch the man—the descent of Mt. Kenya being, even for climbers with ropes and pitons, much more hazardous than the ascent. About halfway up, the rescue squad encountered the man heading down, nimbly negotiating the glaciers and rock precipices in his bare feet. They called to him but he paid no attention. "What he did was impossible," said a squad leader, "but it seems he did it. It looks as though he got off the mountain safely, though our rescue team is still up there. We know he was there, but we don't know where he is now. Probably safe at home."

To date, though, the barefoot pilgrim has not formally identified himself as promised.

Radio Free Arctic

Radio freaks, get your passports: Under the Swedish government's new Neighborhood Radio program, any group with five or more members is entitled to free AM or FM airtime. As long as a group can afford \$600 worth of basic equipment, its members can broadcast anything at all they wish from the local station, even if it goes "a step beyond the norm." The Stockholm legislators don't anticipate people getting obscene over the air: "With Sweden's pornography laws," says one, "I'm not sure they can."

Prickly but Precious

Frankfurt Customs recently nailed an incoming shipment of 3,600 illegal Mexican plants, but instead of burning them they sent them

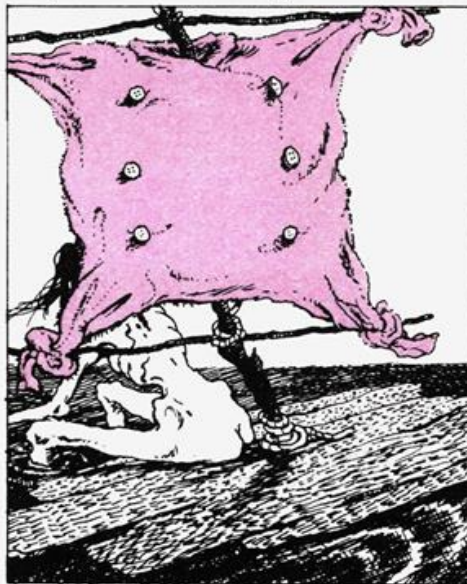
back to their host country. The plants were all rare varieties of cactus, including one variety presumed to have been extinct for years. According to German Customs, the smuggling of endangered plant species out of Latin America nowadays is nearly as lucrative as smuggling rare animal hides.

Wanted: Roaches, 5p Each

Rentokil, a London pest-control company, proclaimed last June "Catch-a-Cockroach Month" and offered fivepence for every six-legged roach brought in to its office alive, with a top limit of one pound sterling to anyone who brought in 20 of the vermin. Rentokil also pledged to donate a sum matching the total roach bounties to the International Year of the Child fund. But they had expected to collect at least 1,000 roaches by July and only 400 showed up, so "Catch-a-Cockroach Month" was extended for eight weeks into "Catch-a-Cockroach Summer."

Incredible Shrinking Woman

London housewife Valery Thorpe, 35, picked up \$2,250 last year for slimming down from 404 pounds to a moderately trim 150, without



using any slenderizing drugs. A weight-watcher's magazine laid £1,000 on her for shedding the 254 pounds avoirdupois. "We've kept some of her old dresses for souvenirs," says her husband Terry. "The rest I've sold as car covers."

Most Wiped off the Map

British military demolition experts recently blew an entire Czechoslovakian town off the map—to the great pleasure of the Czech regime itself. Prospectors around the village of Most happened to find enormous coal

deposits directly beneath it, just as British film producer Norman Rosemont was looking about for a town to blow up for a climax to his forthcoming remake of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. So all of the Most folk were trucked off to a relocation village, and the Brits arrived with a convoy of vintage World War II ordnance. After shooting the hell out



of the quaint Czecho-Saxon gingerbread cottages, Rosemont sent over a squad of B-15s and reduced the whole municipality to a splendid strip-mining site.

How Both Halves Live

Why is millionaire Bob Wright of Stratford, Ontario, drawing unemployment insurance? "Paid into it, didn't I?" Wright snaps to all nosy askers. "It's mine to collect." Wright won his million in the Ontario Provincial Lottery just after being fired from his job—and by the holy Maple Leaf, he's going to collect everything that's due him.

Taiwan Sells Out USA

The Tokyo economics journal *Nihon Keizai Shimbun* reports that top officials from the Ministry of Trade of the People's Republic of China have quietly enlisted an unnamed Japanese brokerage firm to open negotiations with—hold on to your hat—the (Nationalist) Republic of China. After 1949, when Mao chased the ultraconservative regime of Chiang Kaishek to the islands of Taiwan, Quemoy and Matsu, 90 miles off the mainland, U.S. investors turned Nationalist China into one of Asia's top exporting nations. However, when the Americans opened trade with Peking in 1978, U.S. right-wingers reacted with total horror, charging a U.S. "sellout" of its old ally. Now that Taiwan is contracting to sell electrical and chemical products and machinery to China, the question of who's selling out whom may begin to rankle those selfsame U.S. rightists. If Taiwan develops a flourishing market with the People's Republic, that could seriously cut into China trade profits previously anticipated by U.S. industrialists.

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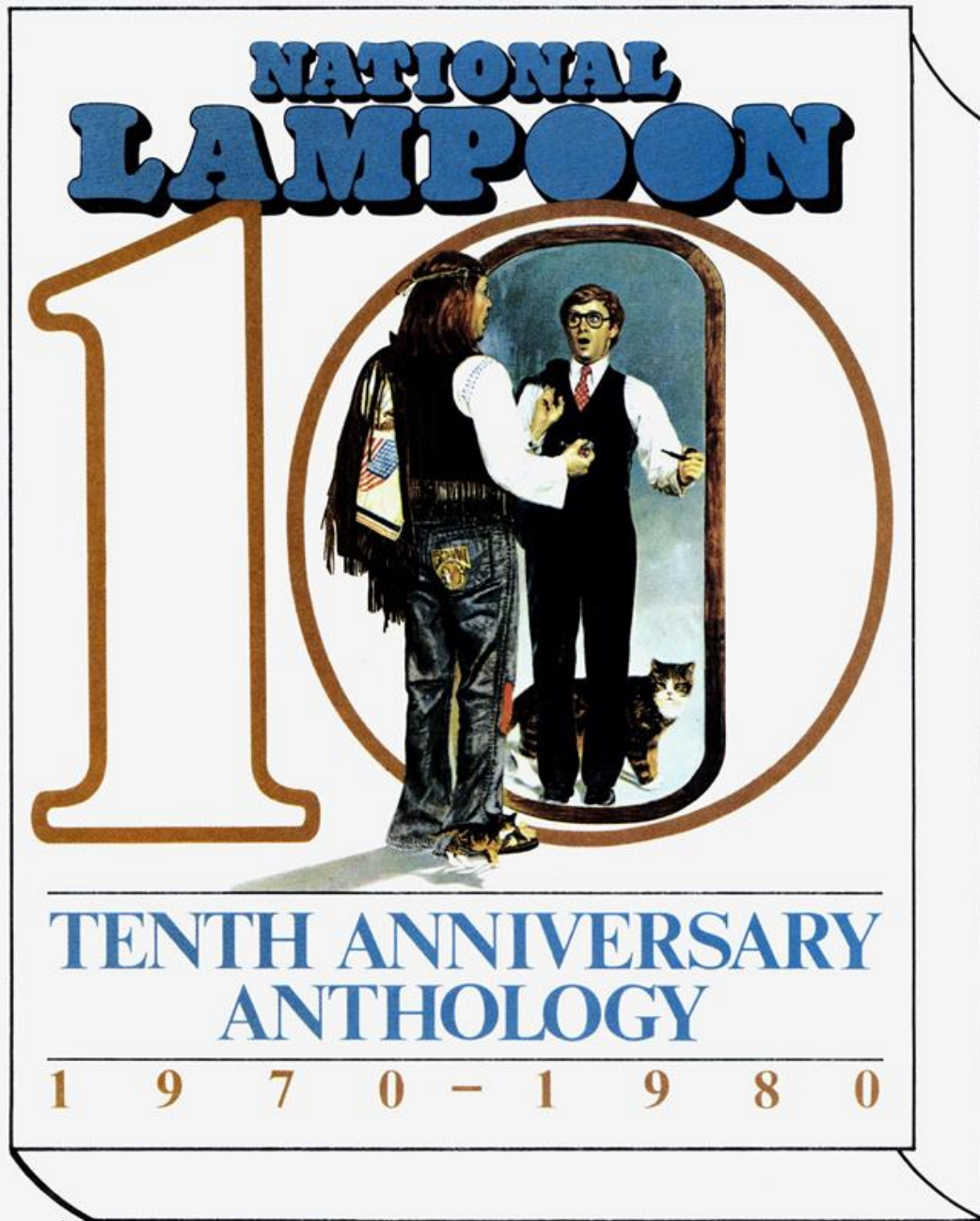
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Health



JUNKIES FACE CHRONIC LUNG DAMAGE

TORONTO—Radiologists here are convinced that the high rate of lung disease seen in people who shoot up street dope intravenously is due to "filling substances," mainly talc, with which these drugs are commonly cut. Drs. Andreas Niedecker and James Sieniewicz of St. Michael's Hospital examined five smack addicts with advanced respiratory diseases and found lung-tissue changes that were strictly characteristic of foreign-matter poisoning. Although none of the junkies



Baby talc's not so tender, applied through a spike.

had a history of occupational dust exposure, viral or bacterial infection, four died of pulmonary disease, and their autopsies showed heavy talc damage to the lungs and even in the liver, spleen, pancreas and kidneys. The surviving patient, a woman, responded well to steroid therapy, showing a regression of lung damage after nine months.

All the junkies, Dr. Niedecker points out, had been scoring methadone tablets and grinding them up for shooting. Although the talc filler only makes up 5 percent of a ten-milligram methadone tab, these people had each mainlined some 50,000 tabs during their careers. It's unknown exactly how injected talc causes lung damage, but the body's own immunologic mechanisms seem to be involved. Evidence of talc damage in other body organs lends credence to the theory that opiate drugs increase the permeability of lung air-sac membranes, enhancing the passage of impurities into the bloodstream and throughout the body. The radiologists emphasized that unless needle freaks

everywhere can be warned of the totally unnecessary risks they take by shooting impure drugs, "We probably will continue to see other patients develop such lesions due to abuse of other combinations of drugs."

R_x FOR THE AGING: PLENTY OF GRAPE

INDIANAPOLIS—Wine is an ideal tonic for aging, researchers at Wayne State University have determined. Elderly people living independently in the off-campus community were provided with several tall glasses of good vino every day and responded to it more positively than to most other geriatric tonics. They slept better and more regularly, had considerably more daytime energy and just generally felt more like their "young selves." Dr. Robert Kastenbaum, formerly with the university's Center for Dying, Death and Lethal Behavior, is currently studying to determine why people typically feel obliged to give up drinking as they get older, although it appears to be good for them. Perhaps, he says, "the pleasurable feelings they derive from the use of wine may frighten them a little bit."

DADS CAN CAUSE BIRTH DEFECTS

BURLINGTON, VERMONT—Evidence is mounting that men should avoid taking certain drugs for days before they intend to conceive children. Abundant clinical evidence suggests that caffeine and tobacco in semen may result in statistically higher rates of low-weight infants, infant mortality and physical defects in resulting births; and now tests with male lab animals indicate that morphine, methadone, Darvon and thalidomide may be implicated in paternally mediated birth defects.

Pharmacologist Dr. Lester Soyka of the University of Vermont College of Medicine here reports that when morphine and methadone are given in high acute doses to male rats just before mating, litter size at birth is reduced and more stillbirths are observed. Very high doses of caffeine—50 milligrams per kilogram of body weight (in humans this would be roughly equivalent to drinking 110 cups of coffee)—yield similar results.

The way in which these drugs could cause infant trauma working through the male reproductive system is unknown. But the statistical evidence for such a mechanism greatly undermines the common notion that drug-induced defects are the exclusive responsibility of the mother. □

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INDIANS GET LEGAL GUNS

CHEYENNE—Wyoming has extended the constitutional right of American citizens to bear arms to the country's original inhabitants, Indians. The sale of guns to Indians had been proclaimed illegal, for obvious reasons, when the Anglos invaded the West in the mid 1800s, and that law stayed on the books until this year. For the



Custer died in 1876, but it wasn't till 1979 that Indians finally got guns.

last generation or so, Indian hunters have been unofficially allowed to buy guns from off-the-reservation dealers, but now they can stock up locally.

NO STOP 'N' SEARCH FOR HAND ROLLING

BATON ROUGE—The smoking of a hand-rolled cigarette is not a clue giving police automatic power to stop and question a free citizen, the Louisiana Supreme Court has decreed—even if it is held in a "suspicious" dope-using fashion.

The case started when two New Orleans cops in a patrol car observed a man bicycling by, smoking a hand roll that he kept between thumb and forefinger, cupped in his palm. The officers, suspecting a marijuana-use situation, circled the block to get ahead of the suspect. During that time they saw him ditch his smoke.

When the policemen stopped the bicyclist and asked him what he'd done with the weed, he responded, "What weed?" While the police searched fruitlessly around for the hand roll, they say the suspect grew "irate," raising his hands and threatening to "hurt" them if they kept bothering him. The cops then arrested the

man, charging him with assault. Subsequently they found several joints in his front pocket and 20 tinfolies of heroin in his hip pocket.

In court, the defense attorney cleared his client by merely holding up a hand-rolled tobacco joint in one hand and a fat spliff in the other, challenging the cops to tell the difference at a moderate distance. Illegal search and seizure: all charges dismissed.

CONSTITUTION LOSES IN SCHOOL-PLEDGE FIGHT

CHICAGO—When the First Amendment and patriotism come into head-on conflict, holds the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit, the First Amendment takes second place. The court upheld the firing of a Chicago teacher for refusing to make her students memorize and publicly recite the Pledge of Allegiance, on the grounds that this would "deprive her students of a basic knowledge and appreciation of U.S. heritage."

Unlike the great school-prayer furor of the early '60s, the challenge against the pledge was not brought forth by an iconoclastic rebel (Madalyn Murray O'Hair), but by a devout Jehovah's Witness. The Witnesses, like nearly every other Protestant sect, have clearly worded proscriptions against reciting pledges and making covenants with secular powers. The very first line of the schoolroom recital—"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America"—is decidedly a pledge and has overtones also of graven imagery.

COUPLE COERCED INTO DEALING BY COPS

RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA—An impoverished young couple who tried to sell seven packets of hash to an undercover narc here were victims of a classic "take back" entrapment setup, the state supreme court has ruled. The dope had been supplied to them in the first place by a paid police informer who had for a long time posed as their friend. The snitch, they told the court, had continually left illegal pills and such at their home, had suggested the hash deal as a way of making emergency bread and had set them up with the narc for the bust buy. Though a lower court had convicted the husband, all charges were dropped on appeal. ☐



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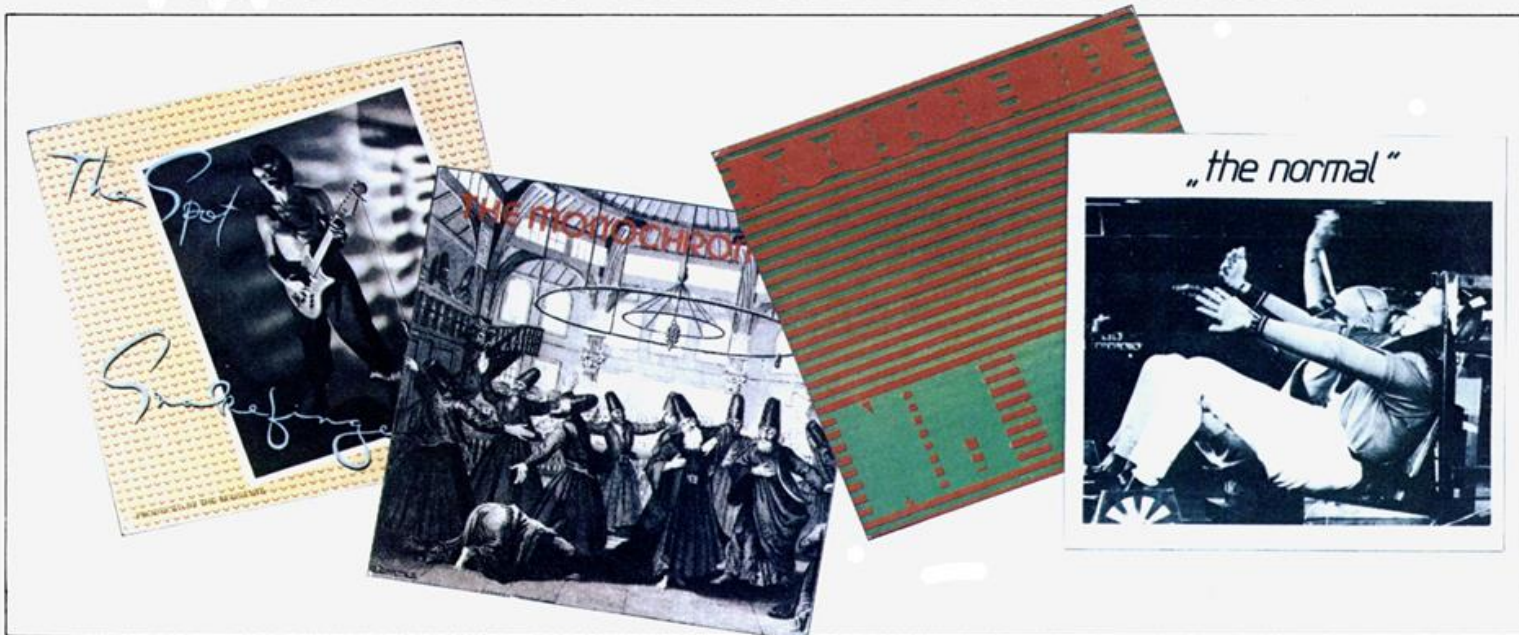
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THE RETURN OF THE SHORT-PLAYING RECORD



The medium is the message.

—Marshall McLuhan

Less is more.

—Diana Vreeland

For many years rock 'n' roll came on singles—little records with big holes in the middle. They were cheap. During the late '50s and early '60s you could buy several each week on the average teenage allowance. And every normal teenager had a record player that could play nothing else and that usually had a handle and could go anywhere. Enough singles for a fantastic party fit into a matching case about the size of a lunch box.

Of course there were long-playing albums too. They were introduced at about the same time as the seven-inch-type players. But for the first 10 or 15 years of rock 'n' roll, singles were where it was at. Albums often consisted of one or two hits that you had already bought in single form, plus filler that wouldn't work at a dance party. The album as an important rock form didn't really happen until the British invasion of 1964-65 and the subsequent arrival of psychedelia. The Beatles, the Stones and a lot of the new-beat groups had a high standard of songwriting that made for albums that were good all the way through. Up until this time there were few groups (most notably the Beach Boys) whose LPs were loaded with original material.

By the late '60s, psychedelia proved that a song could go on for a whole LP side or more (like "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" by Iron Butterfly), and radio was transformed by the introduction of album cuts.

Finally, albums came to virtually dominate the business. In fact, singles became something that one usually bought for the B sides, which often contain material not appearing on the album from which the hit side is taken. (The great Stones song "Everything Turning to Gold," which is the B side of "Shattered," didn't appear on *Some Girls*.)

But then the new wave arrived. If there were no aesthetic coherence at all to the

**There is a single
aesthetic. Young bands
compress their vision
into their best
three minutes. It's
a real discipline.**

new wave, it would still make sense on business grounds. What happened was that while the record business boomed, while companies grew huge and fat, while rock acts came to resemble circuses or space shots—spending hundreds of thousands of dollars recording a single superstar album or building a laserized, flame-throwing stage show that drops from basketball-arena ceilings—something was happening at the grass-roots level. A whole generation of acts arrived that the record companies (pick one or more) didn't know existed, couldn't understand, felt had no commercial potential, thought were bad risks, sensed were politically dangerous or were unsuitable for stan-

dard marketing techniques. The record companies weren't about to record them, so the groups just did it themselves.

Today the independents are big small business. The B-52's sold somewhere in the neighborhood of 10,000 copies of their self-produced single "Rock Lobster"/"52 Girls" before signing with Warner Brothers records. And some of the small labels that showed they were more than a one-shot were soon the objects of a lot of attention from the industry giants, who wanted to either buy them or make distribution deals with them. Probably the biggest success story was Stiff, which hit it big with Elvis C., and then with Ian Dury, Nick Lowe, and the rest of 'em, and then emerged as a real record company with heavy-duty CBS affiliation. The new independent single wasn't just an alternative to the system, it was an inroad to the system. A hot self-produced single can make money and win a cult, but it's also the best demo in the world. And the new single has also had an aesthetic impact, reflective of the new wave itself, getting things back to basics. There is a single aesthetic. Young bands compress their vision into their best three minutes. It's a real discipline.

Sometimes the best underground singles are hard to find, but nearly every big city has a store that stocks them (and they can also be ordered by mail). Trouser Press, a New York-based fanzine, has lots of ads and listings from record stores that carry everything and are willing to mail it.

There are hundreds of singles released in the last two years that aren't on any album and that comprise some of the greatest moments in modern music. Here

is a very small sampler of some of the best exotic- or small-label singles.

Public Image Ltd.: "Death Disco"/"No Birds Do Sing" (Virgin Records)

If you wondered what happened to Johnny Rotten after the Sex Pistols, this record will inform you. Rotten is now Lydon, the singer with this remarkable ensemble that does for subtlety what the Pistols did for obviousness—and you can still dance to it. The music is a fusion of heavy-dub reggae,



melodic but distorted rock, and disco funk—and it really works, creating a sound that's new, dance intensive, raging and cool all at the same time. He might not be in *People* magazine these days, but he's still on top of it.

The Offs: "Johnny Too Bad"/"624803" (Off Records)

One of the hottest prefamous bands in the land, San Francisco's Offs are brilliant rockers with an edjamacation. Their tight, fast, pulsating walls of dynamic sound are sometimes reminiscent of the Clash, but with an American edge that recalls the furious amphetamine strumathon rave-ups of the early Velvet Underground. That sound is heard here on the industrial strength "624803"—grinding guitar builds up a buzz-saw fury, vocalist Don Vinyl dishes out a somber story of a futuristic factory world in a sinister, 1984-with-muscles style, and the whole piece takes on the polluted but exciting air of controlled explosion. "Johnny Too Bad" is simply one of the best white-man takes on reggae ever, taking the Slickers hit (featured in the film *The Harder They Come*) and cranking it up to post-Ramones velocity, while keeping the picking and pounding every bit as clockwork tight as the Jamaican variety. One of the catchiest songs in ages, this is great for any cool dance party.

The Normal: "TVOD"/"Warm Leatherette" (Mote Records)

Were it not for the great dance beat of both of these sides, this record might seem totally inhuman even though it has singing (well, chanting, or reciting, anyhow) on it. But the beat is almost everything and the synthesized noise and melody take it from

there, all the way to the discos of the robot planet. This cooks like a microwave—it seems cool but when it's done you know it was hot.

Robert Rental: "A.C.C."/"Paralysis" (Regular Records)

This English recording uses great rhythm context, thanks to a practically Jamaican bass, with a warped, multilayered fog of melody that drifts in and out. One of the most apocalyptic mixes since the Yardbirds' "Glimpses." Haunting, but a nifty skank number for stoned moments.

The Monochrome Set: "Ein Symphonie Des Grauens"/"Lester Leaps In" (Rough Trade Records)

This band combines a very quick new-wave context with a real wealth of pretty melodic picking and arranging of ornate but straight-ahead melodies into cycles and layers that work like a snake charmer's music for entrancing purposes without ever losing a solid rock beat.

Immune System: "Ambivalence & Spark Plugs"/"Submerged" (Immune Systems Records)

A hot band out of Chicago, these kids give you the best of both worlds. That is, a beat



that might owe something to the back-to-basics of the B-52's and a melodic interplay of guitars that reminds one of Television or, yes, even the Grateful Dead.

Walter Steding: "Get Ready"/"Hound Dog" and "The Landing" (Red Star Records)

Steding started out as a one-man band, playing electric violin and a synthesizer belt of his own design. (At one point he even used a synthesizer triggered by signals from his own brain waves, picked up by an electroencephalograph.) But for this recording and in more recent performances Walter has practiced his electromagnetic wizardry with a variable rock ensemble. Here are two rockers and one solo excursion into space ("The Landing") that introduce a unique musical vision. Especially strange and delightful is "Hound

Dog," featuring a twisted arrangement, Walter's soaring violin and Robert Fripp on maniacal lead guitar. The record was produced by Chris Stein of Blondie fame.

**The Residents: "Satisfaction"/"Loser Weed" (Ralph Records)
Snakefinger: "The Spot"/"Smelly Tongues" (Ralph Records)**

The Residents are one of the most alarming bands in the world today and have been for at least five years, ever since they



appeared announcing themselves as the Beatles' archenemies and the devastators of pop music. They devastated it by playing it. Here is the Jagger-Richard all-time rock classic twisted but not quite beyond the point of recognition. If the Stones version might have scared your parents, this might evoke the same reaction from the Stones. The unprecedented lead guitar is by Snakefinger, who backs and is backed by the Residents. They do it for him on a couple of singles, but the best is "The Spot"/"Smelly Tongues," which is two sides of incredibly catchy viral demifunk, featuring trans-Caucasian guitar sounds that may make genies appear. Let's hope they'll look like Barbara Eden.

Tuxedo Moon: "Joeboy (the Electronic Ghost)"/"Pinheads on the Move" (Tidal Wave Records)

This San Francisco ensemble really consists of two musicians steeped in electronics, plus singers, but their music is no more experimental than it is danceable. Their rhythm tracks seethe with finetuned syncopation, bass swoops in like the Concorde coming in for a landing, and the electronics set up melodies the normal way and in weird loops and patterns that make for thinking but also foot moving.

Dr. Mix: "No Fun"/"No Fun" (Rough Trade Records)

This sounds like one guy and probably is, with guitar and trusty rhythm box. The latter device keeps the beat absolutely changeless as the nutty Dr. Mix strangles the Iggy Pop classic out of an overload guitar along the edge of feedback. So this

is as hot and cataclysmic as the Pistols' version, but cool by robot-drummer definition.

—Neal Barlowe, Jr., and Glenn O'Brien

FINE-ART FUNK

Fear of Music (Sire SRK 6076) is the third album from the Talking Heads, a group that has changed the face of music. They have made that face more clean shaven, relaxed, smiling and intelligent looking. Thanks David, Jerry, Chris and Tina.

Actually the Talking Heads did change the "face" of music to a remarkable extent. For one thing they proved that an act labeled "new wave" (actually they were even labeled "punk" fairly often) could break through and sell lots of records. And they did it while holding on to an identity that placed them outside any recognizable group, even the catchall new wave. The Talking Heads didn't sell out at all, even when selling like hotcakes.

They started out as an art-school band at the Rhode Island School of Design. In England, art school to rock fame is now almost an institution whose members include Bowie, Eno, Roxy and even the Stones. If nothing else, art school at least makes one think about being an artist. And thinking



Marcia Resnick

Jerry, David, Chris and Tina.

about being an artist actually turns out to be great preparation for other careers because one learns such things as dogged persistence, "borrowing" and self-absorption. Such qualities weren't really necessary for the Talking Heads; instead of becoming painters they started a band.

When it comes to sound, the Talking Heads have maybe the most original one around. It used to be that nobody sounded like them. Now they have a hundred imitators—none of whom has carried it off (although looking at his most recent album, *The Lodger*, one might say that Mr. Bowie might have picked up a pointer or two from them). The funny thing is that the

reason the Talking Heads are so original probably has to do with their roots. If the Talking Heads' songs have any roots (and that means David Byrne), they are to be found in fairly recent black pop music. They have more to do with George Clinton, Bootsy Collins or Fela than with '60s pop. Basically the band translates funk, fusing it with an aesthetic optimist constructivism almost completely unheard of in the world of music. Or in the world.

The funk shows a lot more on this new album, particularly on the first song, "I Zimbra," which sounds absolutely West African or like Hamilton Bohannon hardcore, light-touch fast funk, but is in fact the collected fave riffs of David Byrne and Brian Eno, with words picked up from Dada artist Hugo Ball. In their emulation and transcendental rendition of the funk, the Talking Heads make something new. It's similar to the process that happened in the mid '60s with bands like the Stones picking up on the funk of the day, but to a more conscious and less derivative degree.

Fear of Music is written in a minor key and has a kind of sinister, desperate edge to it, compared with the band's previous records. But this seems to have more to do with the world news than with the personal psychology of Byrne and band. His songwriting stance hasn't changed—just the picture.

"Life in Wartime," the hottest dance cut, sums up the encounter between the artist and a world in crisis, where concerns have shifted from decor to eating. "This ain't no party, this ain't no disco, this ain't no fooling around. . . no time for dancing, or lovey dovey, I ain't got time for that now." But despite all the gloom on the horizon, the big beat keeps up the artists' nerve, and even when it gets heavy and looming and scary, attitude gets one over. "There's a party in my mind. . . and it never stops. . . there's a party up there all the time. . . they'll party till they drop."

David Byrne is simply brilliant. That is, his brilliance underwhelms you. He keeps it simple—words that you've heard, direct observations. But the simplicity cuts to the heart of things, tells it like it is. Or like it would be better as. And it reveals a point of view that stands outside conventions and takes a good look at them. A true poet, he inspires, he pokes hyperdroll fun and sometimes devastates, but always with unimpeachable, free-lance objective cool.

And the band works like funky clockwork, from the flawless foundations of Ms. Weymouth on bass and Mr. Frantz on drums, to the clever guitar conversations of Messrs. Byrne and Harrison. The production by Brian Eno is typically hands off, with Eno making the band sound live (with the exception of a nice special effect or treatment here and there for superhuman effect). This is a brilliant album by one of the smartest dance bands in the history of the world.

—Neal Barlowe, Jr.

BLONDIE GETS EVEN BETTER

With their fourth album, *Eat to the Beat* (Chrysalis CHE 1225), Blondie has arrived in the major leagues—arrived with a capital A. They're a topflight band now, the best in New York (the Ramones certainly don't sell as many records), and side one of this LP will knock the socks off any nonbelievers. Weak cuts? Filler? They don't exist.



Mick Rock

Clem, Jimmy, Chris, Debbie, Frankie and Nigel.

Repeating a formula? They don't have to, with four guys and a gal writing. Lusting after a follow-up to "Heart of Glass"? Nope. There are four or five potential singles here, all stamped h-i-t, and none of them ape the disco feel of "Heart," although there's plenty here you can dance to. Face it, folks, these guys've got the goods for real.

The key is a band that's matured as a unit unaffected by all the attention Debbie Harry draws from the media. She's the star, no question, but the other band members are no slouches. They bite like tigers on "Eat to the Beat," get heavy funky for "The Hardest Part" and conjure up Abbaesque but sophisticated heavenly choirs on "Union City Blue" and "Dreaming," two wonderful, soaring pop masterworks. Debbie matches each quirk, every turn, and Clem Burke has got to be the new Keith Moon, heir to his drums-as-lead-instrument throne.

Blondie, and Debbie Harry, haven't made it on looks alone. They've consolidated their gains, they don't repeat mistakes and this is the blockbuster album that supercedes the image.

—Rocky Smith

THEY PUT THE HIP IN HIPPIE

Jimmy Page has a problem. In this age of new-wave and postpunk sensibilities, where does a dinosaur like Led Zeppelin fit? The Stones and the Who, supergroups both, solved the aging problem, but maybe because their legends fit so nicely into the new scheme of things. Zeppelin were

never punks, never rebels; they were always—you'll excuse the expression—hippies. And like Paul Weller of the Jam said, this is the modern world. Hippies don't belong.

Well, Page and Zep have solved the problem (for the time being) with the release of *In through the Out Door* (Swan Song 16002), their first studio LP since the dismal *Presence* three and a half years ago. Zep lays its cards on the table by sticking to what it does best, and the result is a glorious heavy-metal-with-heart, crotch-in-the-clouds album, full of traditional Zeppelin trademarks. No one crunches a drum kit like John Bonham, or howls from the gut like Robert Plant, and the whole athletic attack is framed in a classic Page production. "Fool in the Rain" and "I'm Gonna Crawl" can stand with their best recorded work, as good as anything on *Physical Graffiti*, with expected brilliance from Page on guitar.

They make no concessions to punk, and they'd look ridiculous trying. Why go down to Bad Company's tired level for some macho stomping music when it's all here, right down to the time warp? Nobody does it better, and now the Van Halens of this earth need torment us no longer.

—Albert Scé

AFTER TELEVISION

Television, those punk pioneers from New York, were the darlings of rock critics everywhere on the strength of two eccentric, intelligent studio albums. That critical acceptance never translated into record sales, however, and the band broke up about a year ago. Now Television's leader Tom Verlaine has released a solo album that carries on the T.V. tradition and reaffirms his status as cult figure/guitar hero.

Supported by Patti Smith drummer J.D. Daugherty and his old T.V. bassist Fred Smith, Tom Verlaine (Elektra 6E216) showcases the quirky solo sounds and tone treatments that stamp Verlaine's guitar work. Each solo sounds and feels different; it's what makes Verlaine a breed apart from guys who just play the guitar. He can make it produce any number of quite special effects: whir like a buzz saw on "Mr. Bingo," howl like a wolf in "The Grip of Love." The material is just as varied, with some Motown-type rockers ("Kingdom Come," "Souvenir from a Dream") and even a torchy ballad ("Last Night").

Lyrical, Tom still prowls cold, dark streets, watching, the eternal detached observer in a moonlit cityscape, his voice unique as the scenes he describes. The vulnerability in the singing set against raw, vicious layers of guitars (like "Breakin' in My Heart" on this LP) can truly haunt sometimes. This record bodes well for Tom's future; watch him get a great touring band together and be a real contender for the title. Survivors always get a shot, sooner or later. —Albert Scé

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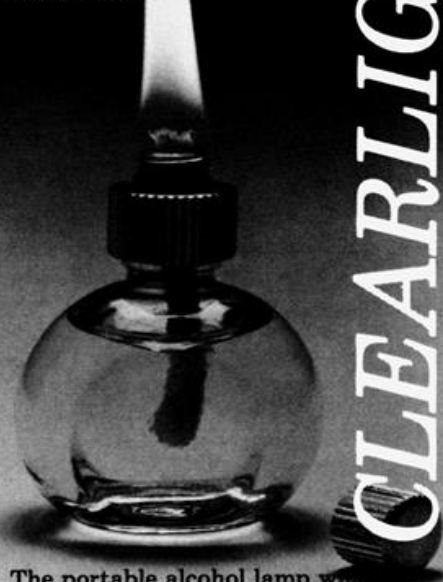
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KEROUAC: THE FACTS

DESOLATE ANGEL, by Dennis McNally
(New York: Random House, \$15).

East Tenth Street, New York. I'm stoop-sitting and despairing over Kerouac's *Desolation Angels*—"Desolation, Desolation / so hard / To come down off of"—that old beat feeling, the abject mood American, the mid-century fashionable pessimism about society's spiritual collapse. "When they see me the angel'll smile—That's not so bad—Desolation ain't so bad." I heave a cathartic sigh and recall the "rucksack revolution"; my girl friends and I toured Europe by thumb in the late '60s, having read neither *On the Road* nor *The Dharma Bums*, the classic Kerouacs that inspired it all. We were too busy with Dante. But Kerouac consciousness had entered the vibe pool of American life. Now I'm wondering about this guy who'd been to beatitude and back: How could Kerouac claim to see the Divine, but be so down? A gray stranger stops and stares at the title of my book. Yeah, Kerouac. He knew him at the Cedar Tavern, erstwhile artists' hangout. "Yeah, Kerouac," he shrugs. "It's sad how those artists all committed suicide."

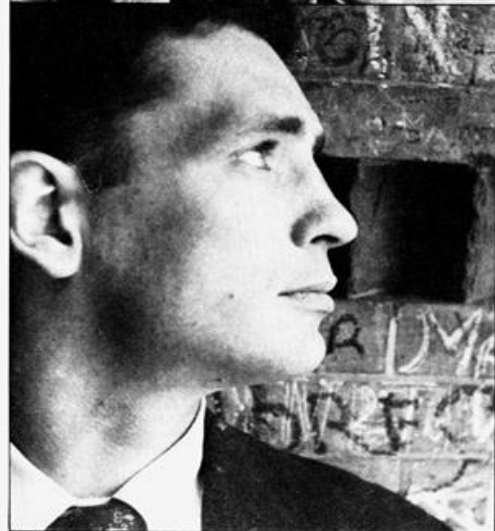
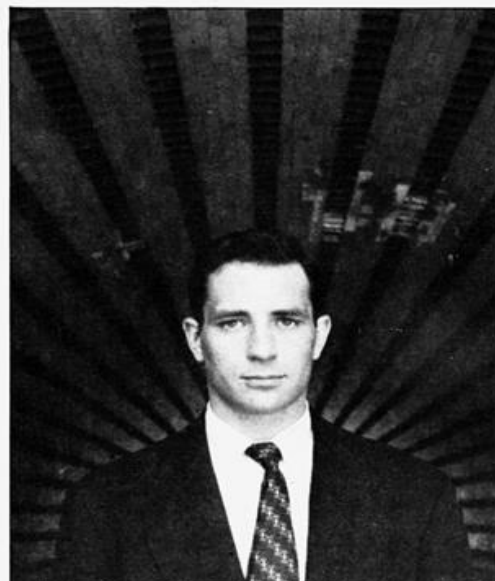
Biographies are better than relic beats at relating the facts. The new *Desolate Angel* by Dennis McNally builds to death with an understated irony: "He drank and drank and drank." It's a suicide of a kind, for the kind of writer only America could produce and so willfully misunderstand. How maddening to have had such a visionary American Dream, only to end in total burnout. But that was the dark shadow of the beat shtick, the grim mingling of Krim's "The Insanity Bit" with Mailer's

The White Negro.

At this crest of Kerouac rebirth the one-time angel-headed hipster is challenged by ecology, and things beat have the antique decay of last decade's passing fad. That the more survival-minded beat affiliates are now as respectable as gray flannel in the '50s makes for irony. This past winter, Ginsberg addressed the "cerebral-formalist" Modern Language Association. Imagine the mostly Middle American crowd, poised in narrow auditorium seats, attending to Allen's gyrating and bellowing "Fuck me in the ear." Polite, the panel's moderator summed up, "The words 'modern language' will never be the same to me." Meantime beat buddy Bill Burroughs parties it up with the new wave, fostering futuristic fantasy among punks. If reverence for the beats has fallen to cult worship, only Kerouac's fate remains untoward.

It took Ann Charter's forceful *Kerouac: A Biography* to penetrate the literary and intellectual barriers. And John Tytell's *Naked Angels* to sanction scholarly study. But this year's beat products attempt to out-Kerouac Kerouac. The appropriately subtitled *Jack's Book: An Oral Biography* utilizes a spontaneous-interview technique and the poetic *Genesis Angels* generates pseudosaga in soulful sound. The film *Heartbeat* promises a commercial sensationalization of the courtly love triangle between Jack and the Cassadys. Compared to this output, McNally's new portrait is serious, full-length, well researched and eminently readable. Kerouac deserves this book.

There's no need to overstate the case for Kerouac, only to clarify an image. It's



New York City, 1949: A youthful Kerouac poses in well-dressed anonymity. Giddy success and boozy disillusion lay farther down the road.

Bottom right photograph by Fred Meiton, all others by Wilbur Pippin

not that he was our greatest writer, but his work is tremendously important to understanding the transition of mid-century American ethos. And this biography's raison d'être is to proclaim the legend of this "psychic pioneer" as a precursor of present reality. Yet Kerouac told it all himself; his Duluoz Legend, made up of 19 works intended as a Divine Comedy of the Buddha, is, in effect, fictionalized autobiography. *On the Road* is only the most famous, not the best. I prefer the Proustian *Visions of Cody* to the earlier picaresque novels; *Tristessa* and *Lonesome Traveler* present different aspects of Kerouac's artistry and sensibility, superior in statement and structure to better-known novels. *Desolate Angel* serves as a turn-on to this literature. As Burroughs put it, "The only real thing about a writer is what he has written and not his so-called life."

Which finally explains desolation. Even today some of the most sophisticated criticism is hung up on the image. Graduate English departments begrudge doctoral approval on this subject. Kerouac redeems himself by being dead, they say. And a college president is curious about

As William Burroughs put it, "The only real thing about a writer is what he has written and not his so-called life."

Kerouac's place in the curriculum, calling him an intellectual fly. There's one contemporary camp so incensed by the bravado of Kerouac's life, it ignores the books and impact of nonlinear writing that so links the traditions of literature with the beat avant-garde.

A Sunday New York Times book reviewer characterized McNally as a second-generation writer "evidently too young to have experienced the comic literary arrivism of the first making of the scene." But this time and distance works in McNally's favor. Free of the '50s media, firsthand at least, McNally passes on the creative inspiration in the old communal way of the lit joint. Kerouac is left to create his own irony as a man who once praised only those who were enormously excited by life, even though he left it in the crestfallen atmosphere of his vision. In life as well as art some self-criticism would have eased disdain. As McNally proceeds in documenting this down-journey, I only wish that Woody Allen could admonish Kerouac, as he does Michael Murphy in *Manhattan*: "The trouble with you is you're too easy on yourself."

—Regina Weinreich

THE SECRET SHERLOCK



Illustrations by Paul M. McCall

Even the world's greatest detective needed an occasional shot of inspiration.

SUBCUTANEOUSLY, MY DEAR WATSON: Sherlock Holmes and the Cocaine Habit, by Jack Tracy with Jim Berkey (James A. Rock & Co., P.O. Box 1431, Bloomington, Ind. 47401, \$3.95).

The book and movie versions of Nicholas Meyer's *The Seven Per Cent Solution*, in which Sigmund Freud cures Sherlock Holmes of his coke habit, never would have happened if Holmes hadn't been a famous cokehead to begin with. George Bernard Shaw once called Holmes "a drug addict without a single amiable trait." Holmes's need for the needle is referred to either obviously or obliquely in 9 of the 57 stories that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote about the celebrated doper detective. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one," admitted Holmes about his cocaine addiction in "The Sign of the Four." "I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

In *Subcutaneously, My Dear Watson*, authors Tracy and Berkey provide Baker Street buffs with the first scholarly study of Holmes's coke habit as it appears in the works of Conan Doyle. They note that Dr. Watson first calls attention to his partner's addiction in "The Sign of the Four":

Sherlock Holmes took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece, and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist, all dotted and scarred with innumera-

ble puncture-marks. Finally, he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined arm-chair with a long sigh of satisfaction. . .

"Which is it to-day," I asked, "morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said, "a seven-per-cent solution."

Tracy and Berkey point out that Holmes injected his 7 percent solution of cocaine not into a vein, or "intravenously," but rather just into the surface of the skin, or "subcutaneously." Subcutaneous injection, or "skinning" as it's known on the streets, offers a rush of less intensity than mainlining or even snorting, but Tracy and Berkey claim that Holmes didn't want the intense high of shooting up into a vein, and that snorting hadn't yet become popular in the 19th century. They say Holmes took coke when he was bored between cases and that coke accounted for his indefatigable vigor and phenomenal success. Tracy and Berkey's research also led them to the discovery that Holmes partook of other drugs: morphine in "A Scandal in Bohemia," opium in "The Man with the Twisted Lip" and "hallucinogenic powder" in "The Devil's Foot."

Subcutaneously, My Dear Watson is an amusing document for Holmes fanatics and cocaine cultists alike. It's lavishly illustrated with the sketches by Sidney Paget that appeared with the original stories, and with new drawings by modern-day artist Paul M. McCall, who portrays Holmes with needle in hand as he "thrusts the sharp point home."

—Harry Wasserman

(continued)

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GOING IT ALONE, by George Willig and Drew Bergman (New York: Doubleday, \$12.95). Look! Up on the World Trade



Center! Is it a bird, a monkey? No, it's Superfly George Willig, the urban mountaineer. And here's a book all about him and his spectacular stunt, with a little mountain-climbing lore to boot.

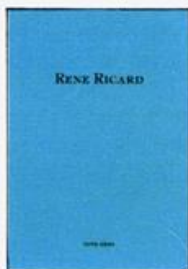
When Willig scaled the south tower of the World Trade Center in the summer of 1977, New York City ground to a halt to watch. Millions heard the news of a man climbing up the sheer wall, and many astonished neck strainers ran into the streets to see for themselves. There was Willig, a tiny dot on the towering steel and glass monolith, creeping inch by inch to the top.

As the book explains, Willig did not simply step out from his job at a toy factory to become a daredevil overnight, as others in New York have done by such death-defying stunts as leaping off the Brooklyn Bridge in a barrel. He spent a year casing the scene, designing gear and prepping himself on mountain cliffs. For years before that he was an avid climber, and like many in that danger cult he sought his own Everest. Finally he found it, in the heart of the world's busiest city.

His descriptions of the angry, frustrated cops, the swarms of helicopter-borne reporters and the enthusiastic crowds below are delightful. The World Trade Center has had its share of death defiers—a man who tightrope-walked between the buildings, a balloonist who passed over them and, of course, King Kong—but few captured the public's eye like Willig.

There's a lot of info here for the would-be mountaineer. As Willig notes, he's from Queens, New York, so you don't have to live in the Alps to get the climbing bug. The book is well illustrated with pictures from his World Trade Center climb and other ascents, and it provides a dizzying glimpse of the thrill of it all. —Michael Chance

RENE RICARD 1979-1980, by Rene Ricard (DIA Art Foundation, 107 Franklin St., New York, N.Y. 10013, \$7.50). Rene Ricard



is a famous poet. He may be a lot more famous in New York City than elsewhere, but he is still a famous poet. But Mr. Ricard was famous first and a poet later. He became famous because he exhibited a brilliant wit at a very

early age in an age where wit usually comes late, if at all. But for years Mr. Ricard's wit was strictly oral, cracking up the better bohemian barrooms and avant-garde dinner tables of the eastern seaboard with a very personal form of socialist realist hilarity—seemingly rooted

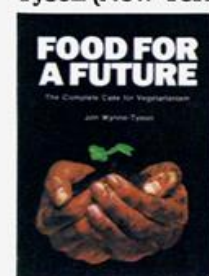
in the traditions of Proust, Whistler, Wilde, Tallulah, *All About Eve*, Neal Cassady and action painting.

He starred in numerous Andy Warhol films. Traveled the world and roomed at but did not attend Yale. And Mr. Ricard, through it all, preserved his amateur standing by never working a day in his life. While many thought he lived as a gigolo, in fact he was able to live modestly on the profits of casual trade in antiques, which was in fact the indirect upshot of Mr. Ricard's aesthetic compulsion to save lost treasures from the junk shops of a decadent society.

Similarly, Mr. Ricard's poetry evolved indirectly. It is the result of years of living poetry, the gleanings of a life in art. This is the collected *live* Rene Ricard. And Ricard is a live performer and while he's always the poet, he's not afraid of being the stand-up comic too.

It's not hard to get this book—any good literature store should have it. And it's not hard to get it either; this is clever but not cryptic. The mythology here has translated all of the necessary eternal stuff into terms that don't need a trot. This is the modern world, as only a very old young personality could see it. Mr. Ricard is still young and gay, with lessons for the best of both worlds. He is a man, even if he identifies with Dr. Renee Richards, tennis pro, once in a blue moon. Rene Ricard is an aesthetic militant, sticking up for the values that make society interesting and bearable and that are usually discarded anyway with a renaissance venom. For my money Rene Ricard blows the lid off society with a few of these poems, which show how great it can be to see how awful it really is. If Vergil and Dante had gone to Studio 54, they would have gone with Rene. —Glenn O'Brien

FOOD FOR A FUTURE: The Complete Case for Vegetarianism, by Jon Wynne-Tyson (New York: Universe Books, \$4.95).



Although the author makes a substantial case for vegetarianism on economic, nutritional, ecological and humanitarian grounds, his approach is somewhat hysterical. He calls meat eating "the habit of eating pieces of animals," labels meat eaters "cesspools of self-generated poisons" and refers to meat itself as "lumps of decomposing flesh."

Still, if you believe, as Wynne-Tyson does, that human beings are frugivorous by design, and that the meat and dairy industries represent one of our most wasteful exploitations of the earth, perhaps it's not possible to write a book on vegetarianism without losing your cool a bit.

On the matter of health, the author says that man's chemistry is not designed to

cope with the toxic properties of decomposing flesh, and he cites our declining health as a nation—as well as the continual battle of the waistline—as evidence that we could—and should—rely on nuts, fruits and grains to the exclusion of meat, as did the peasants of the Mediterranean, as do the farmers in remote areas in Greece, and as young children everywhere would do if not pressured into eating meat by well-meaning but ignorant parents. Wynne-Tyson adds his voice to countless others involved with holistic health when he points out that the bulk of medical research is still devoted to discov-



Painting by Giuseppe Arcimboldo

ering new drugs to obliterate and suppress symptoms instead of advocating the cleansing of the body through correct eating.

Lambasting our attitudes toward the creatures we "imprison, mutilate, maim, trap, strangle, shoot, hook, chase, snare, de-limb, behead, suffocate, flay, disembowel, stab, crush, overfeed, burn, drown, boil, freeze, cut up, make sick, terrorize . . . and mercilessly exploit day in and day out," Wynne-Tyson maintains that this habit of meat eating has helped brutalize our nature and turn us into the most cruel species the world has ever known.

Arguing from an ecological and humanitarian viewpoint, the author offers these shocking statistics: About four-fifths of the world's agricultural land is used for feeding animals and about one-fifth for feeding man directly. Animals eat 20 pounds for every pound they yield as meat. Plant protein, he suggests, could play an increasingly important part in solving the world's food problem.

One chapter highlights the history of vegetarianism. Also included in this book is a five-page chart listing the amounts of water, protein, fat and carbohydrates present in various foods of all categories. Each chapter begins with several choice quotes pertaining to this subject, from Tolstoy's "A vegetarian diet is the acid test of humanitarianism" to the 1973 *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* "Flesh-eating is not necessary to health."

Read this hard-hitting book with an open mind. It might change your life. And if you are a thinking person at all, you will surely pause before the next cheeseburger.

—Bonnie Gordon ☐

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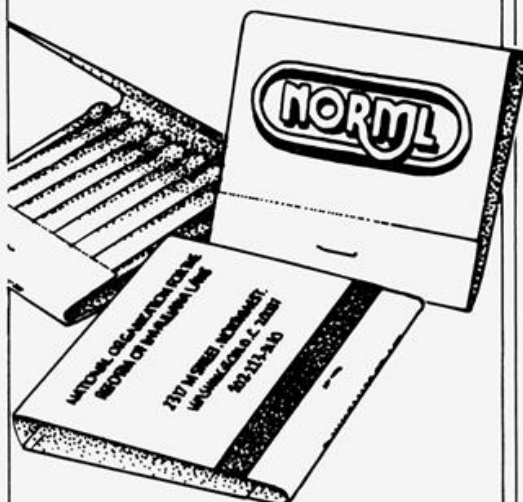
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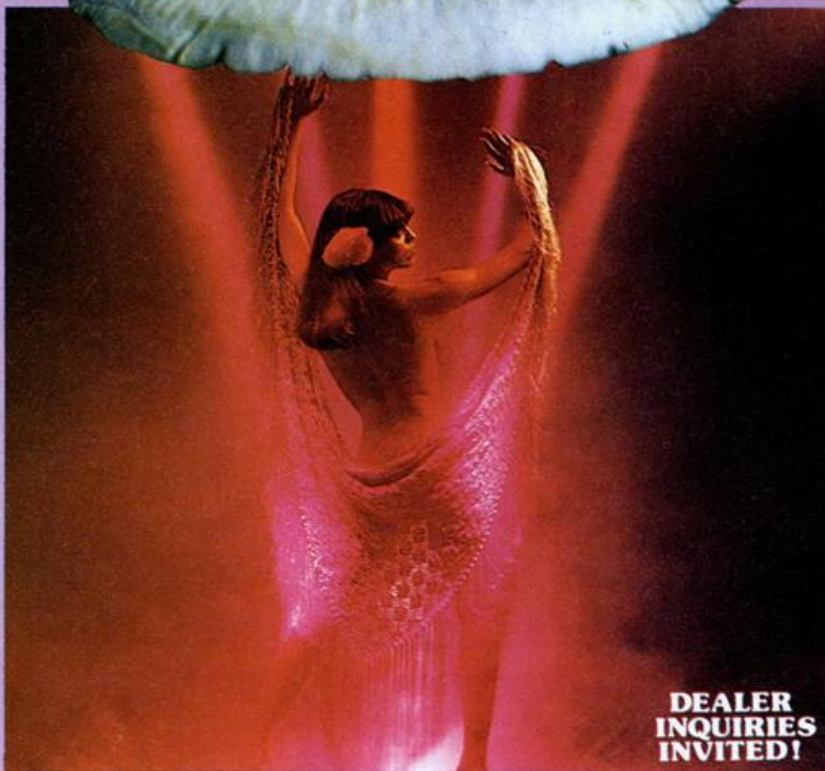
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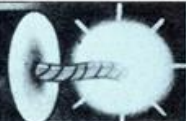
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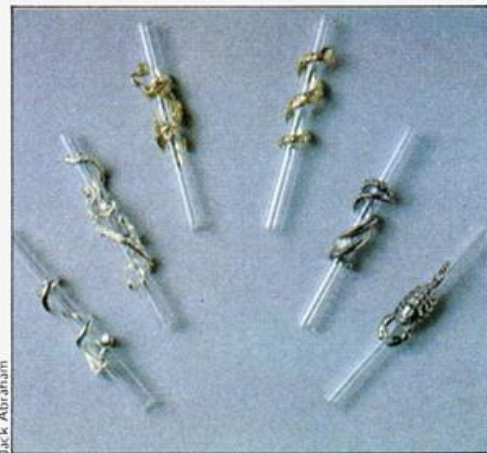


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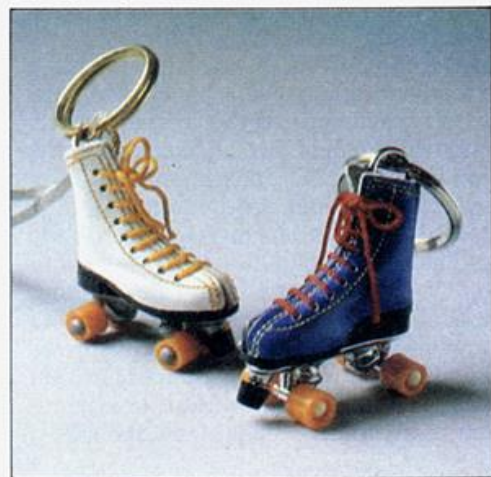
Are you still using plastic choco-flavor straws and wondering why your blow feels like someone pumped a fudge brownie up your nose? Class-up your act with a Phantasy Glass tooter. These sturdy snorters come in six styles—pictured here from



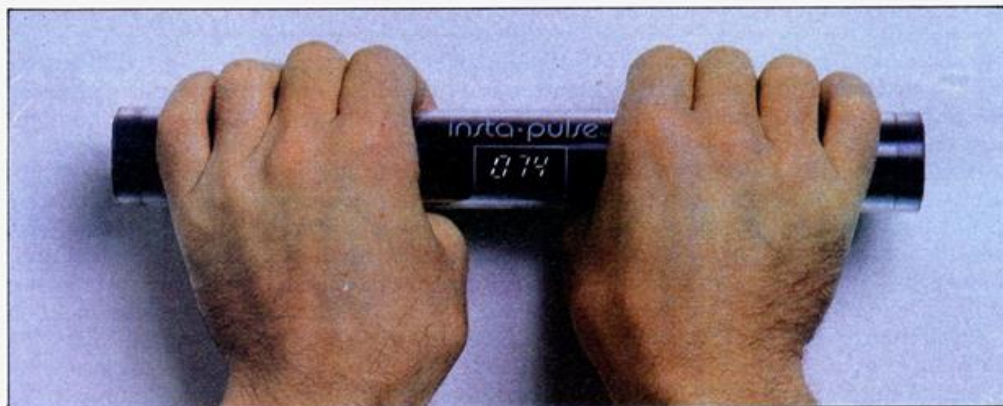
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A RIBITING EXPERIENCE



Bufo marinas, Hawaii's most exotic high.

Before bidding a final aloha to Hawaii, land of swaying palm trees, coconut groves and the trippiest cannabis this side of paradise, we take note of what is undoubtedly the islands' most unique hallucinogen—*Bufo marinas*, the psychedelic cane toad. This humble grayish green amphibian, it turns out, is saturated with bufotenine, a steroidlike compound that has been known for centuries as a powerful stimulant (the potent dried secretion of a Chinese toad—Ch'an Su—was known to ancient Eastern physicians). Still, turning on to toad remains the least familiar way of getting a bufotenine buzz.

Bufotenine is better known as the active ingredient in cohoba, the mind-bending *Piptadenia* bark snuff used ritually by the natives of the Orinoco basin of Colombia and Venezuela. It produces convulsions, violent madness and visual hallucinations, followed by deep sleep with nightmares. It is also one of the active ingredients in the fly agaric mushroom, the sacramental drug of the ancient Norse berserkers. These warriors took it during the heat of battle to provoke bloody deeds of exceptional violence. In A.D. 1123, with the institution of a law that made anyone going berserk subject to imprisonment, the bufotenine craze went underground.

That the same powerful chemical should be found in the bark of a South American shrub, northern European mushrooms and Hawaiian toads is one of nature's most bizarre coincidences. A broth made of a mess of stewed bufo toads—similar in color and consistency to the bile exuded by Linda Blair in *The Exor-*

cist—produces effects that some aficionados say are similar to a large dose of psilocybin or DMT. Others are less generous, describing the high as the most intensely sickening experience this side of death.

Bufotenine is, in fact, quite toxic, and too much toad can be fatal. That, if one cares to speculate, is probably why it's there in the first place—as a natural defense system. Bufotenine is so lethal that dogs and wild animals have been known to die—their nervous systems destroyed—within seconds of mouthing a toad. People who bend down for a closer look are sometimes blinded when the critter blasts them in the face with a toxin jet.

Still, this has not stopped many intrepid heads from sampling toad as a high. In fact, a toad-eating fad swept parts of eastern Australia after *Bufo marinas* was imported there from Hawaii in an unsuccessful attempt to combat the sugarcane beetle. (Toads showed no interest in beetles but decimated wildlife in the rain forests of Queensland with their deadly toxin.)

While toads remain a legal, if dangerous high in Hawaii, the drug squad in Queensland has succeeded in having toad broth declared an illegal drug. Of course it can't do a thing about anyone who eats the toads alive or just keeps a few around to lick for a quick hit. Meanwhile, proliferating like the bushfires they survive every summer, the toads are now jumping in vast numbers across the border from Queensland into New South Wales, blowing the brain of any man or beast they encounter en route. ☐

A black and white photograph of Tom Petty, the lead singer of The Heartbreakers. He is shown from the waist up, holding a semi-hollow body electric guitar. He has long, straight hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored t-shirt. The background is a simple, dark studio setting.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

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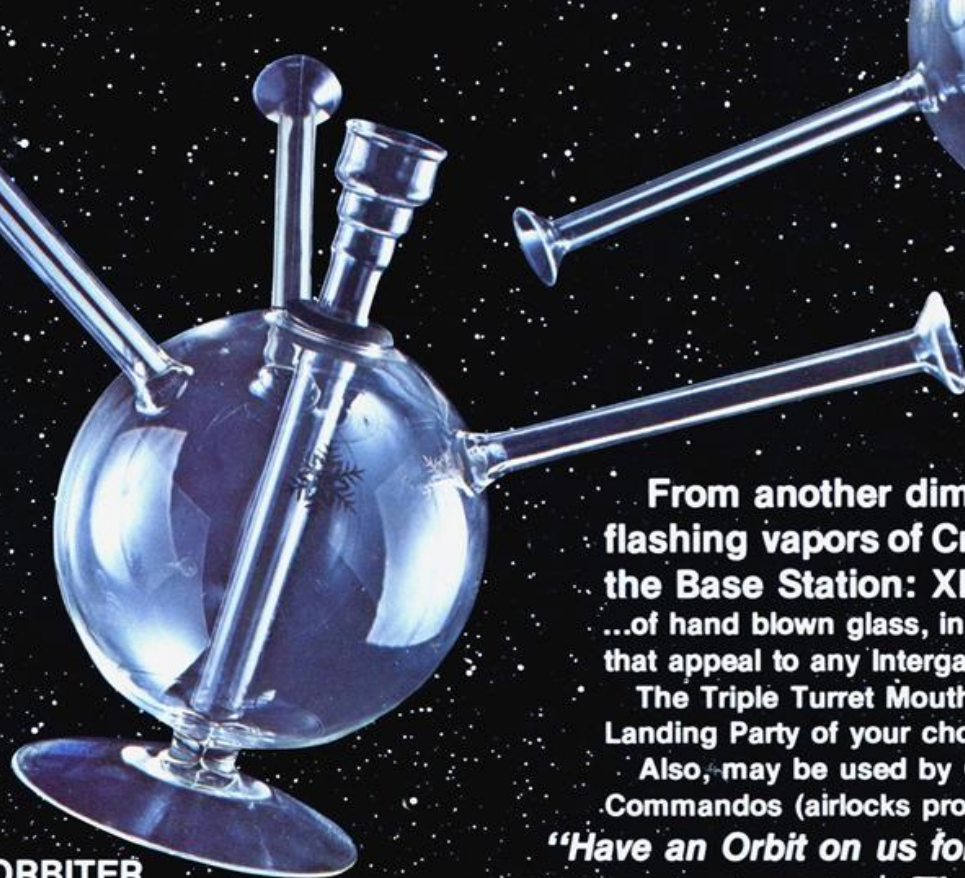
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